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JANUARY 1959

The **LIGHTED** *Pathway*

DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR

1959



YOUTH WANTS TO KNOW

By Avis Swiger

Question:

Does a young girl have a right to expect her boy friend, who is a Christian, to act like a gentleman?

Answer:

I am not quite sure what you mean by "gentleman," but I cannot think of any definition of the word that should not apply to our Christian boys. Yes, he should be a gentleman in his conduct toward you, and that would include politeness.

A polite young man will always stand when you are standing. When he sits, he will sit upright, not lolling around as though he were too lazy to enjoy your company. He will consider your wishes as well as his own. He will never take advantage of you in any way.

If you want to keep your self respect, you must require gentlemanliness of your escorts. Some boys will try you out to see what you expect of them. They look down upon the girl who does not respect herself.

Pen Pal Club:

Miss Helen Whiteman	Miss Wanda Brown (13)
Box 423	Box 52
Lonaconing, Maryland	Hornbeak, Tennessee

Mr. Douglas L. Yarbrough (16)
Route 3, Box 40-B
Fitzgerald, Georgia

(His hobbies are radio and record playing. He would like to hear from anyone between the ages of 12 and 16.)

A2c Pat L. Palmer AF16577084 (18)
73 10th Matron Box 204
APO 57
New York, New York

Mr. Kenneth Craig (27)
722 Fifth Avenue
Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

(He has a Pen Pal Prayer Chain and would like to correspond with other Christians in other parts of the world.)

We recently had visitors from Indonesia, Brother and Sister Ho Liong Seng, who joined our church. Here are the names and addresses of some of their young people who would like to correspond with Christian Americans. I hope many of you will write to them about your church, Y.P.E., school and so on. (Postage will be \$.25 air mail or you may buy a \$.10 air letter at your post office.)

Rolly Tahitu	Olly Tan
23 Djokostreet	67 Asemlania
Palembang, Sumatra	Djakarta, Indonesia
Indonesia	

Maria Tan	Johny Liem	Martha Tan
63, Djonegaran	Sendjajo 1/54	63, Djonegaran
Semarang, Java	Semarang, Java	Semarang, Java
Indonesia	Indonesia	Indonesia

The LIGHTED Pathway

DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR

LEWIS J. WILLIS, Editor

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Church of God Publications	The LIGHTED PATHWAY

Vol. 30 JANUARY, 1959 No. 1

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"Thy Word Is a Light Unto My Path"

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Subscription Rates

Single Subscriptions, per year	\$1.50
Rolls of 10	1.00
Single Copies	.15

Published at the Church of God Publishing House, Cleveland, Tenn. All materials intended for publication in The LIGHTED PATHWAY should be addressed to Lewis J. Willis, Editor. All inquiries concerning subscriptions should be addressed to Bookkeeping Department, Church of God Publishing House, Cleveland, Tennessee.

ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER AT POST OFFICE CLEVELAND, TENNESSEE

We Stand Ready!



By Lewis J. Willis

Editor

YOUNG PEOPLE are the shining hope of civilization. Theirs are the hearts tender enough to feel the anguish of a bruised and bewildered universe; theirs are the hands willing enough to bandage the wounds of fellow men, who, though not of the same color or speech, are of the same creation; theirs are the eyes clear enough to look beyond the emptiness of bigotry and prejudice to the fulness of "loving thy neighbor as thyself"; theirs are the souls of courage who will dare to believe that peace is possible, tolerance is necessary, and righteousness is imperative. Millions of young people stand ready to offer their best for a better world.

Today the Church of God may take justifiable pride in the courageous group of young people she has fostered. No doubt more than one-half of the army, as strong and loyal as the church has trained it to be, stands forth to bring the message of salvation.

This mighty army of Church of God young people dare to accept the challenge of Satan. He proposes to imprison all Christendom with the religious tyranny of having a "form of godliness but denying the power thereof." It is obvious that Pentecost is not exempt from his invasion. Our intention is to meet him offensively. We have chosen to thrust aside passive patriotism to the cross of Christ and follow the Militant Master against this enemy. It appears to us that these are days which demand champions of righteousness—men and women who have grown strong from within. We pray God to make us humble enough that we may be strong enough for this crucial moment.

We know our Pentecostal birthright is endangered. Seditious forces from without and from within gnaw at the vitals of our experience. Impish whisperings cunningly seek to discredit the manifestations of the Holy Spirit. Because a few have been overzealous, a tendency has developed, consciously or unconsciously, to restrain the moving of the Spirit. We are not alarmists, but we do want to be

realists. While these tendencies are weak now, they are potential death to the Church that we want to be strong when we are old men and women. Church of God young people reaffirm their consecration to the Holy Spirit who is to empower and guide them. They know when He is come, He will speak for Himself, and the life will bear His fruit of love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, and temperance.

YOUNG PEOPLE are not born great leaders; they must be taught and trained. The Christian Church is required to assume a great deal of the responsibility in reaching and teaching young people. The law of existence which perpetuates the Church as well as the nation is found here. Without a continual harvest of young people, the Church will soon die. They enter the door of conversion untrained, but should emerge into the field of service taught and disciplined workers.

A bishop in a great church wisely declared that if Sunday School were divorced from that denomination, in 15 years the membership would decrease by half, and in 30 years there would be no congregation at all. Sunday Schools and Y.P.E.'s are not organizations to be tolerated; they are dynamos which give power and light. Youth is coal to be burned. Let the church become the fire and together they warm a cold, shivering world with the message of Christ.

As the year 1959 is born, the youth of the Church of God stand ready to meet whatever opportunities and responsibilities shall face them. We believe that the heritage we have received from our church fathers is worthy of our deepest devotion and consecration. The sacrifice, blood and sweat which delivered the church from its infant beginning in the North Carolina mountains to world-wide proportions are revered by all of us. If we are to be worthy of this great heritage, we understand we face stringent requirements which will require our utmost. By the grace of God we stand ready.



In Time of Need

By L. L. Wightman

ALWAYS TALKING about your faith and trust!" Ralph Martin's tone was cold, harsh, bitter, being given emphasis by his seething anger. "Don't you think folks get tired of hearing you parade your goodness before the world?"

Paul Woods looked up from his work, a flush mounting to his cheeks at the sharp rebuke. "You accuse me wrongly," he said quietly. "I haven't been parading my goodness. Faith and trust in God are so much a part of my life that I speak without giving it thought. I'm sorry you feel offended."

"Well, I'm tired of it," Ralph growled. "Enough is enough."

"What particular phase of Christian living causes your prejudice, Ralph?"

Evidently Ralph waited for some such question, for it provided the opening he desired. A torrent of words followed.

"It isn't prejudice or hearsay. I deal in facts. I have a neighbor who has a hobby of recommending his religion to me. I stood on the street the other day when something went wrong with an auto, and the driver lost control. When the car started in the direction of this religious saint, he leaped to escape, knocking a child down in his frantic rush. Did he stop to aid the child? NO! He thought of saving his own hide. The child escaped injury only because the driver regained control."

Ralph stepped closer to add emphasis to his charge. "Would a genuine Christian have acted as that man did? In a crisis he

thought only of himself. His boast of faith and trust simply afforded him a cover for his selfishness. To save himself he left that child lying in the path of a runaway car—the child he knocked flat."

Now Paul's cheeks burned as much from resentment as rebuke. "I take it that Christians are a mere sham to you. We don't live up to our profession. My talk is just a thin veneer. But you did suggest there is such a thing as genuine Christians when you asked that question as to what course of action a real Christian would have followed."

Ralph shrugged his shoulders and moved away.

Paul turned slowly in a circle, seeing nothing in the landscape but a vast stretch of snow in every direction. A pale moon cast its feeble light on the white wilderness, intensifying the solitude. He turned back to the campfire, the wrecked plane, and his sleeping companion, feeling the bitter cold of the still night. He shook his head as he realized the seriousness of the situation.

Ralph rolled uneasily in a restless sleep, awakening with a groan. "Anything different?" he asked, anxiously.

"Not yet," Paul replied, tossing more fuel on the fire, "but they'll be looking for us, realizing something went wrong. This fire can be seen for miles across this snowy waste."

"Plenty of wood?"

Paul looked at the wrecked plane, sizing up the amount of material that could be used for fuel. "Enough until morning, I'm sure," he estimated.

Ralph groaned aloud, then lapsed into silence for several minutes before dropping off to sleep again. Paul warmed himself by the fire, thinking desperately of some way of escape provided that help did not materialize.

The young men had flown on a mission for the Holden Lumber Company to survey and estimate a tract of virgin timber. Something went wrong as they flew across a vast stretch of barren land. Paul escaped injury, but Ralph suffered a broken ankle, a deep cut in the scalp, and a bruise above the temple. The plane, a total wreck, provided only fuel for a brief period of time.

"If a searching plane doesn't locate us by morning, we'll start moving," Paul planned. "Nothing for fuel, and very little to eat."

He listened to the muttering of his companion. Ralph was in no condition to be moved, but there was no other alternative unless help arrived. Enough lumber had been salvaged to make a crude sled if that conveyance was needed.

MORNING CAME without sign of relief, and Paul began to load the sled from the salvaged timbers of the wreck. "Going to leave?" Ralph asked as he watched this operation.

Paul turned to him and nodded. "As soon as possible. I've been examining our map, and decided we might reach the woods to the south of us by night. If a plane does spot the wreck, our trail can be followed unless the wind starts blowing."

"You could reach the woods if you went alone," Ralph suggested.

Paul turned to him, wondering just what Ralph was thinking. After a moment he returned to his work with the statement, "I'm loading you on the sled. I'll drag it until we get somewhere."

Ralph parted his lips as though to speak, then closed them in silence.

Close observation of Ralph brought a worried look to Paul's eyes. The flushed cheeks—the queer look in the eyes; it could be fever in the blood. When ready to begin his trek, he scanned the sky again. Not one sign of a plane. He lifted Ralph to the sled, bundled him in blankets, tied him fast, and started across the miles of white blanket to the south.

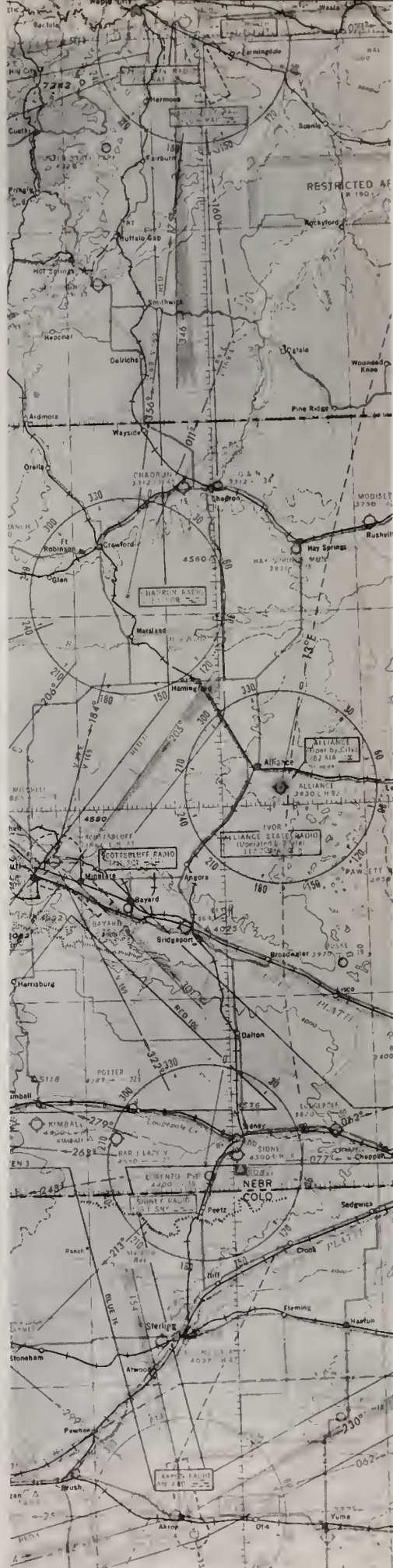
The early hours were monotonous in their similarity. The plop of snowshoes, the creak of sled on frosted snow, the occasional muttering from the injured youth; these sounds alone broke the stillness of the arctic area. The muttering increased, intermittently at first, then gained in strength as delirium mounted.

With a fever-crazed passenger to handle, Paul had his heart and hands full. Three times he stopped to combat Ralph, who was determined to rise from the sled. Finally he bound him hand and foot in order to handle him at all.

The day wore on. The sun, a cold ball of light, rested on the horizon far to the southwest. Outside of noticing that, Paul lost all interest in his surroundings. Since early morning, he had traveled steadily, becoming now an automaton. Tired to the point of exhaustion, he felt that a few minutes of rest would provide welcome relief. But he dared not yield to the demand of rebellious muscles. He drove himself on, his feet moving ahead with rhythmic tread.

Why not go on alone? By dropping his heavy load, he might reach safety, and send help back after Ralph. Better to save himself than have both perish. Faith—trust; selfishness—cowardice! Bits of that former accusation burned afresh in his mind. Was it true that a Christian, placed in an extremely critical

(Continued on page 22)



The **FIRST V.B.S.**
to Come to **GALENA,**
ALASKA



Church and Parsonage

salvation in the hearts of people whose lives had never been brightened by messages of the true gospel.

By Duby Boyd

FAIRBANKS RADIO, Fairbanks radio, this is Piper 3486 Metro; do you read? Over." Rev. Cowdell repeated the message and waited for an answer. Young David Sherbahn of Kotzebue fastened my seat belt as we began to taxi down the runway. I waved good-bye to Joann and Yvonne as the small plane roared down the warm-up strip and finally lifted from the ground, climbed upward, and leveled off. We were leaving Fairbanks behind and our destination was Galena, an Indian village located on the Yukon River approximately 300 air miles away. My purpose for the trip was to conduct a Bible School for the Indian children of the village and I had looked forward to the occasion since Rev. Cowdell had opened the village's only gospel work over a year before.

Our departure time was 9:17 p.m., and the sun was still an hour high. We flew over the dredges of the gold country and much too close to a forest fire that sent a smoke screen out for miles. The landscape seemed almost flat with scattered trees and dense undergrowth and many small lakes caused by snow melting on still frozen ground. The night sun of the Alaskan summer had just begun to dip behind the horizon when we spotted our first village, a small cluster of buildings on the banks of the Tanana River.

It was 12:05 a.m. when the wheels of the Piper bounced on the runway of the airstrip at Galena. We had no sooner alighted from the

plane than we were set upon by a swarm of mosquitoes. We loaded my suitcase into the battered old pick-up and drove to the edge of the village where the church is located. An old military quonset served as the chapel and the house was built on back.

I had tried for weeks to picture in my mind what the village would look like, but as is usually the case, mental visions can never even compare with the real thing. It was still very light and unusually warm. As I stepped from the truck my sandal was submerged in soft powdery dust. We stopped at the back of the house and Sister Cowdell admitted us through an uncompleted porch. As I eyed my surroundings I saw that I was standing in a long room. The farther end served as a kitchen with a wood-burning range and a row of cabinets whose tops formed a working counter. The rest of the room, which I was to learn was used as living room, dining room, pastor's study and Sunday School room, contained a small kitchen chrome table, a long work bench, a chest of drawers, a few chairs, and some boxes which served as chairs in cases of emergency. A large bedroom and a smaller one completed the house. The Cowdells had come to Galena in the summer of 1957 and opened the first Protestant work the village had ever had. They had salvaged materials from construction work to build the house and spent countless measures of time and energy visiting and planting the first seeds of

SISTER Cowdell served us Kool-Aid and I was immediately aware of the lack of modern conveniences when I noticed the glasses contained no ice. As we talked a small pajama-clad figure emerged from the large bedroom. He moved sleepily toward Brother Cowdell and after a few minutes was sound asleep on his lap. The little boy is Timmy and his real parents are both Eskimos who live in Kotzebue. Tim was adopted by the Cowdells when he was still a baby and it is their hope that he will return someday to his own people with the Words of Life. With his quick laugh and stumbling vocabulary, Tim was one of the bright spots of my visit.

The little bed in the room I was to occupy during my visit felt very luxurious as I drifted off into a dreamless sleep.

The next morning I toured the village. It sits on the banks of the river and is made up of 43 houses ranging from tents and converted houseboats to all types and shapes of board construction. There are two trading posts where a varied assortment of things can be purchased if one has the money to meet the exorbitant prices. An old building, which serves as a community hall and a school, rounds off the village. There is little else except boats, dogs (their population count being, I'm sure, many more than people), lines of drying fish, and barefoot children playing in the ankle deep dust.

The history of Galena dates back to 1920 when an old trapper moved to the present site. The name of the village was taken from the ore that was mined 20 miles up the river. The surrounding country is



Duby and Tim



Handwork Time

very flat with mostly scrubby spruce and little willows. The people who live in the village earn their living by hunting, fishing and trapping. Fish is very plentiful in the Yukon and surrounding creeks and rivers; moose and bear roam the forest and swamp lands. Aside from Brother Cowdell's pick-up there are no vehicles in the village. Boats are used for transportation in the summer and dog sleds in the winter. River boats carry supplies about once a week in the good weather. Most of the boats are old stern wheelers and the cargo is carried on barges. The river is frozen seven months of the year, so winter supplies have to be ordered while there is still time for the boats to come in.

Our Bible School was to begin on Monday morning, so most of Sunday afternoon was spent in planning hand crafts and in study. I was awakened on Monday morning by a pounding on the back door, I listened to the muffled tones of conversation and decided it must be very late. I dressed hurriedly and went into the kitchen and found to my surprise that the clock said 7:35. Sister Cowdell laughingly explained to me that the children had no sense of time and came very often much too early when they were excited. Two had knocked at the door already for Bible School.

THIS BEING my first work in a village, I didn't know what to expect. It was 10:10 before I had my first encounter with the unknown. David and I were sitting in the chapel wondering if any one would come when we heard a noise at the door. When I turned I saw a little boy of about eight years. He was barefoot and his face and hands were streaked with dirt; he was wearing ragged jeans that were as dirty as his skin, but the much too large pink gingham shirt that completed his attire was

sparkling clean and very carefully ironed. A smaller boy who had followed him in was chewing on what I thought was a hard stick of bread. I asked him what he was eating and he held it out to me as he made his reply through a gleaming smile. I didn't understand what he said but David, who has had much experience through two years in Kotzebue quickly informed me that he was eating fish entrails.

The children numbered 11 in all; four of these were white children whose fathers worked on construction crews or for the CAA. These white children had no schooling facilities and had to be taught at home. Of the group I met, I think my favorite was Jackie Wholecheese. He had a very round little face and gleaming white teeth that flashed very often in an impish grin. Jackie was very eager to learn, so I taught him a chorus about David. His actions were almost comical; they were so serious as he threw his head back and sang to the world how only a boy named David killed a giant with a little sling. His mother came to hear him at our final program. He was very, very proud—and so was I. I found in these children a challenge I have found in no others; their young lives were almost completely untouched by the gospel and almost any Bible story I could tell them seemed new.

The first day of the Bible School was a new experience, to say the very least. Most of the children knew nothing of discipline and only three could read. They would think nothing of stopping in the middle of a song and soundly slapping the fellow next to them. This would result in a fight which the loud singing would completely drown out. There seemed so much to do and so little time to do it in that

(Continued on page 21)



Jackie, David and Hot Dogs



The Village of Galena



Duby and a Group of Children

IT'S UNKNOWN WHAT A BOY CAN MAKE

By Walter E. Isenhour



It's unknown what a bay can make—
Give him o chance ond see;
He may become o mighty mon
Ta save aur liberty;
A man with principles sublime
That ev'ry notion needs;
A mon who helps his cauntry much
By greot ond nable deeds.

It's unknown what o bay can make—
Then lead him in the right;
He may became o mon whose life
Will be o burning light;
A man ta educate aur youth
And help ta make them great;
A mon wha laves aur Gad ond truth
And will nat yield ta hote.

It's unknown what o boy can make—
So treot him kind and gaad;
And tell him he can be the best
In all the neighborhaod;
Thot he can make the hanor roll
By keeping well eoch rule,
Thot makes him nable in the home
And honorable in school.

It's unknown what o bay can make
Who daesn't steal and lie;
Wha studies well and keeps his mind
On something cleon ond high;
Wha doesn't idle time away
At samething meon ond law,
But seeks ond finds in early life
The way thot he should ga.

It's unknown what o bay can make
If he will learn ta proy
And find the gems ond pearls of life
Thot lie along the way;
Wha wonts o charocter ond nome
That's better far than gald,
And whose desire it is to be
Forever in Gad's fald.

It's unknown what o bay can make—
Perhaps o preocher grond,
Who'll win the preciaus sauls of men
For Christ throughtaut the land;
Wha'll scatter sunshine ond gaad will
By serving Gad above,
And moybe bless o millian homes
Through Christion groce ond love.

IT'S UNKNOWN WHAT A GIRL CAN MAKE

By Walter E. Isenhour

It's unknown what a girl can make—
There's pent up in her mind;
Yes, in her heart and in her soul
Great traits that she should find;
And faculties that no one knows,
Perhaps of mighty worth,
Which if released to God and man
Could richly bless the earth.

It's unknown what a girl can make
If in her days of youth,
She seeks and finds the Lord of light
And builds upon His truth,
And has His grace to keep her pure,
His love to keep her sweet,
And shuns the tempter's many snares
And all that would defeat.

It's unknown what a girl can make—
Perhaps some queenly bride
Who could adorn some husband's home
And thus become his pride;
Whose virtue might become a gem
That riches cannot buy;
Whose character and noble name
Could lift his manhood high.

It's unknown what a girl can make
In countryside or town,
Who may become in future days
A woman of renown;
Whose life and work may bless the earth
And last across the years
To save ten thousand hearts and souls
Remorse and bitter tears.

It's unknown what a girl can make—
Perhaps a mother true,
Whose godly life could bless her home
And help her country, too;
Or who could be a noble nurse
To wait upon the ill,
And help them through her love and prayers
Into the Father's will.

It's unknown what a girl can make—
Encourage her to climb;
She may become a teacher great
And rise to heights sublime;
Or she may help the business world
In some important place,
Or bring a host of precious souls
To God and saving grace.



Love Is a Lot of Things

By Dorothy C. Haskin



J EEN-AGE BEV was huddled over the coffee table, selecting and addressing Valentines. Her college-age brother Steve was sprawled in a chair reading. Their mother came in from the kitchen and dropped into an easy chair.

Bev looked up from her Valentines. "Mom, what's love, really?"

"Look who's interested in love!" Steve teased, glancing over the top of his book.

"We'd all better be interested in love," Mom answered. "It's one of our top values."

"But what is it, really?" Bev persisted.

Her mother was thoughtful as she answered. "Love is a lot of things. For one thing, it is 'boy meets girl,' about which we hear so much."

"Yeah," Bev sighed, and leaned back on the divan, a dreamy look on her face.

"That is love in the sense of enjoying being with someone else."

"That's hedonism," Steve said in

a tone of authority.

"That's what?" Bev blinked her eyes.

"Oh, that's just a fifty-dollar word that college people use to label one kind of philosophy. It means doing everything you do from the motive of pleasure."

"That's right," Mom nodded, remembering her college days. "But back to love. Many people experience only that form of love. But love is deeper and finer when you care enough about a person to do things for him—to help him."

"Like you, Mom, huh?" Bev said.

"Sure, that's pragmatism!"

"Show off!"

"Well, I like words like that. They say more."

"And just what does it mean?"

"Well, in pragmatism, a fellow loves a girl because he is interested in caring for her well-being and she satisfies a need in his life."

"And that's as far as philosophy goes with love. But love goes beyond that," Mom said.

"I know," Bev nodded her head

back and forth very wisely.

"Yes, you know," Mom agreed, thankful that both her children had been brought up in a Christian home and did not have to be content with the coldness of philosophy but could know the warmth of the love of God. And because she loved the great truth so much, she went on, "Yes, there is a depth of love that is greater than enjoying being with someone else, or greater than helping them and being helped by them. There is the love of someone who cares enough for another person so that he forgives the mistakes and wrongs of that person."

"Our greatest example of that love is when God sent His divine son, Jesus Christ, to earth to die on the cross for sinners, for you and me. That is the love that surpasses all understanding, 'that God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself' " (2 Corinthians 5:19).

"Mom, you've got something there," Steve said seriously.

"I like that kind of love, too," Bev agreed.

IT IS SAID that, "PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT." Nowhere does this prove itself more completely than in conduct. The highest concept of reverence and the most perfect manifestation of that concept in life come as one diligently practices reverence.

In a real sense, the careful following of the principles of reverence builds a habit. Thus, it behooves a young person to begin early in his Christian life to practice reverence. At first he will have to give some attention and consciously choose to follow the rules rather than the suggestions of the moment. However, in doing this, he will form the habit of reverence and it will become a part of him, a part of the pattern of his Christian life.

But this habitual Christian living is more than living by rote or duty. As reverence is practised, there opens up in the inner consciousness a greater sense of reverence and an abiding consciousness of the fitness of being careful in the presence of the sacred.

To practice reverence is to FEEL reverent. From within will spring up such resources of purity and strength drawn from God, that one shall be able to rise above and change the evil influences about him.

At St. Margaret's on the southern coast of England is a well of water that bubbles up below the high tide level. In spite of the fact that it is often covered by the salt sea water, it remains fresh and pure. The explanation is that waters from the hills of Kent flow down with such pressure that they push the sea water aside, not permitting it to sink into or mix with their own bubbling.

Every sincere Christian young person has a desire to be reverent and go deeper with God. We get to know God by communion with Him. God speaks to man through His Word. Man speaks to God through prayer. Prayer is to the soul what breath is to the body. We must be diligent in our prayer life if we would have reverent, healthy souls.

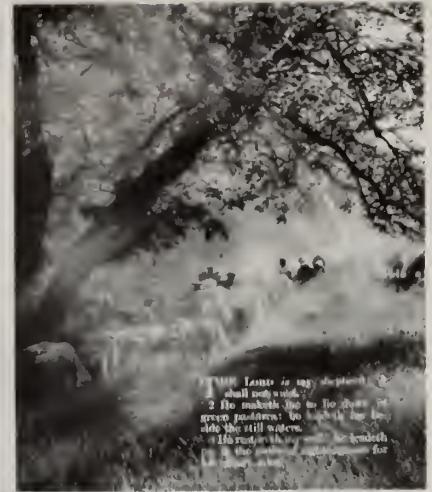
Just as tasting some delectable desert arouses the desire for more, some other time, so practising reverence gives us a desire for a closer friendship with God.

RIISING SOME twenty-three hundred feet above the canyon of Zion National Park in southern Utah stands a huge mass of precipitous rock named Angels Landing. This towering mass of limestone was named by some early explorers and settlers. Viewing it from the canyon floor, they concluded its topmost pinnacle would never be conquered by man. Only an angel descending from heaven would be able, they felt, to rest on that lofty place. Consequently, for many years no attempt was made to ascend the heights of the now famous Angels Landing. Years later, however, other explorers entered the canyon and through diligent search they found a way to the top, and many energetic tourists climb to the heights to view the beauties of nature below. It is not an easy climb, but it is possible for those persons possessing both the strength and desire to reach the top. Reaching the top was thus proved not to be a superhuman endeavor. Perhaps we have thought of ideal reverence as a sort of "Angels Landing."

In this day in which we live, with trouble and turmoil, rushing and fretting, confusion on all sides, we have given reverence over as impossible or superhuman. Surely only an angel coming into our world, with rumors of war and chaos all about, could be reverent.

Reverence is a refined art. It does not develop easily without conscious effort on our part. The average young person has not learned to center all of his activities in one place and for one purpose, especially is this true in the reading of God's Word, in praying, and in attendance in God's house. The complete personality of the individual is directed toward and responds to the presence of God when he is truly reverent.

LET'S PRACTICE REVERENCE IN OUR LIVES!



The Practice of Reverence

By Katherine Bevis

Vacation Bible Schools in Hawaii

By Lowell R. Carey
Superintendent



No. 1. Pictured is one of the groups in the Vacation Bible School conducted at the Honolulu Church of God. The record high in attendance during the school was 51. The young lady standing to the right of the picture is Sandra Arakaki, a young Japanese girl, who has grown up in the Honolulu Church. Sandra was one of the teachers for the V.B.S. Too, we ask that you pray for Sandra's parents who are Buddhists that they might be saved. This was a fine school and enjoyed by all who attended.

No. 2. This is a picture of Sister Lopez's Children's Club which she holds in her home each week. These children have been coming to her home for a number of months to hear the Bible story. They are taught by flannelgraph stories and other visual aids. Sister Lopez also conducts a club in a housing area here in Honolulu with as many as 65 to 70 in attendance. She has a real burden for children and this seems to be the answer to our Pentecostal progress here in the islands.



No. 3. This is part of our group at the Lahaina, Maui V.B.S. this year. The children who came were some of the finest that the teachers who taught had ever had the privilege to teach. In the picture, on the left, is Mr. Yet Lung, a Chinese merchant in Lahaina who is a real friend of the church. Mr. Yet Lung awarded the graduation certificates to the children. On the final day of the V.B.S. a picnic at the beach was enjoyed by all of the children.

No. 4. Halawa is the scene of this group of children who came for the V.B.S. there. Halawa is just about five blocks from Pearl Harbor which was the beginning of the first Japanese air-attack on the Pacific fleet December 7, 1941. These children are Samoan, Japanese, Hawaiian, and many other racial backgrounds. The school was very successful and closed with a full house on graduation night.



UGLUK AND Kuma try to catch some fish for supper. Your father's busy and I'm sewing new clothes for you," said Mother. "New clothes," Kuma clapped her mittens. "I love new clothes."

"It'll be easy to catch fish through the ice," said Ugluk. "I've watched you and Father do it often."

"I always wanted to do it myself," said Kuma, her moon face beaming.

Mother said, "The Lord go with you."

Ugluk and Kuma wiggled through the tunnel from their igloo to the outdoors. They ran through the snow, chasing each other and giggling. "I'll beat you to the fishing hole," said Ugluk, and he did.

Each of the children had a strong line with a bone hook and a spear. The children lowered the hooks and jiggled them. They stood ready. "I hope I catch the first fish," said Ugluk.

"I hope I catch the biggest one," giggled Kuma.

"I see a big fish," said Ugluk. He jiggled the hook and the fish came nearer. Ugluk grabbed his spear, but the fish was faster. Away the fish darted through the water, with a saucy flirt of his tail. Ugluk groaned.

"What happened?" asked Kuma. "Not a fish comes near my hook."

"Polish the hook on your sleeve," said Ugluk.

Kuma polished the hook until it sparkled. She stood up watching and jiggling the hook. She did not even talk, and being quiet was hard for her. A small fish came close. She grabbed the spear, but she missed. Ugluk laughed. This made Kuma angry.

"You aren't doing any better!" she snapped.

Fish got away twice from both of them. "Mother will be ready to cook supper and we won't have the fish," said Kuma, ready to cry. "If Mother has to take time to fish, we won't get our new clothes for a long time."

"Keep quiet, chatterbox. It's your fault. You scare the fish," said Ugluk.

"I would like to slap you," said Kuma.

Soon Ugluk said, "I'm quitting!"

Kuma pouted, "I will, too, then!"

As Ugluk wound up the fishing line, he remembered that the missionary had said God wanted everyone, even little children, to do their best and work together.



Fish for Supper

A Story
of
Eskimo Children

By Esther Miller Payler

AS KUMA untwisted her line, she remembered her Mother's words that the Lord should go with them. "How we have acted," she said aloud. "I'm ashamed."

"What are you mumbling about?" asked Ugluk.

"I'm just saying I'm ashamed for the way we acted after Mother said what she did about the Lord going with us."

"I've been thinking that too," admitted Ugluk. "Let's work together. You hold the line and jiggle the hook. I'll use the spear."

Kuma giggled, "We'll do it together. That's more fun than quarrelling."

Kuma patiently jiggled the hook. A fish came close and closer. Ugluk held the spear ready. Both children watched breathlessly. When the fish was close to the shiny hook, Ugluk used the spear. "This time I was quick enough! Got it!" he said.

"Look what nice fish we have," said Kuma after a little while, looking at the pile of fish on the ice next to them.

"That's enough for our supper," said Ugluk. "Now let's catch some for our dogs."

"Mother will like the fish and be happy we worked together," said Kuma. "She'll know the Lord was with us."

Ugluk nodded and now he was smiling as he proudly carried the fish home.

The

BRIDGE

An Allegory

By LeRoy C. Brown



"I WOULDN'T eat with pigs!" declared Darrell Green, after reading the well-known parable about the prodigal son. Wonder if there are many modern prodigal sons, he thought. Then his active mind continued thinking. It created another parable.

Darrell pictured himself standing near a broad highway, and suddenly his pal, Tom Davis, appeared.

"Hi, Tom. Where are you going?" called Darrell.

"Who, me? Oh, I'm going on a trip through life."

A trip through life? Surely Tom was joking, as usual. Darrell remembered when Tom brought a baby skunk to school, wrapped up in a sports jacket, and how the girls screamed when he turned it loose in the assembly room. Tom was expelled for a week. Rarely did he have a serious thought, but now he was apparently thinking about the deep subject of life. It didn't seem possible.

"It's a long journey, Tom," said Darrell.

"Yes, I suppose it is—if you stay at it as long as Grandpappy Jones, Uncle Pete, and some of the others have."

"I understand there are two ways to go."

"Two ways?"

"Yes, God's way, and the other way."

"Then I guess I'll take the other

way. People would expect me to do that, and I suppose it would be more fun."

"Have you ever thought of the end of that journey, Tom?" asked Darrell.

"No, I guess I haven't. You know me, Darrell—I never cross a bridge until I get there. I'd rather think of the beginning."

"All right. Then what about the beginning? Look over there at that four-lane highway."

"Yes, that's where I'm headed. I'm going to hitch a ride."

"Before you do, tell me, do you see anything different about that road?"

"Yes, I see they have it named: *The Road to Destruction.*"

"Do you notice anything else?"

"It's downhill all the way. Strange I never noticed that before. But thumbing a ride on this road will be easy. Look at all that traffic!"

"Yes, I think you could easily get a ride there. Some people might even go some out of their way to drag you along that road."

"Just look at all that traffic!" repeated Tom. "Say, we could both get a ride easily. Come on, Darrell. It'll be fun!"

"But where does the road lead?"

"Who cares? You would think of that. You think too much, Darrell. If you keep that up you'll be look-

ing like the covers of a history book. Trouble is, you're afraid of life. Come with me and I'll show you what it's all about."

"Do you think you know, Tom?" asked Darrell.

"If I don't, I'll find out. But we won't get anywhere standing here. Come on, let's go!"

"Have you ever thought about who travels that highway?"

"Why everybody does. Take a look for yourself."

DARRELL looked. And he saw many careless, sinning people on that deceitful way.

"Now you caused me to miss a ride," complained Tom. "Did you see that big red car that fat man was driving? That was Nathan Austin. He has more money than he knows what to do with. Dad's a handy man for him. He knows me, too. Funny thing about Mr. Austin—he's crazy about persimmons. Once I gathered a few for him and he paid me a whole dollar! Think of it—a whole dollar for a few persimmons."

"I wonder if he'll find anything any more valuable than persimmons at the end of the road which he is on now. Look! There goes a man I know. His name is Doctor Wise. He has several schol-



arly degrees. His name is Wise, but I wonder if he is really so wise. In his psychology classes he tells students that God is a figment of man's imagination and that the Bible is a fairy story. Now he is driving smugly along that highway, thinking all is well. But he'll run into quicksand, Tom. I wish he would put in the clutch, push on the brake, and turn around before it is too late."

"Hey, look at those kids in that convertible. They're having a big time, aren't they?" exclaimed Tom.

"All depends on what you mean by a big time. The car is weaving all over the highway. The driver must be drunk. All of them act as if they have been drinking. They could crash at any moment. I don't think I'd want to meet God, in that condition, Tom. Anyway, don't you think that before you choose that busy highway you should, at least, consider the other way?"

"You mean—"

"God's way."

"Oh, I've heard of His way," said Tom, lightly. "The 'straight and narrow,' but I think I'd rather get on that big highway over there."

"Look to the right, Tom. Do you see the other road?"

"Yes, I see it. It's a narrow road, isn't it? Seems to be uphill much

of the way, too."

With parted lips Tom stared for a few moments at this road, then he said, "The 'straight and narrow'—say, Darrell, didn't Aunt Mary Masterson talk about that way in Sunday School—when I used to go?"

"Yes, she did, Tom. 'Straight is the gate, and narrow is the way.' This must be the *Road of Life* that she talked about."

"The Road of Life—Road of Life," murmured Tom. Then he snapped back to his old self again. "Ah, who'd want to travel an old road like that? A fellow would wear out his thumb trying to get a ride on it."

"Maybe we wouldn't have to ride, Tom," said Darrell. "Look, I see a man and his whole family walking on that road. They all seem to be very happy, too. I suppose Grandfather and Grandmother walked that way before them."

"But look at all the hills and rough spots," objected Tom.

"It might be different from what it seems."

"Well, I guess a person could try it, and if he didn't like it, he could go over to that big highway which is so nearby."

"Would you really try God's way, Tom? Will you?" asked Darrell, anxiously.

"You know me, Darrell. I'll try anything once."

"Come on, let's go then!"

"Wait. Wait for me, Darrell. Wait! I can't move my feet! What's wrong with me, Darrell? I can't move!" Sweat popped out all over Tom's face. He stood as if the weight of the world was on his shoulders. He strained, attempting to move forward, but he stood like a statue.

"Do you earnestly want to try God's way?" asked Darrell.

"Why, yes—yes, I really do. But I can't—yes, I can! I can walk now. But there's a gate. It's locked and I have no key."

"Try the key of repentance," suggested Darrell. "And listen to the Voice that says, 'Thine ear shall hear a word behind thee saying, this is the way—walk ye in it.'"

"Yes, I will. God be merciful unto me, a sinner . . . Now the gate is swinging open! Say, Darrell, the road looks different on the other side of the gate, doesn't it? I did not know it would be like this! The road looks bright, and look at the beautiful flowers along the way."

"But be careful, Tom. Don't step on those old rusty nails. Nails . . . nails? A Carpenter must have traveled this road many years ago. But come on, let's go."

SO ON THEY went . . . upon the Road of Life.

"Say, I'm getting hungry, Darrell. Is there any place to eat on this road?"

"Yes. See that restaurant over there? Let's go in. . . . What's the bill of fare—Milk and honey—and it's free? Why, we must be in Canaan's fair land, Tom. Now I feel quite refreshed. Let's go on."

"If a motorist had car trouble on this road, I wonder if he could get any help?" asked Tom.

"Certainly," replied Darrell. "See that building over there—the House of Prayer. A person could surely get his motor tuned up there, couldn't he? But let's move on."

On they went up the Road of Life through summer, winter,

(Continued on page 21)



Why I Am a Pentecostal

By Alda B. Harrison

RECENTLY AN advertisement of a book came to me with this title, "Why I Am a Presbyterian." It impressed me very much because I was once a Presbyterian minister's wife. I remembered the years I worked with my husband in that church and how very much I loved and appreciated my friends in that fellowship. Then I remembered the days of my early childhood in the Methodist Church and how much I appreciated those good people who led me to Christ. I was fifteen years of age when I found Christ and gave my life to Him. At the age of 22 I married a Methodist minister, who received his education in a Presbyterian college and who finally became a Presbyterian and spent the rest of his life in that church. I look back over my life and realize that I was greatly blessed by my association with these people. God bless them every one.

One day in our home in Toronto, Ohio, the Lord sent to us a darling baby boy, little William Edward, named for his father. We were so proud of him. He stayed with us around ten months, but God came and took him home. We nursed him during the long siege of sickness, doing all we could to keep him with us. But God knew just what was needed to carry out His plan in my life.

We took him to the old home down in Tennessee to lay him away. It was a sad time, but God was leading. My husband gave me and my two older children permission to go to Florida for a visit with my brother there. It was there I met Pentecost. At first I didn't understand, but I was hungry to

know the way to that beautiful city, the place where my baby had gone. That was all that mattered to me.

Having been born again at 15 years of age, I knew I was saved. This born again experience came to me when I went to visit my sister in a Presbyterian college while they were holding a revival. This endeared them to me and later in my life I had a wonderful time working in these churches, as I told you, but I was searching for a deeper experience if there was one. Here is where I learned about the Y.P.E. and Daily Vacation Bible School. God knew that out in the future He would need me.

NOW HERE I was in Florida in my brother's home. One day soon after my arrival he said to me, "Would you like to go with us tonight to a cottage prayer meeting?" Sure, I was ready to go. I saw and heard some wonderful things there that night. I know it was the power of God. It went through my whole being. People were slain under the mighty power of God. I had seen this in the Methodist Church and had read about it in the Presbyterian Church back in the early days. I said, "Well, this is what I need. I went home that night with a determination to study His Word and get all God had for me.

When I began to study, my brother, D. W. Haworth and his wife assisted me. First, I was instructed to read the first and second chapters of Acts. In the fourth verse Christ plainly commanded the disciples that they should not depart until they had been baptized in the

Holy Ghost. Verse 8, "But ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost has come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem and in all Judea and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth." These were His last words; the next verse records His ascension into heaven.

Did you ever see anything plainer than this? Well, some say it was just for those on that day, but let us see. Acts 10, beginning with the 44th verse, says "While Peter yet spake these words, the Holy Ghost fell on all them which heard the word. And they of the circumcision which believed were astonished, as many as came with Peter, because that on the Gentiles also was poured out the gift of the Holy Ghost." How did they know? "For they heard them speak with tongues and magnify God."

Friends, may I ask this question. How can we deny this great and wonderful experience when thousands upon top of thousands testify to it today?

We see in the 13th chapter of 1 Corinthians that people may pretend to speak with tongues, but if they do not have love, they become as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. If we hear someone speak in tongues who is false, then we know his speaking is false. So we are to watch carefully for that love that is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost. Let us study closely the 13th and 14th chapters of 1 Corinthians. These Scriptures prove without the shadow of a doubt that there is a Holy Ghost baptism with the evidence of speaking in other tongues.

ONE OF THE most precious times of my life was when this wonderful experience came to me. Twice I lay prostrate under the mighty power of God. I wasn't unconscious, but the Holy Spirit was talking to me, revealing to me what this great experience would mean. It would mean persecution. My loved ones would misunderstand, but what did it matter? I had never been so happy. He was showing me many things I'd have to give up, but what would that matter since I would have that wonderful joy to take its place.

One time as I lay prostrate, the Spirit whispered, "Arise." I arose in obedience to His voice. The Holy Spirit came and took up His abode in my heart. How sweetly He spoke in another language! It seemed as if I could fly away to my husband and tell him all about it. I wrote him quickly and told him about my wonderful experience. In only a few days I received a letter telling me he had rather bring me home in my casket, but I was too full of joy to let it bother me. I felt that as soon as I reached home and told him everything he'd believe, but he didn't. After a little while one of my old friends came to me and said, "Your husband told me today that he didn't believe in your doctrine, but there was a change in your life." That encouraged me.

After we had been at home some time I received information through the mail that there was a Pentecostal camp meeting beginning at Alliance, Ohio. How it thrilled me! I asked my husband if the children and I could go, but

he gave me a very emphatic "No, you cannot." Of course, I felt very bad about it, but I called the children, ages six and eight, and told them we couldn't go. Then I thought, "Well prayer changes things." I called them again and told them we would pray that daddy would let us go. As we prayed, I began to get the suitcases ready. Just one day before we should start, he came in and said, "Get ready; you may go to the camp meeting." My, how happy we were. Another lady in the town where we lived decided to go with us. She was very eager to see if what I had told her was real.

After we were settled in our separate apartments, the services began. The building where people camped and where meals were served had a high porch where children played at times. My little daughter fell from this high porch and broke her arm. We prayed for her and she immediately fell asleep. I had promised my husband before I left that I would call a physician if there was a need, so I called a doctor. Before he came the woman with me had called my husband and told him I was not getting a doctor. Of course, this alarmed him and he immediately came to Alliance. He found every thing quiet and peaceful, but he took the children home. I tried to get him to wait for me to get ready, but he would not. I went home as soon as I could get ready and when I arrived the newspaper headlines greeted me at my door. It said that I had deceived my husband in going to this place. But God gave me peace in my soul.

(Continued on page 20)

WINTER'S MAGIC

Winter scalloped meadow brooks
Made snow hills and fancy lace
Upon the thin wire fences . . .
Spread magic all around the place.
Prisms hung down from the eaves
Iridescent in the sun;
A thin sun finds it hard to change
Artistry . . . King Winter has
done!

Edna Hamilton



A WORTHY NEW YEAR RESOLVE

Because it is mine the task that
I do,
I'll do every inch of it right.
Because it is mine the task I pursue,
I'll do it clear through with my
might.

And because it is mine, and because
it is right
I'll do it with gladness and deep
delight.
For this is the way of a man
Who believes in a heavenly plan.

And who does a thing right with
a deep delight
His God will add to his human
might;
And no matter how humble; no
matter how small,
He'll know that Divinity runs
through it all.

Norman C. Schlichter

THE BEAUTY OF SNOW

As you travel through the mountains,
And you gaze far down below,
You will see the lovely valleys
Hidden underneath the snow.

Then you raise your view up higher
Till at once it seems to stop,
There you see that snowy blanket
Perched upon the mountaintop.

You enjoy some scenes of beauty
Almost everywhere you go,
But no scene brings forth the
picture
Like an added touch of snow.

Carl L. Cutrell

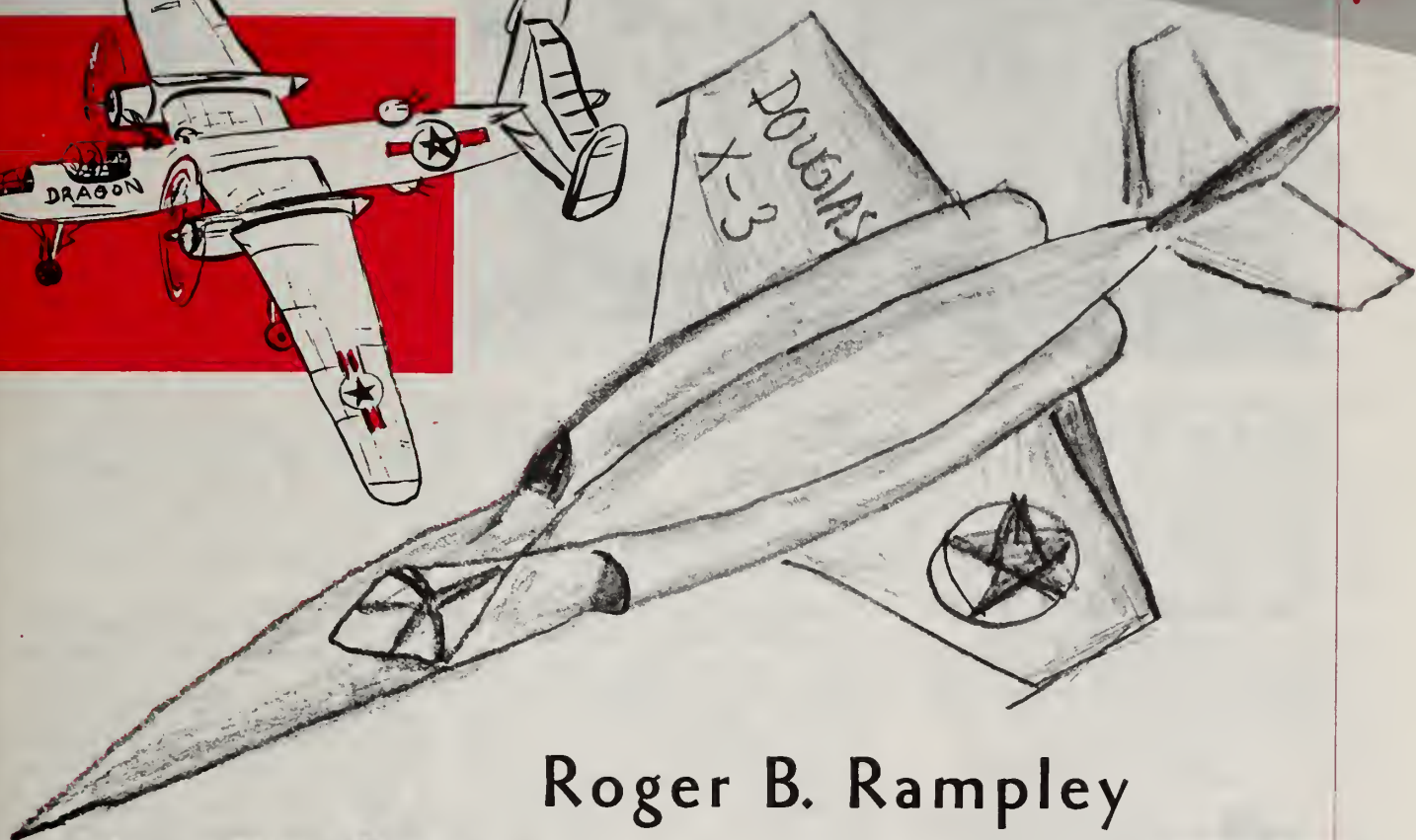
A PRAYER FOR THE NEW YEAR

"My times are in Thy hand,"
The future is not mine;
Another year I now begin,
A year that, too, is Thine.

Bereft of all save for the past—
The henceforth all is Thine;
Father, give me strength to say,
"Thy will be done, not mine."

Grace Cash





Roger B. Rampley



With the rapid growth of scientific research for the past fifty years, there has been a noticeable transition of the world's art from the terra firma to the stratosphere, ionosphere and outer space. With this freedom, artists have produced everything from ethereal abstractions to science fiction illustrations. No doubt it is this spirit of the age that inspired young artist Rampley to do the kind of work reproduced on this page. Roger Rampley, an eleven-year-old youth from Bainbridge, Georgia, has been interested in art for several years. He received special recognition for his work (a blue ribbon award of merit) three years in succession before he was nine years old.



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Art

GRAPHIS ANNUAL 1958/59. Edited by Walter Herdeg, Zurich: Amstutz & Herdeg, Graphis Press (\$14.50). This is a vast compilation of choice advertising art selected from over ten thousand entries submitted by artists and advertising agencies from all over the world. The same perfection of layout, printing and reproduction enjoyed by readers of *Graphis* magazine is employed in the production of this annual. This trilingual (text in English, German and French) "encyclopedia" of designs is recommended to everybody connected with the creative aspects of the advertising field.

art book review



Carlsbad,
New Mexico
Young People
Go to
Youth Camp

OFF TO YOUTH CAMP! This group left Monday morning from the Church of God, 1109 West Fox Street, to join others in New Mexico at the Nazarene Campground near Ruidoso. Shown at the extreme left is Rev. Aubuary Mitchell, pastor of the church, holding his daughter, Judy. At the right are Mrs. Aubuary Mitchell and Mrs. Don Love, who will be teaching in Youth Camp. Young people in the picture are from the Church of God and the Full Gospel Church of God. They are: Terry Thompson, Jessi Mitchell, Cheryl Alexander, Johnny Ray Odom, C. J. Cooper, Doris Cooper, Linda Kuandart, Sue Harper, Robert Lake, Jimmy Gillock, Paul

Mitchell, Don Gadbury, Ann Larrentree, Kathy Mitchell, Robert Lake, Barbara Brooks, Pat Cherry, Carolyn Offutt, Judy Bruton, Seretha Pierce, Ronnie Cooper, Letha Smith, Jerry Galloway and Delores Cobb. Smaller fry at the lower left are Sandy Harper and Lola Mae Cooper, who got in the picture because their brothers or sisters were in the group. Not shown in the picture are Mr. and Mrs. Newel Crouch, who left Sunday. Mr. Crouch is to be chef for the camp. He received a chef's certificate during his tenure in the Army.

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WHY I AM A PENTECOSTAL

(Continued from page 17)

IT WAS NOT long after that my husband took inflammatory rheumatism. This is one of the most painful things that one can think of. We had to have two nurses in the daytime and one at night. He wanted me by his bedside as much as possible. In the meantime, our son took scarlet fever and I had to wait on him and keep his room closed so our daughter would not take it. She did take it, however, and suffered much more than the boy. Weeks went by and my husband's life was despaired of. God spared him, however, and he slowly recovered. While I have never been very strong, God carried me through this ordeal and when I went back to church the people were amazed because I looked so well. The man who nursed my husband from our church told people that I had something that they didn't have. In the midst of turmoil and strife God will take care of His children.

After this, my husband had trouble with his bronchial tubes and his doctor advised him to leave this foggy place on the Ohio River.

From there we went to Cambridge, Ohio. There my husband had a class of men and I had a class of women. I soon had 75 women in my class, but I had some opposition. One Sunday when I came to Sunday School I noticed about 12 women occupying another seat with one of our class members teaching. I guessed it was because I had been attending a Pentecostal church in the city on Sunday after-

noons. I broke down and cried and the whole class was in tears. That was the beginning of a growth in my class.

Well, one day there came a knock at my kitchen door. I opened it to find an old minister of our church, who was a good friend of mine. I invited him in. He said, "Well, I hadn't been in your home and decided to come over and see how you are getting along." I asked him to sit down but he said, "Well, I have never seen in your living room." Then I caught on to what was happening and I took him into the living room. He came to see if reports were true. My home was a six-room house and that morning I cleaned everything. I said, "Well, I'd like to show you the upstairs also. I took him through the whole house. I never heard anything more about my housekeeping.

My husband's class of men ran up to 300, nearly filling the auditorium, but in a little while he was advised to go to California for his health. When we left Cambridge, we left at one o'clock a.m. Forty women of my class was there to bid us good-bye. My class gave me a lovely purse with some money inside. We women had our picture made together. God bless those women. They had gotten so interested in Bible study that they asked for a week-day class. I answered the call and had twenty in that class. There I had perfect freedom to teach the Pentecostal truths and God helped us. Some were hungry for a closer walk with God when we left.

— To Be Continued —

V.B.S. IN GALENA, ALASKA

(Continued from page 7)

the two-hour class periods sped with wings.

On the final day of the school we had what everyone had been looking forward to, a picnic. Sister Cowdell had spent hours making hot dog buns and baking them in the old stove, and dozens of hot dogs and marshmallows had been ordered from Fairbanks by plane. The children could talk of little else during the week, but when Friday dawned it was damp and cloudy. It was near ten o'clock before the clouds parted and sunshine warmed the chilly breeze from the river. By eight o'clock we had already had two knocks at the door and long before ten everyone was assembled along with seven others whom I had never seen. It was a little embarrassing to explain that the picnic was only for children who had attended Bible School, but I discovered that if I hadn't we would have had half the village because by picnic time our number had increased considerably.

We found a large sandy spot on the beach away from the village, and after an hour of wading and racing, the pile of food vanished like melting ice in the summer sun. By the time we were ready for home, most of the kids were so tired and full they could hardly walk.

The commencement exercise was very encouraging and rewarding. Almost all of the parents came, and the children were so well behaved I could hardly believe they were the same group. This was the first Bible School Galena had ever had, and we felt the results would show later in young Indian lives as they made their choices for a life's destiny.

IT WAS WITH a little reluctance that I faced the week's ending and prepared to go back to Palmer via Brother Cowdell's plane. We made our plans to leave on Saturday night but stormy weather and smoke from forest fires between the Yukon region and Fairbanks made it impossible to leave. By Sunday afternoon we thought the clouds had cleared sufficiently so we loaded the little plane and prepared to leave the Galena airstrip. We had a very smooth take-off and were up only minutes when we saw that weather conditions looked quiet different from the air. A bank of clouds blocked our pathway and after twenty minutes visibility was so poor we were forced to turn around and head back for the village. By the time we reached the airstrip, a storm had broken over our heads with wind and rain that made the

little plane feel like a match box. We were bounced around like a toy boat on a stormy sea as Brother Cowdell began to bring the little craft in for a landing. The wheels had almost touched the runway when a cross wind forced us up again. We tried a landing from the other end of the runway, and this time we were successful. We were only on the ground minutes when the storm broke with such fury that we felt some unseen hand had guided us to a safe landing. We waited for the rain to subside and then got out of the plane and walked back to the village.

Stormy conditions prevailed all Sunday night and Monday. The commercial flight was cancelled. The smoke became worse and small craft flying was impossible. It was Tuesday evening before I boarded the large Northern Consolidated plane and headed for Anchorage through the still very stormy weather.

As I watched the little village on the banks of the muddy Yukon fade from sight, I couldn't help but feel that the little shacks and their inhabitants would haunt me until I returned to do what I could to bring the light of the gospel of Jesus Christ to "those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death."

THE BRIDGE

(Continued from page 15)

spring, and fall sunshine, rain, laughter, tears—on and on they went.

Then Darrell stopped suddenly, put his hand to his temple and said, "Why, Tom, you're getting gray at the temple. . . . I am too. We've been on this road for a long time. But it's a good way, isn't it?"

"Much better than I thought it would be," admitted Tom. "But sometimes the hills are very steep and I get tired."

On they went up the Road of Life—more sunshine, more rain, more hills, and some valleys. . . .

"I'm an old man now, Darrell," said Tom. "And the way seems so long. Sometimes I feel I would like to stop and sit under the shade of an evergreen tree forever. I'm so weary. . . . Can I go on? . . . Look, Darrell, look! Someone is ahead of us on the road, and He's speaking, 'Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' He must be that Carpenter who traveled this road many years ago. How comforting and strengthening His words are. I'm not tired now. Let's go on."

On and on they went. . . .

"Darrell, the way is long, and I'm so weary, I don't think I can go any further. Look, look! There's a

(Continued on next page)

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THE BRIDGE

(Continued from page 21)

river across the road, and there's no bridge. I used to say I'd never cross a bridge until I got to it, but you can plainly see there's no bridge here. What am I going to do? Is that Jordan? Yes, yes! I know it is. It's the last river to cross... and there's no bridge."

"Look and listen closely," said Darrell, quietly. "What do you see and hear?"

"I see the Carpenter again and He whispers, 'Lo, I am with you always.' Praise God! *There is a Bridge!* I won't have to cross Jordan alone! He'll be with me every step of the way... We're near the river. The water is deep and cold. The current is strong. I could not stand alone, but I feel His precious hand in mine. We're crossing, Darrell... we're crossing... we've made it! We're on the other shore. But look, Darrell, look! The road isn't uphill any more. We are walking through green pastures. I see the Good Shepherd and His flock. And I hear a chorus of angels singing a welcome song. We made it, Darrell! We made it, and I wouldn't go back if I could."

"It does make a difference where a road leads, doesn't it, Tom?" said Darrell.

"Yes, it does. But I would like to go back just for one thing."

"For what, Tom?"

"To write in capital red letters these words for every young person to read: 'THINE EARS SHALL HEAR A WORD BEHIND THEE SAYING, THIS IS THE WAY, WALK YE IN IT.'"

IN TIME OF NEED

(Continued from page 5)

position, would act for self alone?

To his mind there came the story of the Hebrew lads who faced the fiery furnace. They knew their God could deliver them. Their faith was not misplaced. But if God did not desire to save them? "But if not, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up." Had he a faith like that? If it were God's will that he perish in the bitter cold, would he refuse to kneel before the image of self? Ralph had implied on that former occasion that faith and trust would flee before selfishness.

DID CHRISTIAN faith and trust provide the power to stay the troubled soul and carry it through the test, whether a fiery furnace or freezing snow?

"Keep going," an inner voice urged. "Ralph's life is in your hands. Keep going."

Suddenly his hopes rose to new heights. That dark ridge on the horizon! The woods! The goal to-

wards which he aimed! New courage gave increased strength to his weary body.

The faint light of day faded, being swallowed by the sable blanket of night as the sun disappeared beyond the far horizon. By the time Paul reached the spruce-covered slope, the moon rode high in the sky. With an ax salvaged from the wreck, he attacked a deadfall and soon had a roaring fire.

Ralph had lapsed into a state of quietude, thus permitting Paul to gain a bit of rest. No sooner did he relax than he fell asleep. He was cold when he awoke some time later, for the fire had died down. As he replenished his supply of fuel, an undulating cry reached him from the distance.

"The hunting cry of wolves"; he interpreted a familiar cry. "On the look for food." When the cries ceased, he knew they had scented the trail of possible game. Then they ran silently. Paul fed his fire a fresh supply of fuel, took an extra look at Ralph, then caught another bit of sleep.

The fire subsided; the circle of light narrowed. Gleaming orbs in the brush moved closer to the sleeper. Teeth clicked as hungry brutes anticipated the food which would eliminate that gnawing sensation from their vitals. Closer they crept to their victims, awaiting the signal from their leader to dash forward.

"LOOK OUT, PAUL! WE'RE GOING TO CRACK!" came the startling, delirious cry.

Paul, leaping to his feet from a sound sleep, saw Ralph standing erect near the fire, saw him leap forward. The injured leg crumpled beneath the weight thrust upon it, throwing Ralph full length at the edge of the circle of light.

Paul saw the wolf leap forward, and hurled a blazing stick at the snarling face. Ax in hand, he leaped to Ralph's side. Another wolf leaped forward. The terrific blow from the ax eliminated him from the struggle.

Seizing Ralph with one hand, Paul dragged him back to the fire. He faced a desperate situation. Without additional fuel the fire would soon die. If he left the fire for more wood, Ralph would be left defenseless.

Paul weighed the chances of escape. By making a sudden dash, he might reach the shelter of a tree, but he never could carry Ralph through that circle of gleaming orbs.

Drawing the sled close to the fire, he laid Ralph upon it, piled the blankets over him and tied them fast. At any moment Ralph might burst forth in another delirious effort. If the wolves decided to attack, the blankets would afford some protection from slash-

ing fangs. He pulled his heavy coat tighter about his neck, then waited, ax in hand.

As the blaze shrank in size, a gray form leaped. Paul, swinging hard, felled the wolf with a crippled shoulder. A lull followed as the wily leader of the wolves sought a place of vantage. No longer did the pack fear the dying embers. One barrier stood between them and the satisfying of that gnawing hunger.

"It shouldn't be long now," Paul said as he saw the wolves creeping forward to narrow the circle. Suddenly the gray forms charged. Swinging the ax viciously, he went down beneath their weight, threw them aside and regained his footing. The odds, however, were too great. The weight of numbers would soon tell. He fought to retain life; the wolves to sustain it.

He staggered, went to his knees, kept fighting as a buzzing sound filled his ears. Blood flowed across his eyes from a wound in his forehead, partly blinding him, yet he kept the ax swinging incessantly. The buzzing increased until it became a roar; a brilliant light smote his eyes; crashes reverberated on the night air. Paul shook his head in wonder, staggered uncertainly, then fell unconscious across Ralph's body.

PAUL OPENED HIS eyes listlessly, unconcerned about anything until memory linked events into a coherent whole. Quickly he reacted, but a gentle hand restrained him.

"Take it easy," a gentle voice cautioned him. "You're entitled to a rest after tonight's experience. The searching plane found you just in time and brought you to the hospital. Talk later, when you feel able."

"Ralph?" he asked, anxiously. "In the next room. You can see him as soon as possible."

Now he understood those final minutes. The roar and the light came from the plane; the crashes were those of guns putting finishing touches to the attack of the wolves.

Four days later Paul was admitted to Ralph's presence. The story of Paul's attempt to reach civilization, already known throughout the hospital, had been told to Ralph.

"Thanks, Paul," he said, quietly, extending his hand.

After Paul filled in some details of their recent experience, he asked, "Anything I can do for you right now?"

Ralph nodded. "First of all, I'll apologize for my ridicule of your religion. Tell me now how to get that trust and faith you possess. A man really needs it when he faces a crisis. I'd like to know."

Paul smiled. It would be a pleasure to answer that request.

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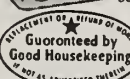
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The

Voice of Sunday School

"I am a Sunday School Secretary"

By James W. Rickerson

Sunday School Secretary, Hemphill Avenue
Church of God, Atlanta, Georgia



WHAT IS THE most important position in the Sunday School? You may quickly say the superintendent or the teacher. But are these positions more important than the secretary's position? All of them are of equal importance in the sight of God. Each office will be judged by his faithfulness to his particular assignment.

For the Sunday School to work smoothly, all must perform their task adequately. If one fails, all are affected. If the superintendent fails, the entire Sunday School suffers. If the teacher fails, the whole Sunday School is weakened. If the secretary fails, the Sunday School is no less harmed than if the others do not perform successfully.

Many qualifications are necessary for the successful Sunday School secretary. First, he must be a devout Christian. All officials of the Sunday School ought to be born-again by the Spirit of God. Their lives must be examples to all.

The Sunday School worker also must have a Christian experience in order for his work to be meaningful. Just as the Sunday School teacher must have a good relationship with God, the Sunday School secretary also must be a Spirit-filled individual.

The second qualification of the Sunday School secretary is that he must be dependable. No job in the Sunday School requires a more dependable person than that of Sunday School secretary. Month after month reports must be filed on time. Week after week records must be properly kept. Assuming the tasks of a Sunday School secretary, without understanding the importance of the position to the church is a mistake. He must not only be dependable as a secretary but as a person. Since people are looking at the church leaders, they all must be examples both in the church and in outside activities as well.

Another requirement of the Sunday School secretary is that he must be mature. Any position of the Sunday School will be criticized at times. If the person is not properly seasoned and mature, he is likely to become discouraged and quit. Rather than cause the Sunday School great damage by giving up, it is best for the secretary to know how to respond to all situations in a mature fashion.

The vital requirement is that the Sunday School secretary must be able to follow directions. Not only will he receive assignments from the pastor and the superintendent, but he must also be able to follow directions in making his reports. Too often, churches are not given proper credit because church secretaries fail to give adequate reports. Therefore, the secretary of all church officials must be able to follow directions.

Sunday School is one of the most important of all church activities

because it gives an opportunity to reach all age groups with the Word of God. A grave responsibility rests upon the teacher, who must study and pray if he is to receive the necessary anointing from God. Teaching for conviction and response requires much spiritual discipline. The work of the secretary is also more than just a part of the mechanics of the Sunday School. This task, too, must have the anointing of God.

THIS IS A TIME of stress and crisis when Communism is making inroads into the free world. Because of this, the Sunday School takes on a more important function than ever before in meeting the needs of mankind. It alone can give a message of Christian hope and comfort to people of all ages.

The secretary's duties require that he keep detailed records so that information may be available at any time for use in improving the Sunday School. Especially is this true at the end of a quarter when changes may be in order.

When a secretary sees that his Sunday School is failing in some category that would keep his church from being a "Silver Shield" Sunday School, he should report this deficiency at once to the superintendent and to the pastor. They, in turn, should provide methods of correcting these failures. If the secretary fails, then the Sunday School will be damaged.

The secretary must never be guilty of being late in mailing his reports to the district and state directors because this delinquency will cause his church to lose important points in the standardization program. The secretary should not consider numbers as mere statistics, but as souls that need to be cared for in the sight of God. If the Sunday School is to be successful, the secretary must maintain a good class record system which will provide proper materials for a good visitation program. Nothing can compare with personal contact with those who have been absent, whatever the reason. But in order for a good visitation program to be carried on, adequate records must be kept. This falls

under the work of the secretary.

Records are so important in the sight of God that He preserved them throughout the ages. God's record is always authentic and perfect and is of great value to every man from the least to the greatest. In keeping records, God gives to the secretary a good example to follow. Record keeping is no new thing at all. It is a must not only in the church world but in other organizations as well. Nothing like records can paint a true picture of the Sunday School. Examining records of the past, as they compare to the present, helps Sunday School workers to know how the Sunday School is progressing.

To be a good secretary requires constant prayer, work, and a burden for the lost. Giving of one's best to the Master will be rewarded in heaven. When God gives the rewards in heaven, doubtlessly the faithful Sunday School secretary will receive a great reward. All workers of the Sunday School should join hands for one common goal—to win the lost to Christ. If the Sunday School secretary looks upon his job as being a part of this great program, he will never tire of doing his work for God and the church.

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Sunday School and Youth Work Statistics

By O. W. Polen, National Sunday School and Youth Director

A NEW CHALLENGE TO OUR SUNDAY SCHOOLS AND Y.P.E.'s

A new arrangement of the Sunday School-and-Youth-work-statistic's page is under way. Instead of listing the average weekly attendance of each state, as in the past, all Sunday Schools and Y.P.E.'s in the nation whose average weekly attendance comes within the new classifications given below will be listed. The opportunity to be listed on this page is now within reach of nearly every Sunday School and Y.P.E. in the Church of God. The field is wide open!

REPORT ON NEW SUNDAY SCHOOLS

Branch Sunday Schools organized since June 30, 1958	16
Branch Sunday Schools reported as of October 31, 1958	728
New Sunday Schools organized since June 30, 1958	22
Total Sunday Schools organized since June 30, 1958	38
(Branch and New)	

SPIRITUAL RESULTS AMONG OUR YOUTH

October, 1958

Saved	3,268
Sanctified	1,378
Filled with Holy Ghost	1,081
Added to the church	1,049

Since June 30, 1958

Saved	10,364
Sanctified	4,272
Filled with Holy Ghost	3,292
Added to the church	3,245

SUNDAY SCHOOL

October, 1958

Average Weekly Attendance

500 and over

Greenville (Tremont Avenue), South Carolina	926
Middletown (Clayton Street), Ohio	610
Atlanta (Hemphill Avenue), Georgia	519

400 - 499

Kannapolis, North Carolina	469
North Cleveland, Tennessee	431
North Chattanooga, Tennessee	426
Detroit Tabernacle, Detroit, Michigan	425
East Chattanooga, Tennessee	405
South Gastonia, North Carolina	404

300 - 399

Jacksonville, Florida	392
Anderson (McDuffie Street), South Carolina	392
Erwin, North Carolina	385
Cincinnati (12th and Elm), Ohio	376
Monroe (4th Street), Michigan	353
South Lebanon, Ohio	343
Griffin, Georgia	336
Atlanta (Riverside), Georgia	335
Alabama City, Alabama	334
Wilmington, North Carolina	319
Charlotte, North Carolina	313
Rock Hill, South Carolina	313
Biltmore, North Carolina	309
Summit, Alabama	306
St. Louis (Grand Ave.), Mo.	305
Tampa, Florida	304
Lakeland, Florida	302
Orlando, Florida	302

200 - 299

West Flint, Michigan	297
Pontiac, Michigan	290
Savannah, Georgia	289
Home for Children	287
Dallas, North Carolina	283
Whitwell, Tennessee	282
Canton (9th and Gibbs), Ohio	278
Buford, Georgia	275
Daisy, Tennessee	269
Sulphur Springs, Florida	267
Rome, Georgia	265
Dillon, South Carolina	261

Louisville (Highland Pk.), Kentucky	260
Gastonia (Ranlo), North Carolina	258
Brooklyn, Maryland	255
East Laurinburg, North Carolina	254
Lenoir, North Carolina	254
Fairborn, Ohio	253
Dayton (Oakridge Drive), Ohio	245
Mercersburg, Pennsylvania	244
Gastonia, North Carolina (West)	244
Chattanooga (4th Avenue), Tennessee	238
Ft. Lauderdale, Florida	236
Sallsbury, Maryland	236
South Cleveland, Tennessee	234
South Rocky Mount, North Carolina	234
Scmerset, Kentucky	233
Nashville (Meridian St.), Tennessee	233
Knoxville (8th Avenue), Tennessee	232
Lenoir City, Tennessee	231
Eldorado, Illinois	230
Greenville (Woodside), S. C.	228
Goldsboro, North Carolina	223
Fayetteville, North Carolina	222
Lumberton, North Carolina	221
Columbia, South Carolina	221
Greenville (Durst Ave.), S. C.	219
Dressen, Kentucky	219
Belton, South Carolina	216
McColl, South Carolina	216
Anniston, Alabama	215
Lake City, Florida	214
East Belmont, North Carolina	214
Akron (E. Market), Ohio	214
Dayton (E. 4th), Ohio	214
Lake City, South Carolina	212
Perry, Florida	210
Austin, Indiana	210
Clayton, North Carolina	209
Wilson, North Carolina	209
Columbus (Frebis Ave.), Ohio	209
Easton, Maryland	209
Milford, Delaware	208
Augusta (Crawford), Georgia	207
Pomona, California	205
Langlely, South Carolina	204
Couches Fork, Kentucky	204
Chattanooga (E. Ridge), Tennessee	202
Birmingham (South Park), Alabama	201
Ft. Mill, South Carolina	201

125 - 199

Valdosta, Georgia	199
Birmingham (Pike Ave.), Alabama	199
Parkersburg, West Virginia	198
Lancaster, South Carolina	197
Baldwin Park, California	196
Thomaston, Georgia	193
Greenwood (South), South Carolina	193
Avondale Estates, Georgia	192
Honea Path, South Carolina	190
Williamsburg, Pennsylvania	190
Brunswick, Georgia	189
West Baltimore, Maryland	187
York, South Carolina	187
North Birmingham, Alabama	186
Cleveland (E. 55th), Ohio	185
Phoenix (44th St.), Arizona	185
Lindale, Georgia	183
Plant City, Florida	183
Greer, South Carolina	183
Montgomery, Alabama	182
Seneca, South Carolina	182
Rifle Range, Florida	180
Clearwater, Florida	179
Greenville (Park Place), S. C.	179
Huntington, West Virginia	178
Ft. Myers, Florida	177
Indianapolis (W.), Indiana	177
Georgetown, South Carolina	176
Lafollette, Tennessee	176
McMinnville, Tennessee	174
Winter Garden, Florida	173
Asheville, North Carolina	171
Pinson Fork, Kentucky	171
Greensboro, North Carolina	171
Mooreville, North Carolina	171
Miami, Florida	170
Princeton, West Virginia	170
McKinneyville, California	170
Trafford, Alabama	169
Sanford, Florida	169
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Williamsport, Maryland	125
Lawton, Oklahoma	125
Marked Tree, Arkansas	125
Leadwood, Missouri	125
St. Louis (Gravols Ave.), Missouri	125
St. Louis (Northside), Missouri	125

NATION'S TOP TEN IN HOME DEPARTMENT ATTENDANCE

Total Monthly Attendance for October	
Greenville (Tremont Avenue), South Carolina	6,745
Nashville (Meridian Street), Tennessee	812
Princeton, West Virginia	684
Kannapolis, North Carolina	637
Birmingham (South Park), Alabama	537
Atlanta (Hemphill Avenue), Georgia	525
Uhrichsville, Ohio	425
Chicago (Summit), Illinois	415
Eldorado, Illinois	392
Columbia, South Carolina	360

TEN STATES HIGHEST IN HOME DEPARTMENTS

South Carolina	45
Alabama	38
West Virginia	27
Ohio	27
Georgia	26
Florida	21
California	15
North Carolina	14
Texas (NW)	14
Pennsylvania	13

REPORT OF NEW Y.P.E.'s

New Y.P.E.'s organized since June 30, 1958	36
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Y.P.E.

October, 1958

Average Weekly Attendance

200 and over

South Rocky Mount, North Carolina	337
Middletown (Clayton St.), Ohio	323
Home for Children	305
Erwin, North Carolina	271
South Gastonia, North Carolina	253
Mercersburg, Pennsylvania	246
Wiltington, North Carolina	234
Whitwell, Tennessee	203

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Cincinnati (12th and Elm), Ohio	199
Monroe (4th Street), Michigan	196
Savannah (Anderson), Georgia	195

Greenville (Tremont Avenue), South Carolina	193
Annisston, Alabama	174
Goldsboro, North Carolina	175
Baldwin Park, California	156
Dressen, Kentucky	156
Crumbley's Chapel, Alabama	153
Dayton (East 4th), Ohio	153
Dayton (Oakridge Drive), Ohio	143

100 - 149

Jacksonville, Florida	144
East Chattanooga, Tennessee	141
Porterville, California	139

COMMENDATION TO NORTH CAROLINA

October, 1959, was a record-breaking month in North Carolina. An all-time high in both Sunday School and Y.P.E. attendance was established with an average per Sunday during October of 29,433, and an average attendance per week in Y.P.E. of 14,424.

Congratulations Brother Robert Hart, and North Carolina!

Pontiac, Michigan	138
Blackshear, Georgia	138
Hamilton (7th and Chestnut), Ohio	136
Lake Wales, Florida	132
Ravenna, Kentucky	131
East Laurinburg, North Carolina	128
Crossroads, Alabama	129
Warren, Michigan	128
Grenada, Mississippi	127
Dayton, Tennessee	126
Lakedale, North Carolina	125
Akron (E. Market), Ohio	123
Augusta (Crawford), Georgia	123
Rabun, Alabama	122
Birmingham (South Park), Alabama	122
Lancaster, Ohio	121
Saddle Tree, North Carolina	120
Pomona, California	119
Winchester, Kentucky	119
Somerset, Kentucky	119
South Mt. Zion, Tennessee	119
North Birmingham, Alabama	118
North East, Pennsylvania	117
Christian, West Virginia	116
Evarts, Kentucky	116
Dallas, North Carolina	115
Williamsburg, Pennsylvania	115
Birmingham (Pike Ave.), Alabama	115
North Cleveland, Tennessee	115
Detroit Tabernacle, Detroit, Michigan	114
South Lebanon, Ohio	114
Biltmore, North Carolina	112
Fayetteville, Alabama	112
Atlanta (Hemphill Ave.), Georgia	112
Woodruff, South Carolina	111
Daisy, Tennessee	110
Carrollton, Georgia	110
Tifton, Georgia	110
Columbus (Frebis Ave.), Ohio	109
Benton, Illinois	109
Columbus (29th St.), Georgia	109
Alabama City, Alabama	108
Trafford, Alabama	108
Marked Tree, Arkansas	108
La Belle, Florida	107
Orlando, Florida	107
Blackville, South Carolina	107
Unicoi, Tennessee	107
Plant City, Florida	106
Lexington, Kentucky	106
Graham, Texas	106
Lakeland, Florida	105
Patetown, North Carolina	105
Langley, South Carolina	105
Jackson, Mississippi	105
Fayetteville, North Carolina	104
Sanford, North Carolina	104
Brooklyn, Maryland	104
Paris, Texas	104
Corona, California	103
Kenosha, Wisconsin	103
Anderson (McDuffie), South Carolina	102
Westminster, California	102
Stinnett, Kentucky	102
Tuscaloosa, Alabama	102
Tampa, Florida	101
East Belmont, North Carolina	101
McKinleyville, California	101
Rifle Range, Florida	101
Bartow, Florida	100
Benson, North Carolina	100
Princeton, West Virginia	100
North Rome, Georgia	100
Natchez, Mississippi	100
Dallas, Texas	100
Nicholls, Georgia	100

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Harlan, Kentucky	99
Sulphur Springs, Florida	99
Wadesboro, North Carolina	99
Clyde, South Carolina	99
Charleston (King St.), South Carolina	98
Louisville (Highland Pk.), Kentucky	97
Canton (9th and Gibbs), Ohio	97
Washington	98
Combs, Kentucky	96
Lenoir City, Tennessee	96
McMinnville, Tennessee	96
Rossville, Georgia	95

Conway, South Carolina	94
Bernard, Kentucky	94
Windsor, Canada	94
Nashville (Meridian St.), Tennessee	94
Florence, South Carolina	93
Atlanta (Riverside), Georgia	93
Lawrenceville, Georgia	93
Tarpon Springs, Florida	92
East Los Angeles, California	92
Knoxville (8th Avenue), Tennessee	92
Douglas, Georgia	92
Tarboro, North Carolina	91
Cleveland (Clark), Ohio	91
Newport, Tennessee	91
Latta, South Carolina	90
Parkersburg, West Virginia	90
Dunnville, Kentucky	90
Oxford, Ohio	90
Winter Haven (Eloise), Florida	89
Ware Shoals, South Carolina	89
Cleveland (East 55th), Ohio	89
Busby, Tennessee	89
Statesboro, Georgia	88
Griffin, Georgia	88
Ft. Lauderdale, Florida	88
Starke, Florida	88
Morganton, North Carolina	88
Bethany, South Carolina	88
Enoree, South Carolina	88
Wallins, Kentucky	88
Lawrenceville, Illinois	88
Greer, South Carolina	87
Arcadia, Florida	86
Columbus (Belvidere Ave.), Ohio	86
Chicago (Summit), Illinois	86
Burlington (East), North Carolina	85
Black Oak, Tennessee	85
Hagerstown, Maryland	81
Buford, Georgia	84
Jesup, Georgia	84
Naples, Florida	84
Washington, North Carolina	84
Oneal, South Carolina	84
Torrance, California	84
Middletown (Noetown), Kentucky	84
Perry, Florida	83
Gastonia (Ranlo), North Carolina	83
Charlotte, North Carolina	82
Greenville (Laurens Rd.), South Carolina	82
North, South Carolina	82
Seneca, South Carolina	82
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Salinas, California	82
Adel, Georgia	82
Cartersville, Georgia	81
Valdosta, Georgia	81
Garden City, Florida	81
Lanes Avenue, Florida	81
West Lakeland, Florida	81
West Fayetteville, North Carolina	81
Greenville (Park Place), South Carolina	81
Fairborn, Ohio	81
Hagerstown, Maryland	81
Wilson, North Carolina	81
Lake Placid, Florida	80
Lexington, North Carolina	80
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Reckingham, North Carolina	75
Rock Hill, South Carolina	75
Sparta, Tennessee	75
East Haywood, Tennessee	75
Hugo, Oklahoma	75
Lawton, Oklahoma	75
Burdette, Arkansas	75
Leachville, Arkansas	75
Nettleton, Arkansas	75
Pumpkin Bend, Arkansas	75
Holland, Missouri	75
St. Louis (Grand Ave.), Missouri	75
St. Louis (Gravols), Missouri	75



EARL P. PAULK, JR., has written . . .

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Sunday School Evangelism

Recommended for

JANUARY 1959 TRAINING MONTH



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FEBRUARY, 1959

The LIGHTED

Pathway

DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR



EDITORIAL

"While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us," Romans 5:8.

WITHOUT A DOUBT the crucifixion of the Son of God was the cardinal sin of the ages. To refuse Him was to refuse life, for He was "the way, the truth, and the life," John 14:6. "Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved," Acts 4:12.

The hope of the world, however, was fulfilled in the hour of His crucifixion. The ancient hope of Eden looked for the heel of Him who would bruise the serpent's head. Abraham, across the altar which bore Isaac, dimly saw this hour. Moses lifted up the brazen serpent and somehow visioned this day afar off. Isaiah 53 paints a vivid picture of this occasion. The faithful, down through centuries past, caught a glimpse of the glory of this moment, and were glad.

Christ was not the first man to be crucified, but He was the first God-man. He died like a God. There was no murmur, no complaining, but only a prayer for His murderers. The Just died for the unjust. While He died, the elements

convulsed and the skies were darkened. His cry, "My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me?" was cried for every damned and doomed sinner who will believe and live. Between two men, one a repentant sinner and the other a wretched unbeliever, He became the Mediator between the righteousness of God and the sinfulness of men. "And you, being dead in your sins and the uncircumcision of your flesh, hath he quickened together with him, having forgiven you all trespasses; blotting out the handwriting of ordinances that were against us, which was contrary to us, and took it out of the way, nailing it to his cross," Colossians 2:13, 14.

Christ's death on the cross was, and for all time will be, the world's greatest demonstration of love. Again and again in the New Testament the sufferings and death of Christ are set forth as God's supreme expression of love to man. "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life," John 3:16. To know, however, the historical facts concerning His death is not nearly so important as to realize the real meaning of His cross. Unless His death was necessary to accomplish something man could not achieve for himself, the manifestation of love would not be nearly so great. "But God com-

mendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us," Romans 5:8. The real essence and mission of His love is seen in 1 John 4:10, "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins."

We may think of Christ's whole life of humiliation as a part of His redemptive plan for us, but it reaches its climax at Calvary. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends," John 15:13. His death, however, was not an ordinary death of one friend for another. "He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed," Isaiah 53:5.

His death was not, therefore, a tragedy in the fuller sense. It was a part of the plan of God. "... It pleased the Lord to bruise Him"; "... And the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." So then, through His death, "Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to everyone that believeth," Romans 10:4. Because of His death it is now possible "that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved," Romans 10:9.

"THY WORD IS A LIGHT UNTO MY PATH"

The LIGHTED Pathway

DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR

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Vol. 30

FEBRUARY, 1959

No. 2

Subscription Rates

Single Subscriptions, per year	\$1.50
Rolls of 10	1.00
Single Copies	.15

Published at the Church of God Publishing House, Cleveland, Tenn. All materials intended for publication in The LIGHTED PATHWAY should be addressed to Lewis J. Willis, Editor. All inquiries concerning subscriptions should be addressed to Bookkeeping Department, Church of God Publishing House, Cleveland, Tennessee.

ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER AT POST OFFICE CLEVELAND, TENNESSEE

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VARIETY

COVER

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GREETINGS FROM Nigeria! I feel that I must share the good news with you at this time. As Malachi 3:16, 17 relates "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another: and the Lord hearkened, and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name. And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him." I love to meditate on the holy Scriptures. I find them such a source of inspiration and encouragement. I pray that this news letter will be a blessing to you, our dear friends and loved ones, and will glorify the Name of our soon-coming King!

We have just had a glorious 15 nights' revival. God met with us in such a refreshing manner that the Bible College students, ministers, and many visiting Nigerians were lifted up into higher realms of faith. The Presence of the Holy Ghost was most welcomed in each service. He surely did His office work in each service; and during the day we worked, prayed, fasted, and believed God to accomplish His perfect will in the lives of the precious pagans, church members of different denominations, non-church attenders, and believers. We rejoiced exceedingly as we stood still and watched the salvation of the Lord.

Many nights the experiences were so numerous that we could not record them! But the record that we did keep, which is underestimated by far, I can assure you, indicates the following: There were more than 127 saved, 30 sanctified and 25 filled with the Holy Ghost and fire. On Sunday, September 21, we marched about a mile to the river, singing all the way, and baptized 20 of the converts. One old man wanted to go, but we did not find out until later that the cloth that he had been borrowing to attend the revival could not be obtained that Sunday afternoon because the man from whom he had been borrowing it had to use it himself! That same pagan had been gloriously saved in the revival and leaped for joy when one of our new Bible College students, who is really used by the Lord, told him about salvation and healing. He jumped like a young hart when he sought the Lord, even though he is very old and had been very ill. It was so marvelous to see him and three other old pagan polygamists converted and watch the light of heaven transform their countenances and lives as a new hope was born in their hearts by the Great Changer of men's lives!

Their juju gods lost all power over them as they saw the Christ of Calvary who suffered that they might live! The Holy Ghost revealed to one of our new students that juju (witch-craft) was buried in the compound of one of the old pagans, and he dug it up and brought it to show us what the Lord had done to open the old man's eyes. The witch doctor had some roots, dirt, and water in the bottle to keep away evil spirits and to make the old man prosper in his sins, etc. He had a very adulterous heart because of his indulging in sin so deeply, and I was so

News From

Nigeria

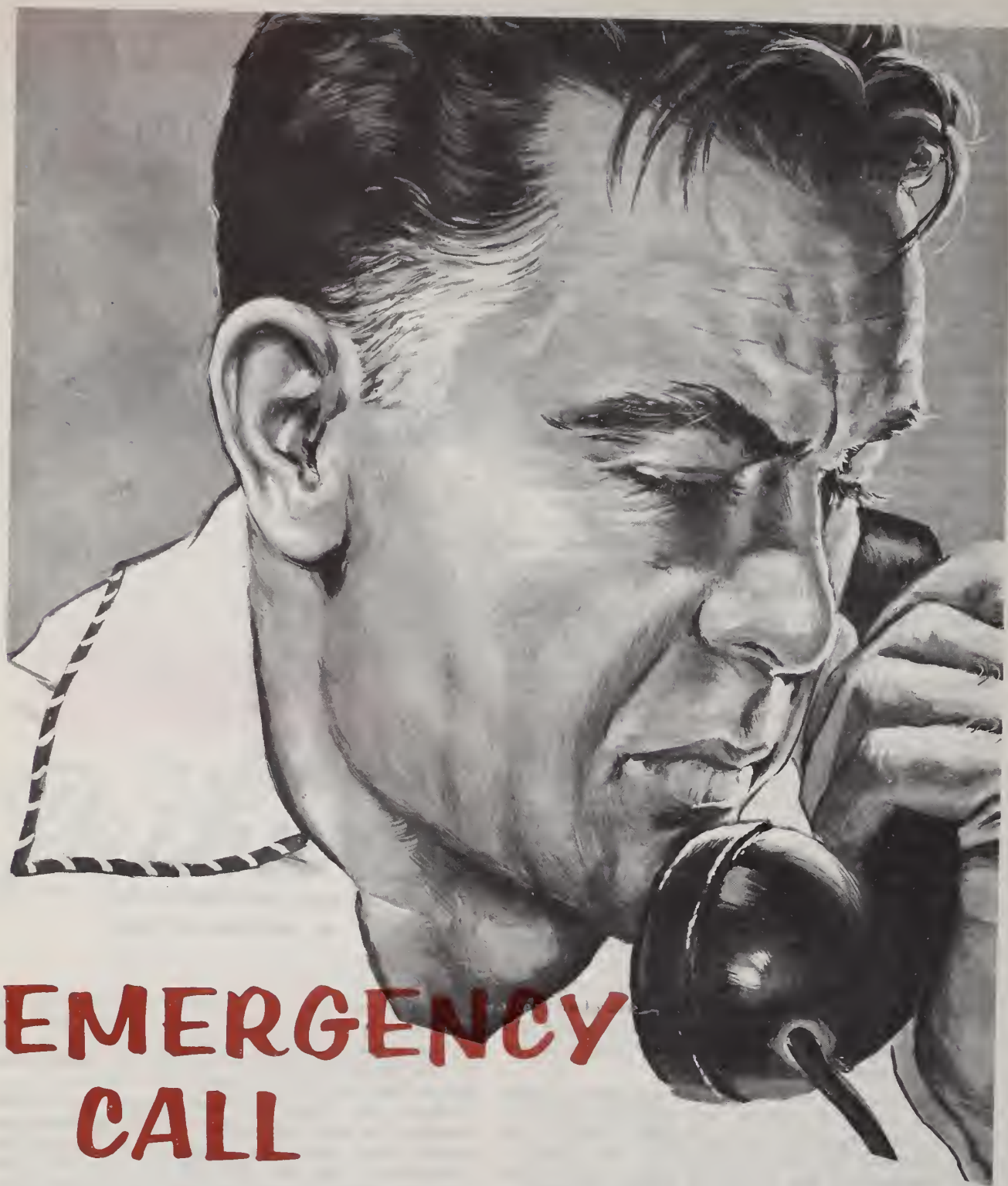
By Paul J. Searcy
Missionary

The juju gods lost all
power over them as they
saw the Christ of Calvary

grateful to see the Lord change his nature and desires. God is such a good God and He has certainly proved Himself and His marvelous power to us here in this darkened land of heathenism, superstitious beliefs and doctrines of devils!

There were about 150 who testified about their healing. We went out during the day to invite the people round about the villages in for church and ministered to the sick. Some of the ones who testified were those the Lord had raised up while we visited in their compounds. God truly visited Abak with a mighty outpouring! One night we prayed until about 2:00 o'clock a.m. to witness 10 receiving the Holy Ghost, and we were made partakers with those who

(Continued on page 22)



EMERGENCY CALL

By Leon Luther Norris

Illustrated by Walter Ambrose

THE PHONE RANG. As Avery Cooke groggily reached over to the night table, his hand brushed against Anne's, already answering the call. As he switched on the light, she handed him the phone. Her eyes, heavy with sleep, were half smiling at him.

"Dr. Cooke speaking," said Avery, seeing Anne's eyes still looking at him.

It was Miss Winstead, and he could almost see the "I'm sorry" look on her face. "Dr. Cooke, it's an emergency — an automobile accident, and the family has asked for you."

Avery nodded at Anne and she began to get up, moving swiftly to find her slippers. That was her signal to fix some coffee. He could get it at the hospital, but she always had preferred to do it this way, no matter what hour he was called.

As Anne hurried out of the room, Avery was asking Miss Winstead, "Who is the patient?"

There was a distinct quaver in Miss Winstead's voice. "It's—it's the Shannon boy, and his father asked me to call you, Doctor."

It was like being struck in the face. Avery's knuckles whitened as his fingers gripped the edge of the night table. The Shannon boy! And big Mike Shannon had the nerve to ask for him!

"I wish you'd call Dr. Shafer," he said bluntly, hot anger pouring through him.

Miss Winstead's voice trembled. "But they especially asked for YOU, Dr. Cooke—"

He was a doctor; he had to go. Abruptly he said, "All right, I'll be there." He slammed up the receiver and sat there a moment, staring at his hands, feeling their tremor.

He didn't tell Anne anything, other than it was an emergency.

DRIVING TO THE hospital along the deserted streets in the dark night, Avery wished that he were anything but a doctor. How unfair it was that he should be asked to save the life of Mickey Shannon—bold, reckless Mickey, who had been driving the car that had taken the life of Avery's own son, Allen. Fifteen months ago it had happened, and in all that time he had neither

seen nor spoken to Mike nor Mickey Shannon. They had come to the house; they had called, but he had avoided the meeting and ignored the calls. At last, they had left him alone—until they needed him! Mike needed him now—needed him to restore his son, the son who had been the cause of Allen's death!

Big Mike Shannon was waiting at the emergency entrance. There was no chance to avoid him, for as soon as Avery's black convertible slid into the parking place, Mike was beside him.

"Thank God you're here, Avery," he said, the fear and terror bright on his face. "Avery—I know this isn't easy for you, but it happened so quickly—the accident was unavoidable."

With Mickey at the wheel, no accident was apt to be unavoidable, thought Avery savagely, brushing past him. With long steps he went through the lobby, past the swinging doors into surgery.

He scrubbed up, put on gown and mask, every moment a torture. He hadn't had a chance to save Allen. His skill had been of no use for his own son. Allen had been dead before any doctor could reach him. Yet the hands that had been helpless to save his own son must now work to save the life of the boy who had been responsible for Allen's death.

IN THE OPERATING room, the anesthetist, the nurses, and the interns were waiting. There



on the table lay Mickey; his dark eyes were bright from the effects of hypodermic. He recognized Avery. "Dr. Cooke—I'm glad it's you—" His voice thickened. He sank into unconsciousness.

Yes, you're glad I'm here, thought Avery bitterly, looking down at him. It doesn't matter what you did to Anne and me. It's all right for you to go tearing around the country destroying others, but when you're hurt, I am the one who must restore you.

Looking away from the still young face he nodded at the anesthetist. It took an hour and fifteen minutes, and when they wheeled Mickey out of the room, Avery stepped back, trembling with weakness. He had never felt this drained after an operation, even after more lengthy ones, and he knew that it was the hatred and resentment that had sapped his endurance.

Outside, he forced himself forward to big Mike Shannon. "He'll be all right, Mike," he said briefly, glad that the operation was over.

There were tears on Mike's face. "I know now what my boy went through with when—when Allen was killed," said Mike, covering his face. "Tonight, when the car skidded—I knew what he must have felt—and when I saw him lying there on the ground—" He broke into sobs.

Avery stared at him. "You? YOU—were driving tonight?"

Mike nodded. "Yes. Mickey hasn't driven the car at night—not since that accident. It did something to him—"

Avery walked with Mike to the door of Mickey's room, his hand on the big man's shoulder. Through his terrible weariness the doctor could feel the peace creeping through his heart. Too long had hatred and resentment dwelled there, a burden to him.

"You can stay five minutes, Mike," he said softly, and as forgiveness laid hold of him, he added, "I'll be right here in case you need me."

Mike gave him a look of gratitude before opening the door.

LATER, STANDING in the emergency doorway, Avery

(Continued on page 22)



The Last Words of Jesus

A true experience

By Frank Douglas Morgan

a Bible College Student
from South Carolina shown
conducting one of three
street services held each
Saturday by the Lee College
Pioneers for Christ Club.

OCTOBER 14, 1958,
5:30 p.m. I was walking along a
street in the direction of Lee Col-
lege when the Spirit of the Lord
impressed me to witness to the
lost. I responded to the call by
turning up a sidewalk, approach-

ing a house, and knocking on the
door.

A young man came to the door.
When I told him who I was and
explained the purpose of my call,
he asked me in and introduced
me to his wife. They were a young
couple who had been married only
about a year. The young lady had
once been a Christian, but her hus-
band had never had a personal
experience with the Lord.

I handed each of them a gospel
tract and they asked me to be
seated. I then opened my Bible
and began to read and to explain
to them the wonderful plan of sal-
vation. Both of them showed an
interest and seemed to begin to
realize their need of accepting Je-
sus as their personal Saviour.

The Spirit of God dealt with
their hearts as I explained that
by simply believing on the Lord
Jesus Christ and by forsaking sin
they would inherit eternal life.
Tears began to stream down their
cheeks. I invited them to kneel and
pray there in their home. A mo-
ment of silence—a moment of de-
cision—overshadowed them. They
looked at each other then knelt
by the couch. We began to pray.
The throne of grace was touched
as both the young man and his
wife accepted Christ.

They explained that they did not
attend any church, did not pray,
and did not even have a Bible. I
gave them my Bible. They prom-
ised to read God's Word, pray regu-
larly, and attend church.

Not only these but other souls
have been and are being saved on
streets, in jails, and in homes as
a result of regular witnessing. Wit-
nessing is simply putting into ef-
fect the divine purpose of Christ
"to seek and to save that which
was lost" (Luke 19:10). It should
be the aim and the very purpose
in the life of every child of God
to gather in souls for Jesus. Not
to gather is to scatter (Matthew
12:30).

The tremendous importance of
every Christian's witnessing for Je-
sus is reflected in the fact that
there are souls around us dying
daily without Christ, souls that
will spend eternity in torment.
These unsaved to whom we should

witness are not just the heathen in
faraway lands but our very neigh-
bors who are longing for release
from the grip of Satan. Unsaved
people lie in hospitals month after
month, in pain, without being told
of Jesus. Friendless elderly people
in nursing homes are nearing eter-
nity without Christ. Insane people
in institutions need the release
which only Christ can give for their
souls and minds. Many men in
prison are convinced that no one
cares for them or for their souls
(Matthew 25:34-46).

Overworked pastors cannot pos-
sibly fulfill the need of visiting,
comforting, and witnessing to these
legions of souls. It is the job of
the lay Christian to confess Christ
(Romans 10:9), the strengthening
of the weak Christian to testify
of Christ (Revelation 12:11), and
the command to the Spirit-filled
Christian to be a witness for Christ
(Acts 1:8).

When a parent leaves the house,
the last instructions to the chil-
dren are the most important. When
a boss leaves his place of business
temporarily, his final orders to the
employees are the most significant.
When a man comes to the end of
life's journey, his last directions to
his family, relatives, and friends
are the most solemn, the most ur-
gent. When Christ had finished His
earthly ministry and was about to
leave His disciples for the last time,
He, too, made His concluding com-
mandment the weightiest, the most
notable.

Immediately preceding the Lord's
ascension, His disciples, with their
minds on worldly power, excitedly
inquired of Him, "Wilt thou at this
time restore again the kingdom to
Israel?" (Acts 1:6). Christ brushed
aside this question by indicating
that the answers to such queries
were in the providence of God
alone; however, He did reveal what
they could and should be concerned
with most. He did this through His
last commandment, His most im-
portant instructions, His final or-
ders concerning their work until
His return again: "Ye shall be wit-
nesses unto me . . . unto the utter-
most part of the earth" (Acts 1:8).
**THESE WERE THE LAST WORDS
OF JESUS.**



Clockwise: J. Z. Watson, Myrle Horton, J. David Glover, Mrs. Robert E. Fisher, Thomas Griffith, Mrs. Paul L. Walker, Dave Bishop, Mrs. Anna Fisher, Mrs. Lillian Bradley, Leon Colthar, Mrs. Leon Colthar, Mrs. J. David Glover, Lawrence Walston, Mrs. Thomas Griffith.

ON MONDAY evening, November 25, there was a very unique faculty meeting in the cafeteria of the new West Coast Bible College campus located at Herndon and Maple Avenues in Fresno, California. Upon entering the cafeteria, the faculty members knew that this was no ordinary business meeting, for the festive atmosphere created by the horn-of-plenty centerpiece on the beautifully spread table and the reflection of the miniature pilgrims in the flickering candle light revealed just one item on the agenda—turkey, complete with Thanksgiving trimmings.

After the meeting had been called to order by the vice-president, Robert E. Fisher, and prayer had been offered by the field representative, Paul L. Walker, everyone enjoyed, in the traditional holiday spirit and the bonds of Christian fellowship, the delicious Thanksgiving meal prepared by the cooks, Mrs. Anna Fisher and Mrs. Lillian Bradley.

Following this sumptuous fare, the wits of the educators were challenged in an unusual game of find-

ing the books of the Bible hidden in the wording of a story. Mrs. J. David Glover emerged as the winner by identifying twenty-eight of the possible thirty-five books.

From brain power, all thoughts traveled in a more serious vein to spiritual power, and each faculty member and guest offered Thanksgiving testimony. In these short inspirational praises they gave God glory for every personal blessing, but there was a prevalent thread of gratitude in every testimony for God's graciousness in making possible the erection of the beautiful new campus. Although ultimate completion has not been reached, each one expressed extreme appreciation for the compact plant of two dormitories, a cafeteria, and a classroom building which adequately houses the capacity enrollment this year. Coupled with this note of praise for present accomplishments, however, there appeared a Thanksgiving hope for continued ability to build to meet the demands of the ever-growing student body.

As a result of testimony time,
(Continued on page 23)



The entrance into campus of West Coast Bible College



One of the classroom buildings

A full view of the West Coast Bible College Campus



By Paul L. Walker

California State Youth Director

A Faculty Thanksgiving at West Coast Bible College

A true story as told

By Vessie D. Hargrave

Superintendent of Latin America

SAVED

BY A

TRACT!

IN APRIL OF this year, while we were going to Mexico City for our convention schedule, we took a thousand tracts with us and threw them through the car window to everyone that we saw on the side of the road. Oftentimes people ran to pick up the tracts that we threw from the window. We never would throw more tracts than we would see people; in fact, sometimes we would see four or five people and we would throw two or three tracts. After having made this trip, I received this letter from Ignacio Garcias:

Dear Sirs:

I have received a piece of paper that I found on the side of the road that speaks of a new religion. I have read this little piece of pa-

per and found in it that there is a great blessing for me. I would appreciate your letting me know more about this new doctrine.

I wrote the man, giving him information about the Lord and sent him more tracts. Shortly afterwards, I received a letter telling me that he would no longer be at that address but that he would be writing me from another place. In a few weeks I received a letter from the penitentiary of the State of Veracruz telling me that he had made things right. He said that he had been a fugitive from the law at the time he found the tract and that now he was there serving his term. He also said that he was going to continue handing out tracts and working for

the Lord while in prison.

It has been a very gratifying story to learn how God has used him and today we have a Sunday School of forty people in the prison and thirty-two people have made a profession of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. This was all because someone received a little tract. This man was no doubt thinking of his life and his condition before God. When he found this little tract, it inspired him to do the right thing and today he is the means of others accepting the Lord.

Literature is the medium that will reach more souls with the least objection of any medium that is being used today and naturally the cost is much less than any other method used to propagate the gospel of Jesus Christ.

DO YOU EVER TRY to analyze the feeling of pride, patriotism, and gratitude that fills your heart each time February rolls around as we commemorate the births of the two greatest of American patriots?

The father of our country kneeling in prayer for his soldiers whose feet were unclad and bleeding.

Our great emancipator giving his message of deep understanding on the Gettysburg battlefield.

George Washington was a man of prayer.

Valley Forge days were trying and discouraging for the men of the Continental Army. It was dusk, and out of the darkening sky, great, feathery flakes of snow had begun to fall—and this was not the first snow. The men were cold, and the harsh sounds of an encamped army of discontented men could be heard in the silent falling of the snow.

Darkness fell, and the snow continued to fall. Many of the men had deserted because of the scarcity of food; and such things as shoes for their frostbitten feet were even more scarce. Just a few miles away in Philadelphia, the British General Howe sat with his crack troops of regulars, warm, well-fed and contented, just waiting for spring—then to fall upon Washington's skeleton army and wipe them out.

Suddenly, footsteps could be heard in the foreboding and desolate valley, with its high walls of forest and deep snowdrifts. If one watched, he would see a large indistinct figure pass, then pause for a moment before entering the crude, dark chapel. The set of the head and the straight carriage of the shoulders were a familiar sight to any of those men of the Virginia militia.

With a steady step, the form of this man moved on down the shadowy aisle, and for a moment the flickering candle threw a golden ray upon the rugged cheeks of the man as he kneeled down.

George Washington, General of the Continental Army of America, was talking to his God whom he knew would hear and answer; and as he arose and walked to the door, pausing to glance back, one could see his usually stern face softened as he spoke aloud something like this: "I feel God will help us out of our troubles, and in the spring, guide us in victory. Not TO victory, but IN victory."

With a handful of men, PRAYER turned the tide of history.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, was the emancipator of four million slaves. He was also a **MAN OF PRAYER!**

It was a long reach from the backwood cabin in Kentucky, where he was born, to the White House in Washington, where he died. This man was lean, lank and tall, his hands and feet ungainly and big, but small by comparison with his big, beautiful soul.

Abraham Lincoln had an unshakable faith in God and in His overruling Providence. The Scriptural cadences of his speeches were freighted with a moral intensity. "The Almighty has His own purposes . . ." he declared in his Second Inaugural Address. As he reaffirmed his faith in the justice of his cause and in the righteousness of God, he concluded this brief ad-

(Continued on page 21)



PRAYER

It Holds Fast Today
As in the Past—

By Katherine Bevis

Y.P.E. Enlargement Campaign Results

By O. W. Polen

Y.P.E.'s PARTICIPATING IN THE Y.P.E. ENLARGEMENT CAMPAIGN

October 1-31, 1958

Atlanta (Hemphill), Georgia
Logan (Aracoma), West Virginia
Combs, Kentucky
North, South Carolina
Greenville (Tremont), South Carolina
Washington, North Carolina
Vanceburg, Kentucky
Tuscaloosa, Alabama
Kokomo, Indiana
Jackson, Mississippi
W. Indianapolis, Indiana
N. Cleveland, Tennessee
Blackshear, Georgia
Findlay, Ohio
Sweetwater, Texas
Nashville (Meridian Street), Tennessee
E. Dayton, Ohio
Bismark, North Dakota
Kenosha, Wisconsin
Hickory (Longview), North Carolina
Blue Diamond, Kentucky
Barnabus, West Virginia
Sumter, South Carolina
Minot, North Dakota
North East, Pennsylvania
Fort Myers, Florida
Shelburn, Indiana
Baldwin Park, California
Porterville, California
Chicago (Summit), Illinois
Lemmon, South Dakota
Dunford, Town, Virginia
Houston, Texas
Fairfield, California
Salinas, California
Modesto, California
Lancaster, Ohio
Jonesville, North Carolina
McMinnville, Tennessee
Christian, West Virginia
Lancaster, South Carolina
Lawrenceville, Georgia
Pensacola, Florida
Marked Tree, Arkansas
Winter Haven, Florida
Sanford, North Carolina
Painsville, Ohio
Old River, California
Ravia, Oklahoma
Ayner, South Carolina
Opa Locka (Myrtle Grove), Florida
New Oxford, Pennsylvania
Chattanooga (St. Elmo), Tennessee
Somerville (Greenbush), Ohio
Sedalia, Missouri
Knoxville (Solway), Tennessee
Maplewood, Illinois
Easley, South Carolina
Shippensburg, Pennsylvania
Magnolia, Ohio
Carthage, Missouri
Veederburg, Indiana
Hamilton (Paducah Avenue), Ohio
Stanley, North Carolina
Alexander City, Alabama
Windsor, Ontario, Canada
Corona, California
Ooltewah, Tennessee
Jewell Ridge, Virginia
Tiptop, Virginia
Joplin, Missouri
Nicholsville, Alabama
High Spire, Pennsylvania

Los Angeles (Hyde Park), California
Salida, California
Visalia, California
E. Brewton, Alabama
Erwin, North Carolina
E. Orlando, Florida
Branwell, West Virginia
N. Prichard, Alabama
Millville, New Jersey
Laurel, Mississippi
Piedmont Highway, Alabama
Lawndale, California
Selma, Alabama
Statesboro, Georgia
Williamston, South Carolina
Whitesburg, Kentucky
Flat Rock, Michigan
Kershaw, South Carolina
Choctaw (Wright Station), Oklahoma
Las Vegas, Nevada
San Bruno, California
Maricopa, California
Glendale, California
Watsonville, California
Alvin, Illinois
Hereford, Texas
Coal Springs, South Dakota
Wilmington, Delaware
Dunlow, West Virginia
Swilley Hill, Georgia
Fostoria, Ohio
Chetopa, Kansas
Memphis, Texas

TEN HIGHEST Y.P.E.'s WITH REFERENCE TO THE NUMBER OF YOUNG PEOPLE CONVERTED

Group A
Greenville (Tremont), S. C. 20
E. Dayton, Ohio 12
Logan (Aracoma), W. Va. 12
N. Cleveland, Tennessee 10
Nashville (Meridian St.), Tenn. 5
Kokomo, Indiana 4
Vanceburg, Kentucky 3
Sweetwater, Texas 3
Blackshear, Georgia 2
Findlay, Ohio 2
North, South Carolina 2
Group B
Kenosha, Wisconsin 18
Lawrenceville, Georgia 18
Porterville, California 17
Fairfield, California 11
Salinas, California 10
Painsville, Ohio 10
Baldwin Park, California 7
Houston, Texas 6
Lancaster, Ohio 5
Winter Haven, Florida 5
Group C
Erwin, North Carolina 23
Ravia, Oklahoma 19
N. Prichard, Alabama 15
Laurel, Mississippi 15
Hamilton (Paducah Ave.), Ohio 12
Easley, South Carolina 11
Corona, California 11
Opa Locka (Myrtle Grove), Florida 10
Carthage, Missouri 7
Lawndale, California 6
Ooltewah, Tennessee 6
E. Orlando, Florida 6
Group D
Wilmington, Delaware 9
Glendale, California 9

Is it worthwhile to participate in a Y.P.E. Enlargement Campaign? The Y.P.E.'s participating in the recent Y.P.E. Enlargement Campaign conducted during the month of October say "Yes," and their answer is supported by these results:

With reference to number of youth converts, the 39 ranking Y.P.E.'s report a total of 354 YOUTH CONVERTS

With reference to the number of young people visited, the 41 ranking Y.P.E.'s report a total of 15,643 YOUTH VISITS

With reference to percentage increase in attendance, the 40 ranking Y.P.E.'s report an average percentage increase in Y.P.E. attendance of 102%.

We express our appreciation to all pastors, youth leaders and Y.P.E.'s in general which cooperated in this effort to "enlarge" our Y.P.E.'s.

Whitesburg, Kentucky 5
Flat Rock, Michigan 5
Las Vegas, Nevada 2
Chetopa, Kansas 1

TEN HIGHEST Y.P.E.'s WITH REFERENCE TO THE NUMBER OF YOUNG PEOPLE VISITED

Group A
Kokomo, Indiana 4,000
Greenville (Tremont), S. C. 500
N. Cleveland, Tenn. 283
Blackshear, Georgia 273
E. Dayton, Ohio 200
Vanceburg, Kentucky 100
Nashville (Meridian St.), Tenn. 65
Washington, N. C. 40
Sweetwater, Texas 25
Tuscaloosa, Alabama 12

Group B
Pensacola, Florida 930
Porterville, California 831
Christian, W. Virginia 600
McMinnville, Tennessee 404
Houston, Texas 296
Sanford, N. Carolina 250
Fairfield, California 225
Baldwin Park, California 200
Salinas, California 200
North East, Pennsylvania 185

Group C
N. Prichard, Alabama 2,298
Maplewood, Illinois 700
Salida, California 540
Opa Locka (Myrtle Grove), Florida 500
Alexander City, Alabama 275
Corona, California 241
Visalia, California 237
Piedmont Highway, Ala. 150
Carthage, Missouri 125
Windsor, Ontario, Canada 100
Nicholsville, Alabama 100

Group D
Wilmington, Delaware 242
Glendale, California 200
Maricopa, California 66
Hereford, Texas 55
Swilley Hill, Georgia 50
Whitesburg, Kentucky 45
Flat Rock, Michigan 30
Alvin, Illinois 30
Chetopa, Kansas 25
Choctaw (Wright Station), Oklahoma 15

TEN HIGHEST Y.P.E.'s WITH REFERENCE TO Y.P.E. PERCENTAGE ATTENDANCE INCREASE

Group A
Blackshear, Georgia 109%
Hemphill (Atlanta), Georgia 79%
E. Dayton, Ohio 72%
Jackson, Mississippi 52%
N. Cleveland, Tennessee 32%
Combs, Kentucky 32%
Washington, North Carolina 22%
Greenville (Tremont), S. C. 20%
South Carolina 19%
Kokomo, Indiana 19%
Nashville (Meridian Street), Tennessee 18%

(Continued on page 23)

The "Don't Touch"



By Esther Miller Payler

DON WAS SORRY it was raining so hard outside that he had to play indoors. Prince, his tan cocker spaniel, tagged at his heels. "You wish you could go out too?" asked Don, stroking the dog's head.

Prince sat down while Don played his baseball game, spreading it out on the living room floor. After a little while he was tired of the game. "It's still raining," he said to Prince; "I hear the drum of the rain on the roof." Prince barked as if he understood.

Don said, "Come on, Prince let's get a book in my room." Just then his eye fell on the new book of bird pictures which grandma had just given to his father for his birthday.

Don knew that was a "don't touch" book for him, because it had cost a lot of money and was very beautiful, with colored pictures that made the birds look real. His father and Don looked at the book together. His father turned the pages and Don just looked, but did not touch.

"I'll be very careful, Prince!" said Don. He picked up the book and sat in a big chair. Don knew he should not touch the book. "Dad won't be home for awhile. I can finish looking at the book before he gets here."

Prince jumped into the chair beside Don. He snuggled down and Don petted him, then turned the pages looking at the beautiful pictures. Soon when Prince was tired of being quiet, he put his paw across the page to touch Don. Don pushed the paw away. "Don't touch!" he said.

Don pushed so roughly, that it scratched the glossy picture. "Now look what you've done!" cried Don angrily.

Don wanted to push Prince off the chair, but in reaching over, his hand caught on the page. "Rip, rip!" The page tore with a sound that made Don sick.

At Don's angry words Prince hid under a chair, looking sad and droopy.

Don heard his father's car in the drive way. Quickly he put the book down on the table, just exactly as it had been. "What shall I do?" he cried. "I'll get scolded by everybody—Mother, Father and Grandma."

Then Don thought, "If no one knows I did it, they can't scold."

When his father came in, Don was not happy to see him and did not run to meet him as usual. "Didn't you hear me come in?" asked his father in surprise.

Don muttered something which did not sound like yes or no. When his mother came in from the kitchen, Don's heart beat fast. He felt rather sick and was glad when she went back to the kitchen.

WHILE DAD was waiting for supper, he said to Don, "Would you like to finish the bird book?"

"Not now," said Don, starting to go to his room.

"Are you sick?" asked his father as Don went to his room.

"No," answered Don, but he really was feeling sick.

Prince ran after Don, right at his heels. Don was just going to chase him away. Then he knew he should not blame the dog. It was his own fault. God would know he had done wrong, even if his father didn't know. After a moment, Don ran back into the living room and stood before his father. "Dad!" he said.

His father looked up from his paper. "What's the matter, son?"


"I looked at your new bird book. Prince was in the chair with me. I pushed him roughly and tore the book. I'm very sorry." Don had to fight to keep from crying.

"I am too," said his father, "but I'm glad you told me. I have some clear tape. After supper you can help me fix the page, and then we can look at the book together."

"That'll be fun," said Don. He felt good again. He did not mind now that God knew what he was doing. He called Prince, who was hiding under a chair. The dog came running to him and licked his hand happily.

Catch the Wind in Your Sails!

By Monna Gay



WHEN COLUMBUS WAS about to sail from Spain an old Admiral called from the dock, "What will you do when the winds rage against you?"

Columbus replied, "We will catch the wind in our sails."

Exactly so! Columbus had a date with destiny! He was on the hunt for a new world, and he found it by using the winds of adversity to drive his ships.

Nearly a century ago, sawmills were screeching in the groves of California. Big trees, giants four thousand years old, were crashing to the earth. There was no National Park Service to protect them. There was no forest service to put out fires set by sheepherders so that their flocks might have better grazing.

A man stepped out—a man of lean frame, frayed coat, and long beard. Just a mountaineer, one would say, and a mountaineer he was. In a voice like that of the old prophet Jeremiah, he prophesied the doom of our American heritage of natural beauty. These were his words, in part: "Wildness is a necessity. Mountain parks and reservations are useful not only as fountains of timber and irrigating rivers, but as fountains of life. Everybody needs beauty as well as bread—places to play in and pray in, where Nature may heal and cheer and give strength to body and soul alike."

John Muir used the winds of adversity, for with his pen, he used the power of poetic prose to influence the approaching battle for conservation. With his magazine articles, he awakened people to the needed enthusiasm for America's natural heritage.

"It is not too late—though it is high time," he cried through the

press to his many readers, "for the government to begin a rational administration of its forests. Tree-killers, wool and mutton men, are spreading death and confusion in the fairest groves and gardens ever planted. Let the government cast them out and make an end to them."

The Secretary of Interior, Noble, under President Harrison, was so impressed by his pleas that he drafted for Congress a bill embodying the dream of Muir's life—to safeguard the big trees of the giant forest by the creation of Sequoia and General Grant National Parks and to establish a third park Yosemite, of vast dimensions to include all the wonderful country surrounding Yosemite Valley itself. It was in 1892 that these bills became law.

He was not afraid to catch the "wind in his sails."

THERE IS A PRINCIPLE of primary importance in the reply made by Elihu Root to a friend who advised him against accepting the position of Secretary of State in President Roosevelt's cabinet. The friend wrote him: "Why not wait three years and get the substance instead of taking the shadow now?"

Mr. Root answered: "I have always thought that opportunity to do something worthwhile was the substance and the trying to get something was the shadow."

It was Charles Dickens who said: "We forge our own chains." Yet there is a way to break these chains. A story ran in the newspapers some time ago about a woman who was in the garage where her husband was working on a car. In some way the car slipped off the jack and pinned the man down in such a way that he was unable

(Continued on page 21)

By LeRoy C. Brown

A Seven-Day-A-Week Christian

IS THE KIND OF BELIEVER THE LORD CAN USE

MARY WAS A senior, and one of my counselees, at a Christian college. Once in an interview she volunteered the information that she hated one of the professors at the college.

"You're a Christian, aren't you, Mary?" I asked.

"Oh, yes."

"Then surely you love everybody."

"I'm just going to love that professor enough to get into heaven," she declared.

"But suppose his mansion in heaven is right next to yours. What'll you do?" I asked.

"I'll move!" And quite seriously she punctuated her remark with a positive nod of her pretty brown head.

Just then I didn't think Mary was in the mood to hear St. John's statement, "Beloved, let us love one another; for love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God. He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love."

Of course the only way we can possibly love everybody is to have God always deep within our hearts. Then there is no room for hatred, dislike, envy, anger, or other negative attitudes. When we are ever conscious of God and His wonderful love we can love even the unlovely.

We must have God's constant blessing in order to obey Jesus' commandment, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you."

This duty seems to an unregenerated heart to be very severe, impractical, and impossible to fulfill. And indeed without the grace of God it cannot be done.

When someone tells me he hates a person I ask, "Have you prayed for this person lately?" Invariably the answer is "No." I might ask, "Have you prayed—period?" And probably the answer would still be no. Isn't it true that when a person lets hatred creep into his heart it is because he has failed to keep God there? Perhaps earnest daily prayers, private devotions, or some of the other means of grace have been neglected. When we get away from God we lose the glow that He once gave us.

"But we can't live on mountain-tops all the time," says someone. Perhaps. But it is possible to linger in the valleys so long we don't want to move up.

Fortunately there are many sincere Christians who have God's love in their hearts for all people. We find them everywhere, sometimes where least expected.

A PERSON WHO I believe truly loved everyone on earth was a major in the army during the second world war. He was kind, patient, friendly, and Christlike in his daily living. I remember one experience especially that I had with him. It happened when I was in a waiting room at an army hospital waiting for transportation to deliver a message from the personnel office to camp headquarters. This major sat by me and talked as though we were brothers.

(Continued on page 22)



This message is meant for the burdened, suffering, sorrowing saints of God. To many it seems strange indeed that the Lord's children should suffer, but the Bible and experience both agree that sonship does not exempt from suffering. No holiness, faith, love, or prayer on our part will remove our every thorn in the flesh. Our friendship with God does not raise us above the touch of such troubles as are characteristic of the times, places, and circumstances in which our lives are spent. Not even the Son of God Himself escaped, for "though he were a Son, yet learned he obedience by the things which he suffered." Although we suffer hardships, reverses, and common calamities even as other men, there is a vast difference in the way Christians view them. We are enabled by our Lord to be calmer and wiser in our endurance and use of them.

Then there is a peculiar school of suffering in which God educates His sons. It is a place called Gethsemane. Christ went there often in the days of His flesh, and the last time He passed through it His soul was "exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." While His disciples slept, Christ "went a little father" than did any other man. He drank the cup of sufferings to its bitter dregs and gained a great victory in the Garden. Though surrounded by angry enemies and forsaken by all His friends, He walked away from Gethsemane with perfect composure. Gethsemane leads to the cross and the cross leads to the crown. The deeper our fellowship with Christ in suffering, the deeper will it be in His glory!

You are passing through a time of deep sorrow? Perhaps (1) one you love has betrayed and disappointed you, (2) the savings of a life-time have suddenly disappeared, (3) you have lost a loved one through death, or (4) your health and strength are failing you. At such times life seems drab, heavy, painful and almost unbearable.

The chief misery of all suffering is *loneliness* and a feeling that it is so *aimless*. Of course, to believe that it might have been avoided only increases the sting. Dear friend, clear the tears from your eyes long enough to notice closely the rough path over which you are limping.

• Don't Dread

By L. D. Kennedy

IT HAS BEEN TRODDEN BY MYRIADS OF OTHERS BEFORE YOU

Does it not give comfort and courage to view the footprints of the apostles, martyrs, and faithful confessors who pressed before you? Surely the path has been beaten by many feet leaving traces of blood on its flints and flesh on its briers.

The first brave traveler was called "A Man of Sorrows." He moved aside the largest stones and pushed back the sharpest thorns. He built a bridge over the deepest waters and left a light burning in the darkest valleys. He discovered and made known to the world the marvelous formula for passing through the lonely Garden of Gethsemane. The formula was successful with Him and has been tried and proved by countless others since. Listen to it: "Father, . . . if thou be willing, remove this cup from me: nevertheless not my will, but thine, be done." Thus the three magic elements of His victory were: faith, prayer, and submission to the Father's will. There is still another thing worthy of note. Immediately after His prayer of surrender, He was attended by an angel of God which strengthened Him (Luke 22:43).

GOD MAY BE CHASTISING YOU WITH SORROWS, BUT HE IS NOT PUNISHING YOU FOR YOUR SINS

There is a vast difference between punishment and chastisement. The guilt and penalty of our sin was all laid on Jesus, and at the cross He was punished in our stead. God now deals with us as with sons. Whenever He chastises, it is the discipline of a loving Father as He corrects His erring children for their own benefit. The purpose of punishment is to sternly collect a debt against broken law. It is for the satisfaction of the one offended. But the aim of chastisement is for the correction and good of the offender. Chastisement is stopped when the sin is fully confessed and judged. Harmony and fellowship with the Father is again enjoyed.

OUR TRIALS ARE DESIGNED TO STRENGTHEN OUR CHARACTER AND INCREASE OUR FAITH

Let us not despise sorrows, for in the school of suffering the greatest lessons of life are learned. The furnace of affliction is appointed to test, search, probe, and purify our hearts and souls. We are apt to exaggerate our faith and consecration before it is exposed to the cleansing fire which consumes our dross and reveals how little real patience, surrender, and faith we have. God does not cast His gold into the furnace of fiery trials to destroy it, but to purify it. Moreover, "Our trials are not that we may win heaven, but to destroy our unheavenliness."

Gethsemane

The worst which befalls us often proves to be the best! Our handicaps frequently prove to be assets. A kite can fly upward only when a string holds it down. Thus the dreaded, dark-winged creature may later be seen as a bright angel of mercy and opportunity. Sorrows may be precious servants sent to wean us from the world and attract our attention to heavenly things. They come to teach us the poverty of earth and the riches of glory, the weakness of flesh and the strength of the Spirit, the fickleness of self and the faithfulness of the Saviour.

In Acts 27 is an account of a fierce storm which wrecked the ship on which Paul was sailing to Rome. Worldly men, perhaps would call this event a disaster, but he who is spiritual discerns it was an inestimable boon. Had it not been for it, Paul could not have visited the shores of Malta, healing the sick and preaching the gospel to the barbarian natives.

Likewise, the storms of adversity which blow our way have a heavenly mission. These troubles are the black servants in God's household bringing us messages from the King. These messages can be read and appreciated only by those who believe and look for them. Look up, troubled soul! The trees of sorrow are laden with the peaceable fruits of righteousness. Certainly our character is more important than our comfort. But what is character without sympathy, submission, patience, compassion, hope and trust? And these graces will never blossom until we enter the garden of suffering. This is the most effective discipline possible. Life is filled with spiritual battles and we must be good soldiers. By our trials we are trained. Remember: "No soldier, whether for the king, or for the King of Kings is made in a day."

BY FAITH WE MAY REJOICE IN TRIBULATIONS FOR SORROW BRINGS THE COMFORTER NEAR

Look for the sunny side of the lowering cloud of trial. The children of Israel were told to keep their eyes toward the pillar of cloud which went before them. The deeper the darkness, the brighter beamed its fire through the night. Now as then God is "a very present help in time of trouble." When other lights are extinguished, He shines forth in all His glory! Though Satan taunt you by reminding you that no earthly friend is by you to help, defeat him by insisting that God has not left you. Repeat the sweet, strengthening words, "But Thou art with me. Jesus, Jesus, Thou art with me. Thou wilt never leave me nor forsake me!"

If Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego had fled the fiery furnace, they would never have had the thrilling experience of walking with the Son of God and coming out with no smell of fire on their garments. Take courage! Rejoice! There's a fourth Man in the furnace. They have miscounted us!



GOD WILL GIVE SUFFICIENT GRACE FOR YOUR EVERY NEED

Don't dread Gethsemane. There is great consolation in the promise that "God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tried above that you are able."

He will not always let you escape the trial, but He will give you strength to bear it. He does not promise to make circumstances easy, but He does promise to make us superior to circumstances. He may not take the burden from your back, but He will put His Spirit within you so you can stand under it. He will not remove your enemies, but He will give you power to overcome them through love. He doesn't promise to keep us out of the lions' den or kill the lions, but He will deliver us *in* the lions' den from the power of the lions. He may not clear your path of obstacles, but He will renew your strength so you can mount up with wings as an eagle. He will not put out the fire of Nebuchadnezzar's furnace or cause the fuel to play out, but will allow you to experience the furnace heated seven times more than it was wont that you may have the higher privilege of being delivered by Him *in* the furnace.

Thus the Christian need suffer neither loneliness nor aimlessness when in trials and sorrows.

Once I read a parable of the diamond. As you perhaps know, carbon exists in three quite common forms. One is the amorphous, the graphite of our pencils; another is the organic, our common coal; and the third is crystalline, which is the diamond. The way the diamond is formed is highly instructive. The ordinary carbon was subjected to terrific pressure and heat during some of the past experiences of the earth's crust. It was in this awful furnace that the common carbon became a diamond. What if during this frightful process it had cried out, "Take away this awful heat and pressure"? If the request had been granted, it would have come out as a cinder, but because it endured, it came out a dazzling diamond.

It is possible that the pressure, the fire, and the cutting you are now experiencing is all to prepare you for becoming a brilliant diamond in Christ's crown!

WE WENT TO Sacramento, California, to a Presbyterian Church with 300 members. We enjoyed our work there. God wonderfully used us. I shall never forget those good people. The name of the church was Westminster. I taught the Women's Class there, also. I went into the neglected part of town, opened up a work for children, and soon had fifty precious little ones sitting at my feet learning of Him. I wonder where they are today. As I write just now, tears are rolling down my cheeks. I wonder if they remember that class if they are living. I had many opportunities to talk to the mothers, and I have seen the tears roll down their cheeks as I talked to them. I finally turned the work over to a Pentecostal minister and his wife who turned it into a mission for adults also.

We spent twelve years in Sacramento. My husband was chaplain of the legislature one year and of the senate another year. His church grew to about 1,000 members in the twelve years we were there.

We then turned our faces toward the South again. My husband felt his need of a smaller task. We went back to the old home for a rest; and while there, my husband accepted a church at Jonesboro, Tennessee. It was here that God spoke to me about the youth of my own Church of God. God brought to my mind the first time I asked my children to attend the Pentecostal church with me. They were old enough to notice, and I remembered that while in California I had asked them to accompany me to the church which I visited when I had the privilege. After the service one of them said, "Mother, this church doesn't have any young people." That opened my eyes and I realized our need for equipment and organization for our youth. We had many who were giving themselves wholly to the work of the Lord, but they needed to be trained for service. It was in Johnson City that God spoke to me about THE LIGHTED

PATHWAY and gave me its name.

I immediately began to seek Him for guidance. The first copies of THE LIGHTED PATHWAY had only eight pages. In the beginning I had no money to pay the publishing house nor for mailing expenses. I had no one but God to instruct me, but God and I had a good time together. He furnished the money to pay when the time came. Dear old Brother and Sister Chambers mailed it out for me free. The first one cost \$20.00 and my dear father paid the bill. A paper of this kind was so much needed that immediately people from every direction began to order. In three or four months the paper had grown to a sixteen-page paper. God was moving in our direction and others were being moved by the need.

MY WORK WAS getting heavy and I needed a secretary. I advertised for someone; and in a short time, she was at my side. I had neither seen nor heard of her before, but God saw my need and had her on the waiting list. Her name was Minnie Bell Jagers, of Louisiana. She is now Mrs. Johnnie Clayton. She seemed to be interested in the work. I was still in the Presbyterian Church, but she joined right into the work of the church with me and the people loved her. She was also a good prayer warrior.

Later Minnie Bell married and God sent me another wonderful helper, Geneva Prevo, now Mrs. Bill Carroll. She is still working at the publishing house and is doing a good job.

It was then that my husband saw that I needed to be in Cleveland where my printing was done. We moved, and my husband started a library in that place which afterwards became a great blessing to the young people of the Church of God. He took a great interest in helping them build their libraries.

God works in a mysterious way

His wonders to perform.

*He plants His footsteps on the sea,
And rides upon the storm.*

Why

Well, to have THE LIGHTED PATHWAY was wonderful. But how about training our young people to help with the work of the church? We had helped a great deal with the youth in my husband's church, so it was not hard to make an effort along this line.

The first thing we did was to write an article for the EVANGEL, and in just a few days, we had a letter from Brother R. P. Johnson, asking us to come to Florida to assist him in organizing his young people. Satan hindered my going, but Brother Johnson soon had his young people organized and at work for the Lord. God was stirring up youth and their leaders everywhere. We had the opportunity of working with our young men in service. THE LIGHTED PATHWAY fell into the hands of thousands of service men, and they wrote letters of appreciation for its blessing to them.

THE Y.P.E. OR Young People's Endeavor was organized for young people up to thirty-five. God was working now and people were encouraged. Our first children's organization was named Junior Y.P.E., with a children's paper called *Junior Jewels*.

Finally the Lord brought to my mind the Daily Vacation Bible School, which has been a great blessing to the children of our church. The majority of our churches now are holding two weeks of this training each summer. At the beginning of this work in Cleveland, we invited one of the finest girls in our church to assist us in providing material. She was at that time Miss Ruby

I Am A

Thompson, now Mrs. Walter Beckman.

She and I worked together to put out material to use in our D.V.B.S. God blessed our work together.

The first Y.P.E. we organized in the Church of God, so far as I know, was in Knoxville, Tenn. The next ones were Cleveland, Tenn., Greenville, S. C., and the Chattanooga churches. The first D.V.B.S. was held in the church at Cramerton, N. C. where Rev. Harmon was pastor. Two very precious ladies assisted me and my husband preached for them at night. We had a wonderful time. Next, we went to Cleveland and a number of girls came from Sevierville to learn how to do D.V.B.S. work. From this meeting folks got their eyes open and the D.V.B.S. went forward. It is still a great blessing in the church.

A FEW WEEKS AFTER I moved to Cleveland, I noticed while sitting in a Sunday School class, that a class of young married women was without a teacher. I went to the superintendent and asked if they had a regular teacher. He said, "Will you take the class?" I told him I would. Immediately I invited them to come to my home for a meeting. We discussed what we might do to help our church. We organized and I taught the class around two years. I then fell and broke my hip; for weeks I was deprived of being in Sunday School. But God provided teachers and workers to carry on and that class has been a power in helping to carry on God's work. A few years ago the class grew so

(Continued on page 23)

Pentecostal



Completing the true life story of
Alda B. Harrison, who
in August 1929, published the first
edition of *The LIGHTED PATHWAY*

By Alda B. Harrison

POETRY

THE QUESTION—

Have I given myself in full to God
or only reservedly—
When a part of my heart continual-
ly cries
For worldly activities.
Without reservation the dear Lord
died
That man from sin might be free.
Therefore, I must give with a will-
ing heart
To him—unreservedly.

Alice W. Norton

WOULDN'T IT BE BETTER?

Wouldn't our church be more spir-
itual
If Christians we meet would say
"I know something good about you,"
And then treat you just that way?

Wouldn't it be fine, dear friends,
If each hand clasp warm and true,
Carried with it this assurance:
"I know something good about
you?"

Wouldn't life here be more pleasant,
If the good that is in us all
Were the only things about us
That Christians bothered to recall?

Wouldn't our pastor be happier
If we'd praise the good we see
For there is such a lot of goodness
In the worst of you and me.

Wouldn't it be nice to practice
To bridle our tongues and see
Perfect peace and harmony
Just in you and me?

Mrs. Roxie Garland

GOD COMMANDS

"Stretch out thine hand . . ."
Be not afraid to go;
And Moses lifted high his rod
And the Red Sea parted low.

"Stretch out the spear,"
Reach forth thy hand;
And toward Ai, Joshua turned
To claim the promised land.

What, David, is in thy hand—
A sling, a stone, no more?
Then go, my lad, and with thy sling
Peace and quiet restore.

Dorcas, what hast thou
In that hand of thine?
Thread and needle, O my Lord—
Then use thy hand for Mine.

What is in thy hand,
I ask it now of thee?
Rod or spear, stone or needle,
Use that hand for Me.

Grace Cash

EXPERIENCE

Experience is a crooked road
That isn't hard to find . . .
But it is hard to travel
Without a master mind.

Experience is a long road,
Started when life began.
Sometime it's a pleasant one,
Sometimes unkind to man.

Experience is a hard road,
But follow it we must.
Sometimes it's a grand feast
Othertimes a mere crust.

Experience is a charted road
For all of humankind . . .
Heart hold fast to faith and hope,
Know real peace of mind.

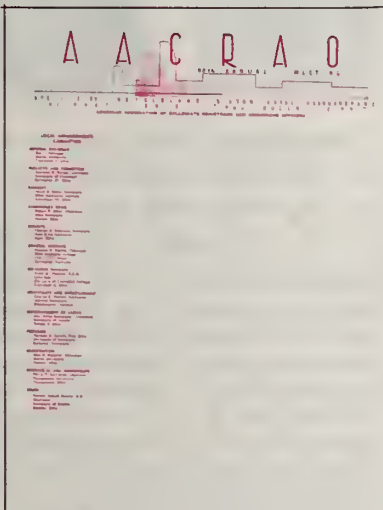
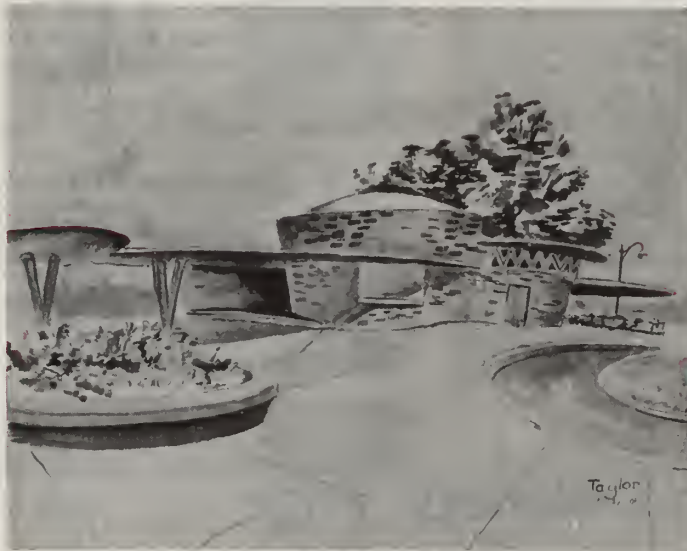
Edna Hamilton

A good knowledge of mechanical drawing, combined with keen observation and practical experience, gives a professional air to Fred Taylor's drawings. Taylor, a 23-year-old minister-artist from De Soto, Missouri, has shown above average talent in various fields of art for several years. He has studied architecture for two and a half years at the University of Cincinnati and did free lance art work while attending there. He was later employed as an architectural draftsman, but left this lucrative position to prepare himself for the ministry. The Rev. Taylor is presently engaged in evangelistic work for his church.

Art



Fred Taylor



SILK SCREEN TECHNIQUES, by J. I. Biegeleisen and Max A. Cohn. Dover Publications, Inc., New York, \$1.45. Although silk screen printing is merely a refinement of a process known to the ancient Ijii Islanders, it has been only within the last century that serigraphy has become a recognized fine arts medium (silk screen prints are widely shown in museums and galleries). This book is written for people with no special equipment or prior knowledge. It describes the processes and materials used in the five major stencil techniques: block-out, Tusche, paper, film and photographic stencils. There are also chapters on multi-color silkscreening, illustrated with progressions in four colors.

art book review



Youth Wants To Know

By Avis Swiger

MANY OF YOU are puzzled with problems that seem insurmountable to you. You do not even think it is worth while to ask advice since there seems to be no real answer. But God does have the answer to your problem if you will let Him speak to your heart. I recently received a letter from a young girl with a problem which was too much for her to bear alone; she could get no help from her mother and she desperately needed guidance. Much prayer and some fasting went into the effort to find God's answer for that precious Church of God girl. Your need might not be as urgent as hers was, but we do invite you to let us

help you in any way possible.

Your response to the Pen Pal club has been so much greater than we expected that some problems have developed. To help us solve these difficulties we will have to say that we will not publish any more ladies' names unless they designate whether they are single or married. Please put "Miss" or "Mrs." with your name or we cannot use it. If you are a widow, you may state that also.

Here is a correction of a name that was printed some time ago:

Mrs. Mildred Weaver
502 Church Avenue
Kannapolis, North Carolina

Pen Pals:

Miss Carolyn Howell (14)
B-34 Sixth Street
Trion, Georgia
Miss Carolyn Kirkland (15½)
702 Harry Street
Madison, Florida
Miss Lois Hamons (18)
607 Pleasant Street
Willard, Ohio
Mrs. Lennie Spinks (56-widow)
7117 S. Dobson Avenue
Chicago 19, Illinois
Mrs. Ethel Lee Howard (36-widow)
Star Route 3
Pineville, Kentucky
Mrs. Jennie Reid (59-widow)
538 Jefferson Street
Hayward, California
Mr. Leonard Daniels (18)
General Delivery
Taylorsville, North Carolina
Mr. Dwayne Davidson (17)
Route 4
Taylorsville, North Carolina
Miss Dorothy Lee (18)
Route 1, Box 65
Cropwell, Alabama
Miss Peggy Masters (17)
Route 1, Box 175
Cropwell, Alabama
Miss Pat Hinesley (14½)
724 N. Broadway
Shawnee, Oklahoma

Variety Page

"RIVERSIDE YOUNG PEOPLE MOVE FORWARD"

THE YOUNG PEOPLE at the Riverside Church of God are certainly doing a tremendous amount of work for the cause of Christ and the furtherance of the gospel.

As most of you know, Reverend G. R. Watson, who organized and built the Riverside Church of God twenty-one years ago, resigned this year; however, this did not dampen the spirit and enthusiasm of the young people who are now under the direction of Reverend J. L. McCoy, the new pastor, and Reverend Harvey Hudson, associate pastor and music director.

Since September of this year, the Young Married People's Class has raised approximately \$1,500 gross money. They are, at the same time, supporting a missionary and his wife in India, aiding Sister Ollie Harris in British Honduras, and

sponsoring numerous welfare activities in our own locale and congregation.

As has been true in the past, Riverside is determined to move forward for Christ.

"MISS Y.P.E. CONTEST" RESULTS IN NEW PIANO

As the result of a recent "Miss Y.P.E. Contest," the North Chicago Church of God has purchased and installed a new piano.

Raising the sum of \$90.10, Miss Janella Tiffin was elected Miss Senior Y.P.E.; and Miss Clara Capps, who raised \$32.78, was elected Miss Junior Y.P.E. Runners-up were: Miss Senior Y.P.E., Anna Capps, and Miss Junior Y.P.E., Linda Northcutt. The total amount raised was \$203.29.

The Chicago church is very thankful for that which they have been able to accomplish under God.



WINNERS OF Y.P.E. CONTEST AT BRENTON, WEST VIRGINIA

By Betty Day

THESE TWO YOUNG ladies were the winners in a contest sponsored by the Brenton Church of God Y.P.E. to raise money to pay on a new piano for our church. Linda Chambers, who is 12 years old, is in the seventh grade at Pineville Junior High School. She attended youth camp this year and won the Religion Award.

Mary Bishop, 17 years old, and a senior at Baileysville High School, is a member of the National Honor Society. Both girls take an active part in Sunday School and Y.P.E. We are very proud of these young ladies, along with the rest of our young people at the Brenton Church of God.

PRAYER

(Continued from page 9)

dress with a sentence that is one of the noblest utterances in the whole world of literature: "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

A distraught and undiscerning frame of mind afflicts us all in these days of unrest. In the depths of our hearts we are distressed and disheartened by the terrible situation which has come over our world.

As we commemorate the births of these two great American patriots, may we realize that our hopes of tomorrow all converge on the certainty that we have the same God who heard and answered prayer for these men.

Our desire and our object must be tightly united, for more than ever, it is imperative that we all become links in one solid, unbreakable chain—that chain of prayer—an effective weapon that has been used down through the ages.

CATCH THE WIND IN YOUR SAILS!

(Continued from page 12)

to escape. There was no one near to help, so this woman of just ordinary strength lifted the car enough that her husband could work his way out. Later, when the emergency had passed, she could not even budge the car.

The imperative emergency made this woman tap her hidden resources.

All about us are new horizons. We need to "catch the wind in our sails," the winds of adversity and opportunity alike. In keeping this date with destiny, we need holy fire burning in our hearts.

"Do the thing you fear," said Emerson, "and the death of fear is certain." When you do this you reconnect yourself with that universal power that make hard jobs easy, that gives you the strength

to overcome troubles, and that permits you to meet your fellowman as a man.

Catch the wind in your sails as life challenges you!

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SEVEN-DAY-A-WEEK CHRISTIAN

(Continued from page 13)

The room was rather full of people when a colored soldier, wearing the customary red robe of a convalescent, came in. Before anyone else even thought of doing so, the major jumped up and said, with a friendly smile, "Here, take my place."

The soldier returned the smile, and said, "Thank you, sir."

Then the major talked with this soldier as if he had known him all his life.

Transportation's ready for headquarters," called a sleepy sergeant. That meant the ambulance was ready to go. We healthy messengers always rode over to headquarters in an army ambulance.

The major glanced out of the window and said, "I see my transportation is ready, too."

The major, another soldier, and I went out into the long hallway that led to the exit. According to military custom, enlisted men walk at the left side of an officer, a step behind him, but the major wouldn't let us walk behind him. He dropped back to our level and kept talking with us all the while in his friendly manner. When we reached the outside door the major stepped forward quickly opened the door, and said with a sincere smile, "Go right ahead, fellows."

Then when we got outside the major said something which I doubt many enlisted men ever heard an officer say, "No need for you to ride over to headquarters in an ambulance. There's plenty of room in the staff car for all of us!"

WHEN THIS major was a commanding officer overseas, and there were food shortages at times, he always waited until last to eat. If only one had to do without he wanted to be that one. He was a real Christian seven days a week. His great love for his fellowmen was deeply appreciated and returned. We would have followed him anywhere and have helped him in any way we could.

"How unusual!" someone says. yes, unusual for an unregenerated mind and heart. But is it unusual behavior for a Christian who has God in his heart twenty-four hours a day? It can be done!

Perhaps the nearest thing to heaven on earth is to see a number of people worshipping together, and living as Jesus would have them live seven days a week, with true Christian love in their hearts for each other and for everyone on earth.

It can be done. Surely God would not demand the impossible from His people. His grace is sufficient and He supplies it generously. Love is of God. And when hatred puts a heart out of harmony, self examination in the light of God's Word will probably reveal that somewhere along the way God has been neglected.

EMERGENCY CALL

(Continued from page 5)

glanced out at the sky. It was beginning to grow light, another day was dawning. Standing there, Avery was filled with the good, heart-warming satisfaction that always filled his soul after helping a patient. He was glad now that they had asked for him. Perhaps there was a pattern in that, just as there was a pattern in the dawn that was breaking.

Gazing up at the sky, Avery thought wonderingly, God has His ways . . . Then looking down at his hands, he prayed silently, "God, help these hands always to work for Thee."

NEWS FROM NIGERIA

(Continued from page 3)

received the Comforter into their lives. The Nigerians love to pray and glorify the God of their salvation. We find Abak so hungry for God and His transforming power over sin, sickness, demons, fear, and unbelief! We thank the Lord for sending us here and for giving us this site where they are now preparing to hard-top the road right in front of the college and new mission house. To see such a luxurious thing as a permanent road is the next thing to a miracle as you drive through Nigeria! The Catholics are strong here with their schools, convent, hospitals, etc., but the Lord and His marvelous power is more than a match for any false teachings, traditions, and doctrines of devils which have held the people in such gross darkness for so long.

ings, traditions, and doctrines of devils which have held the people in such gross darkness for so long. Satan's citadels are crumbling, PRAISE GOD!

A FACULTY THANKSGIVING AT WEST COAST BIBLE COLLEGE

(Continued from page 7)

the presence of the Holy Spirit descended, knitting the hearts of the faculty in one mind and purpose to reach the objectives of the West Coast Bible College. While objectives in the recent past have been to enlarge enrollment and provide adequate facilities, now all efforts are being made to strengthen scholasticism and scholarship that the Church's fastest growing educational institution might offer a strong, accredited curriculum designed to prepare ministers and church workers to capably meet the challenge of the times.

With these objectives aglow in every heart the faculty Thanksgiving at West Coast Bible College closed with a united prayer to God that every future attainment would be dedicated to the principle upon which W. C. B. C. is built—"Christus primum" (Christ-preeminent).

WHY I AM A PENTECOSTAL

(Continued from page 17)

large that it was divided. The first class was named the Dorcas Class; the second was named the Deborah Class. So far as we know, this Dorcas Class was the first organized class in the Church of God.

I shall never cease to praise God for the privilege of helping to train the boys and girls in the Church of God, and my greatest desire is to meet them over on the other side. God gave me nineteen years as editor of THE LIGHTED PATHWAY, which at one time reached one hundred thousand circulation during the war.

Since my time of service for the youth of our church, two fine young men, Rev. Charles W. Conn and Rev. Lewis J. Willis, have been editors of THE LIGHTED PATHWAY. I will leave it to them to bring accomplishments of their work to you in the future.

Y.P.E. ENLARGEMENT CAMPAIGN RESULTS

(Continued from page 10)

Group B

Baldwin Park, California	287%
Lancaster, Ohio	137%
Porterville, California	132%
North East, Pennsylvania	105%
Lemmon, South Dakota	94%
Lawrenceville, Georgia	94%
Winter Haven, Florida	89%
Christian, W. Virginia	87%
McMinnville, Tennessee	84%
Marked Tree, Arkansas	81%

Group C

Crona, California	164%
Statesboro, Georgia	146%
Windsor, Ontario, Canada	135%
Jewell Ridge, Virginia	131%
Hamilton (Paducah Avenue), Ohio	112%
Opa Locka (Myrtle Grove), Florida	103%
N. Prichard, Alabama	100%
Visalla, California	80%
Stanley, North Carolina	79%
Nicholsville, Alabama	72%


Group D

Whitesburg, Kentucky	312%
Wilmington, Delaware	306%
Las Vegas, Nevada	260%
Hereford, Texas	110%
Choctaw (Wright Station), Oklahoma	87%
Chetopa, Kansas	81%
Watsonville, California	56%
Williamston, South Carolina	48%
Flat Rock, Michigan	47%
Swilley Hill, Georgia	36%

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The Voice of Sunday School

"The voice of Sunday School" in this issue of the *Lighted Pathway* speaks of the important work of the Sunday School teacher.

Providing us with an excellent coverage of this subject is Reverend R. L. Tyler, Jr., of Scottsboro, Alabama. Brother Tyler draws from a background of experience in Sunday School teaching. He presently

is also teaching in the Scottsboro High School.

Why Brother Tyler has been a successful Sunday School teacher will be easily understood when you read the explanation he gives as to why he teaches.

Every Sunday School teacher should be extremely proud of his teaching position and the oppor-

tunities it offers to win lost souls to Christ.

I am sure everyone who reads this article will join with me in saying thanks to Brother Tyler for sharing his thoughts with us in such a splendid manner.

—O. W. Polen

"I Am a Sunday School Teacher"

By R. L. Tyler, Jr.

*Sunday School Teacher, Scottsboro
Church of God, Scottsboro, Alabama*



I am a Sunday School teacher. I deeply respect the trust and responsibility this position entails. Unto teachers as well as preachers the Lord has entrusted the task of introducing men and women to the kingdom of God. A teacher is truly a "sower of the Word." I do not think it presumptuous to say that when I stand before a class as a teacher, I represent Christ to that class. I am standing in His stead. No longer does Christ walk the earth and teach His doctrine,

His way of life, or His salvation. That is left to you and me, the teachers, for did He not command, "teach all nations?" This knowledge fills me with awe. I am dealing with the divine, the eternal. And yet I am confident—for Christ has promised to be with me and help me in that which He has called me to do.

Before a teacher can teach Christ, he must truly know Him. As Chaucer's parson who "wrought"

before he "taught," even so a teacher must live a holy life that will foster confidence in his pupils. No doctrine is convincing unless it is mirrored in our personal lives. We teach that which we have read in the Word of God and have also experienced. The sincerity and conviction behind our words have much to do with their acceptance or rejection.

Why do I teach? First of all, because I love people. To love Christ is to love people. I am interested

in their spiritual welfare. If they are unsaved, I feel personally responsible to lead them to Christ. My position as a teacher gives me that opportunity. If someone in my class dies in a lost condition, have I made an attempt to lead him to Calvary? Have I done my best? Would things have been different with him had I worked harder or in a different manner? This is not something about which to be nonchalant.

Preparation cannot be stressed too strongly in the field of teaching. In Sunday School teaching, how much or how little is pretty much left to the individual. However, preparation not only gives us material to use, it instills within a person the confidence so necessary for successful teaching. To present an intelligent commentary on any lesson, the teacher must have command of his subject. To know the Scriptures is of primary importance. Bringing in background material, enriching the lesson with extra details and illustrations—all calls for time spent in research and study. If maps or visual aids are used, one must study them a great deal beforehand to use them to any advantage. Then, with all our knowledge, there still needs to be the touch of the divine. Anyone who has ever taught knows the importance of inspiration in presenting a lesson. The best way I have found to keep inspired is to keep a constant prayer life. Sometimes my tongue is tangled and my brain foggy, even when I've prepared diligently, but a touch from the Lord clears those matters.

I was reading the other day of a famous public school teacher in Alabama (antebellum). It was stated that he always tried to keep in mind that he was teaching individuals instead of a class. This is even more important in Sunday School teaching. This is relatively easy, because usually, a teacher is well acquainted with those he teaches. In my class, there are different personalities and varied problems. Some of them are Christians, and some are unsaved. Each group has needs. Not only do I seek to engender a desire to know Christ in the unsaved, but I also

strive to say something to strengthen the Christian and help him through the times of testing. Not only do I teach Christianity from a standpoint of theory or theology, but I also try to apply it to everyday life. That is of main interest to a class. How does this lesson affect me?

In teaching, there are many difficulties facing the teacher, but none that cannot be surmounted. Time is one great problem. So much is to be done in so little time. The public school teacher has several classes per day, five days a week, in which to present and build his subject. If he doesn't give a thorough enough treatment one day, he can always add another day on the subject. If the Sunday School teacher fails in his short period to get his message over to his class, he simply fails. In 45 or 55 minutes, he must lay the foundation, give the background, explain the passage, give the spiritual content, make practical applications and hope that something has been said of lasting quality. For a successful teaching period, each moment must be utilized, and careful planning has to be done. No time to go off on tangents or hobbies. Again I reiterate, preparation is extremely important.

Another problem faced is that of attention. Some are in a class to learn something, others because of friends who attend, or because Dad said, "Come." No learning situation can evolve unless there is interest and attention on the part of a class. There are no rules of cure-alls that I have found. Here is the difference between a good teacher and a mediocre one. Each class, even each class meeting, is a new challenge. Flexibility is the answer, I believe. The good teachers are the ones who keep praying, studying, and experimenting, until they see some results from their efforts. Yes, I believe that we can tell when we are really accomplishing something or not.

Another problem facing teachers is the fact that in our classes, many of our students have more formal education than do the teachers. Really, this is a healthy situation and not one to worry the

teachers or give them an inferiority complex. Surely we want our children to have a better chance in life than we had, and that is what is happening. Each generation is taking advantage of better opportunities and is getting a better education, as a general rule. Any teacher with the most meager education can advance with a little self-teaching on his part. A good teacher is a constant scholar. Anyone can keep abreast of current events so as not to appear removed from the student in his knowledge. Ofttimes when you can command the respect of the student in other fields of knowledge, it is easier to command his respect in the area in which you are trying to interest him.

Should you be reluctant about accepting a position as teacher, let me close with this reminder. Esther was reminded by Mordecai that she was the method of deliverance God had raised up for Israel in Israel's time of need; but if she refused, God would raise up someone else to do the job she was supposed to do. Sure, the Lord could get by without me, but I am proud of the opportunity to serve Him and my church in this capacity.

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PACIFIC N. W. Armory Salem, Oregon	FEB. 26-28

Sunday School and Youth Work Statistics

By O. W. POLEN, National Sunday School and Youth Director

SUNDAY SCHOOL

Average Weekly Attendance

November, 1958

500 and Over

Greenville (Tremont Avenue), S. C. ... 885
Middletown (Clayton St.), Ohio ... 653

400 - 499

Detroit Tabernacle, Detroit, Mich. ... 455
Atlanta (Hemphill Ave.), Georgia ... 451
Kannapolis, North Carolina ... 439
Anderson (McDuffie St.), S. C. ... 408
North Chattanooga, Tennessee ... 408

300 - 399

Hamilton (7th and Chestnut), Ohio ... 392
North Cleveland, Tennessee ... 387
Jacksonville, Florida ... 382
Charlotte, North Carolina ... 371
Cincinnati (12th and Elm), Ohio ... 366
South Gastonia, North Carolina ... 364
Rock Hill, South Carolina ... 353
Erwin, North Carolina ... 344
Wilmington, North Carolina ... 335
Alabama City, Alabama ... 321
Savannah (Anderson St.), Georgia ... 321
Atlanta (Riverside), Georgia ... 321
Blount, North Carolina ... 321
Sumiton, Alabama ... 316
Orlando, Florida ... 314
Monroe (4th St.), Michigan ... 314
Pulaski, Virginia ... 312
Griffin, Georgia ... 308
St. Louis (Grand Ave.), Missouri ... 305
Dallas, North Carolina ... 301

200 - 299

Dillon, South Carolina ... 293
Home for Children ... 291
Langley, South Carolina ... 287
Lakeland, Florida ... 285
Louisville (Highland Park), Kentucky ... 280
West Flint, Michigan ... 276
Lenoir, North Carolina ... 275
Goldsboro, North Carolina ... 273
Tampa, Florida ... 272
Somerset, Kentucky ... 272
Sulphur Springs, Florida ... 269
Fort Mill, South Carolina ... 269
Rome (North), Georgia ... 268
Pontiac, Michigan ... 267
South Lebanon, Ohio ... 266
Whitwell, Tennessee ... 266
Gastonia (West), North Carolina ... 263
Newport News, Virginia ... 261
Buford, Georgia ... 260
Daisy, Tennessee ... 258
East Laurinburg, North Carolina ... 257
St. Louis (Gravois Ave.), Missouri ... 252
South Rocky Mount, North Carolina ... 252
Salisbury, Maryland ... 250
Lowell, North Carolina ... 248
Clayton, North Carolina ... 243
Jesup, Georgia ... 242
Columbia, South Carolina ... 241
Belton, South Carolina ... 234
Nashville (Meridian St.), Tennessee ... 233
Rifle Range, Florida ... 233
Gastonia, North Carolina (Ranlo) ... 233
Dayton (Oakridge Drive), Ohio ... 231
Fort Lauderdale, Florida ... 230
Milford, Delaware ... 230
Greenwood, South Carolina ... 226
Lenoir City, Tennessee ... 225
South Cleveland, Tennessee ... 225
Birmingham (Pike Ave.), Alabama ... 224
Brooklyn, Maryland ... 223
Greenville (Park Place), South Carolina ... 222

Knoxville (8th Avenue), Tennessee ... 219
Dressen, Kentucky ... 217
LaFollette, Tennessee ... 215
Belmont (East), North Carolina ... 215
Columbus (Frebis Ave.), Ohio ... 213
Fayetteville, North Carolina ... 213
McCoil, South Carolina ... 212
Easton, Maryland ... 212
Lake City, Florida ... 211
Austin, Indiana ... 211
Valdosta, Georgia ... 210
North Birmingham, Alabama ... 208
Van Dyke, Michigan ... 207
Lancaster, South Carolina ... 206
Greenville (Woodside Ave.), South Carolina ... 205
Lumberton, North Carolina ... 205
Akron (Market Street), Ohio ... 205
West Danville, Virginia ... 204
Chattanooga (4th Ave.), Tennessee ... 203
Rossburg, Georgia ... 202
Plant City, Florida ... 201
Avondale Estates, Georgia ... 201
Augusta (Crawford Ave.), Georgia ... 200
Baldwin Park, California ... 200

125 - 199

Perry, Florida ... 199
Dayton (4th Street), Ohio ... 199
Wilson, North Carolina ... 199
Greenwood (South), South Carolina ... 194
Jackson, Mississippi ... 194
Wadesboro, North Carolina ... 194
Winter Garden, Florida ... 194
Georgetown, South Carolina ... 193
Marion, South Carolina ... 193
Debarton, West Virginia ... 193
Memphis (Mississippi Blvd.), Tennessee ... 192
Pomona, California ... 192
Radford, Virginia ... 191
Indianapolis (West), Indiana ... 191
West Baltimore, Maryland ... 189
Birmingham (South Park), Alabama ... 188
Macon (Napier Ave.), Georgia ... 188
Walhalla No. 1, South Carolina ... 188
Honea Path, South Carolina ... 187
Princeton, West Virginia ... 187
Greer, South Carolina ... 186
Norfolk, Virginia ... 185
East Ridge, Tennessee ... 184
St. Louis (Northside), Missouri ... 184
Eldorado, Illinois ... 183
Anniston, Alabama ... 182
York, South Carolina ... 182
Huntington, West Virginia ... 181
Pinsonfork, Kentucky ... 180
Dayton, Tennessee ... 179
Mooresville, North Carolina ... 179
Eloise, Florida ... 178
Anderson (Osborne Ave.), South Carolina ... 178
Charleston (King St.), South Carolina ... 178
Clearwater, Florida ... 177
Logan, West Virginia ... 177
Greenville, North Carolina ... 177
Montgomery, Alabama ... 175
Lindale, Georgia ... 175
Brunswick, Georgia ... 174
Parkersburg, West Virginia ... 174
Phoenix (44th St.), Arizona ... 174
Thomaston, Georgia ... 172
Naples, Florida ... 171
Lakedale, North Carolina ... 171
Sanford, North Carolina ... 169
Lake Worth, Florida ... 169
Fitzgerald, Georgia ... 169
Woodruff, South Carolina ... 168
Cleveland (East 55th), Ohio ... 168
Seneca, South Carolina ... 167
Wyandotte, Michigan ... 165
Washington, D. C. ... 165
Columbus (29th St.), Georgia ... 164
Miami, Florida ... 163
Douglas, Georgia ... 163
Atlanta (South Side), Georgia ... 162
Sanford, Florida ... 160

Lanes Avenue, Florida ... 159
Memphis (Park Ave.), Tennessee ... 159
Bartow, Florida ... 158
Fort Pierce, Florida ... 158
Peizer, South Carolina ... 158
Henderson (South), North Carolina ... 158
Cocoa, Florida ... 157
Bristol, Tennessee ... 157
Lincolnton, North Carolina ... 157
Conway, South Carolina ... 156
Tuscaloosa, Alabama ... 155
Jackson, Tennessee ... 155
Winchester, Kentucky ... 155
Elkins, West Virginia ... 155
Asheville (West), North Carolina ... 155
Valdese, North Carolina ... 155
West Lakeland, Florida ... 154
Demorest, Georgia ... 154
Monroe, Georgia ... 154
Lavonia, Georgia ... 153
Dyersburg, Tennessee ... 153
Fayetteville (West), North Carolina ... 153
Dalton, Georgia ... 152
McKinleyville, California ... 152
Cramerton, North Carolina ... 151
Paw Creek, North Carolina ... 151
Adamsville, Alabama ... 151
McMinnville, Tennessee ... 151
Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina ... 151
Soddy, Tennessee ... 151
Greensboro, North Carolina ... 150
Homerville, Georgia ... 150
Gaffney, South Carolina ... 150
War, West Virginia ... 150
Asheboro, North Carolina ... 150
Couches Fork, Kentucky ... 149
Benton, Illinois ... 149
Sylacauga, Alabama ... 148
Lawrenceville, Georgia ... 148
Florence, South Carolina ... 148
La France, South Carolina ... 148
Orangeburg, South Carolina ... 148
Crichton, Alabama ... 147
Wake Forest, North Carolina ... 147
Albertville, Alabama ... 145
Tarpon Springs, Florida ... 145
Missionary Ridge, Tennessee ... 145
Lake Wales, Florida ... 144
White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia ... 144
Calhoun, Georgia ... 143
Alma, Georgia ... 143
Crisfield, Maryland ... 143
Durham (West), North Carolina ... 143
Frostproof, Florida ... 142
West Miami, Florida ... 142
Talladega, Alabama ... 141
Louisville, Tennessee ... 141
Columbus (Belvidere Ave.), Ohio ... 140
Tallahassee, Florida ... 140
Piney Grove, Georgia ... 140
Dividing Ridge, Tennessee ... 140
Erwin, Tennessee ... 140
Athens, Tennessee ... 139
Landis, North Carolina ... 139
Columbus (27th St.), Georgia ... 138
Bainbridge, Georgia ... 138
Marietta, Georgia ... 138
Carmi, Illinois ... 138
Hagerstown, Maryland ... 138
Fresno (Harvey-Milbrook), Calif. ... 137
Saddie Tree, North Carolina ... 137
Mount Dora, Florida ... 136
Cawood, Kentucky ... 136
Trafford, Alabama ... 135
Gainesville, Florida ... 135
North Miami, Florida ... 135
Walhalla No. 2, South Carolina ... 135
Washington, North Carolina ... 134
Muskegon, Michigan ... 134
Norwood, North Carolina ... 134
Piedmont, Alabama ... 134
Fort Myers, Florida ... 134
North Nashville, Tennessee ... 134
San Pablo, California ... 134
Lexington, North Carolina ... 133
Icard, North Carolina ... 133
Kings Mountain, North Carolina ... 133
Morgantown, Mississippi ... 133

Burlington (East), North Carolina	133
McClenny, Florida	133
Clyde, South Carolina	133
Dempsey Branch, West Virginia	132
Middlesex, North Carolina	132
Mableton, Georgia	132
West Knoxville, Tennessee	132
East Los Angeles, California	132
Louisville (Faith Temple), Kentucky	132
West Frankfort, Illinois	132
Leadwood, Missouri	132
Kimberly, Alabama	131
Fort Meade, Florida	131
Albany (8th Ave.), Georgia	131
Enoree, South Carolina	131
Warrenville, South Carolina	131
South Richmond, Virginia	131
Tucson, Arizona	131
Hickory, North Carolina	130
Mt. Airy, North Carolina	130
West Hollywood, Florida	130
Ninety Six, South Carolina	130
Big Springs, Tennessee	130
Oakley, California	130
Lancaster, Ohio	129
Beckley, West Virginia	129
Lemmon, South Dakota	129
Clarksburg, West Virginia	128
Bradford, Alabama	127
Atlanta (Grant Park), Georgia	127
Alcoa, Tennessee	127
Torrance, California	127
Smithfield, North Carolina	127
Marfanee, West Virginia	126
Buhl, Alabama	125
Guntersville, Alabama	125
Key West, Florida	125
Manatee, Florida	125
Tifton, Georgia	125
West Nashville, Tennessee	125
Solway, Tennessee	125
Lynch, Kentucky	125
Battle Creek, Michigan	125
Hattiesburg, Mississippi	125
Flatwoods, Virginia	125
Essex, Maryland	125
St. Pauls, North Carolina	125
Winston-Salem, North Carolina	125
Marked Tree, Arkansas	125
New Summit, Arkansas	125

NATION'S TOP TEN IN HOME DEPARTMENT ATTENDANCE

Total Monthly Attendance for November	
Greenville (Tremont Avenue), South Carolina	8,131
Mullens, West Virginia	1,571
Nashville (Meridian Street), Tennessee	915
Princeton, West Virginia	605
Uhrichsville, Ohio	589
Kannapolis, North Carolina	570
Birmingham (South Park), Alabama	535
Louisville (Portland), Kentucky	505
Rhodell, West Virginia	480
Atlanta (Hemphill Avenue), Georgia	475

TEN STATES HIGHEST IN HOME DEPARTMENTS

South Carolina	45
Alabama	38
West Virginia	35
Ohio	27
Florida	20
Arkansas	17
California	16
Georgia	16
Illinois	15
North Carolina	15

REPORT OF NEW SUNDAY SCHOOLS

Branch Sunday Schools organized since June 30, 1958	24
Branch Sunday Schools reported as of November 30, 1958	736
New Sunday Schools organized since June 30, 1958	32
Total Sunday Schools organized since June 30, 1958 (Branch and New)	56

Y.P.E.

November, 1958

Average Weekly Attendance
200 and Over

Home for Children	304
Middletown (Clayton St.), Ohio	285
Jacksonville, Florida	240
South Rocky Mount, North Carolina	212

150 - 199

Mercersburg, Pennsylvania	196
Erwin, North Carolina	190
Greenville (Tremont Ave.), S. C.	189
Cincinnati (12th and Elm), Ohio	182
Orlando, Florida	176
Dayton (East 4th), Ohio	162
Zion Ridge, Alabama	157
West Baltimore, Maryland	157
Goldsboro, North Carolina	152
Plant City, Florida	152
Jesup, Georgia	152
East Chattanooga, Tennessee	151
East Laurinburg, North Carolina	151
South Lebanon, Ohio	150

100 - 149

Dressen, Kentucky	146
South Gastonia, North Carolina	143
Spartanburg (S. Church), S. C.	142
Willow Run, Michigan	142
Nashville (Meridian St.), Tennessee	141
Atlanta (Hemphill Ave.), Georgia	138
Stinnett, Kentucky	137
Crumbly Chapel, Alabama	136
Louisville (Highland Park), Kentucky	132
Indian Valley, Virginia	132
Pomona, California	131
Memphis (Park Avenue), Tennessee	130
Lakeland, Florida	129
Detroit Tabernacle, Michigan	128
Columbus (29th Street), Georgia	127
East Haywood, Tennessee	125
Tampa, Florida	123
Woodruff, South Carolina	123
Columbus (Frebis Ave.), Ohio	123
Fayetteville, Alabama	122
Battle Creek, Michigan	121
Charlotte, North Carolina	121
Perry, Florida	118
Whitwell, Tennessee	117
Seaford, Delaware	117
Milford, Delaware	117
Largo, Florida	116
Baldwin, Georgia	116
Morgantown, Mississippi	116
Pontiac, Michigan	115
Dallas, North Carolina	115
Conway, South Carolina	114
Langley, South Carolina	114
Birmingham (South Park), Alabama	111
Blackville, South Carolina	111
Columbus (Belvidere Avenue), Ohio	111
Austin, Indiana	111
Adel, Georgia	110
Benton Harbor, Michigan	110
Newport News, Virginia	110
Sylacauga, Alabama	109
Ravenna, Kentucky	109
Lanes Avenue, Florida	108
Van Dyke, Michigan	108
Mt. Dora, Florida	107
Lawrenceville, Georgia	107
North Birmingham, Alabama	106
Rifle Range, Florida	106
Vanceburg, Kentucky	106
Alexander City, Alabama	105
Sulphur Springs, Florida	104
Calhoun, Georgia	104
Lenoir City, Tennessee	103
Dayton (Oakridge Drive), Ohio	103
Ware Shoals, South Carolina	102
North Cleveland, Tennessee	102
Winchester, Kentucky	102
Leatherwood, Kentucky	102
Evarts, Kentucky	102
Lake Dale, North Carolina	102
Dayton, Tennessee	101
McMinnville, Tennessee	101
McKinleyville, California	101
Torrance, California	101
Saddle Tree, North Carolina	101
Benton, Illinois	100
Brooklyn, Maryland	100
Easton, Maryland	100
Williamsburg, Pennsylvania	100
Columbia, South Carolina	100

75 - 99

Montgomery, Alabama	99
Lake City, Florida	99
Busby, Tennessee	97
Hamer, South Carolina	96
East Bernstadt, Kentucky	96
Pendley Chapel, Alabama	96
Georgetown, South Carolina	96
Grenada, Mississippi	96
Pulaski, Virginia	96
South Mt. Zion, Georgia	95
Poplar, California	95
Benson, North Carolina	95
Tuscaloosa, Alabama	93
Tarpon Springs, Florida	93
Washington, North Carolina	93
Middlesboro (Noetown), Kentucky	92
Washington, D. C.	92

Daisy, Tennessee	91
Gastonia (Ranlo), North Carolina	91
Garden City, Alabama	90
Tifton, Georgia	90
Natchez, Mississippi	90
Biltmore, North Carolina	90
Milford, Delaware	89
Crichton, Alabama	89
Gaffney, South Carolina	89
St. Louis (Gravois Ave.), Missouri	88
Kennedy, Alabama	88
Bartow, Florida	88
Live Oak, Florida	88
Hamilton (7th and Chestnut), Ohio	88
Bradley, Florida	87
Garden City, Florida	87
North Miami, Florida	87
Avondale Estates, Georgia	87
West Lakeland, Florida	86
Clinton (Lydia Mills), South Carolina	86
Greenville (Park Place), S. C.	85
Sumiton, Alabama	84
Cross Roads, Alabama	84
Winter Garden, Florida	84
Savannah (Anderson St.), Georgia	84
Sevierville, Tennessee	84
Eloise, Florida	83
Kenosha, Wisconsin	83
Mooresville, North Carolina	83
Rockingham, North Carolina	82
Dillon, South Carolina	82
Cawood, Kentucky	82
Albertville, Alabama	82
Braxton, Georgia	82
Nicholls, Georgia	82
Rome (North), Georgia	82
Andrews, South Carolina	82
Indianapolis (West), Indiana	82
Covington, Louisiana	82
Rock Hill, South Carolina	81
Thorn, Mississippi	81
Vero Beach, Florida	81
Rossville, Georgia	81
Shreveport, Louisiana	81
Charleston (King St.), S. C.	80
East Los Angeles, California	80
Anniston, Alabama	80
Baxley, Georgia	80
Greenville, Mississippi	80
Dulac, Louisiana	80
Belmont, North Carolina	80
Mountain View, Alabama	79
Lacoochee, Florida	79
Clyde, South Carolina	79
Old River, California	79
Lowell, North Carolina	79
Jackson, Tennessee	78
North Nashville, Tennessee	78
Greenville, North Carolina	78
Tarboro, North Carolina	78
Dilworth, Alabama	78
East Orlando, Florida	78
Ft. Pierce, Florida	78
Carrollton, Georgia	78
Macon (Napier Avenue), Georgia	78
Williamsport, Maryland	78
San Pablo, California	77
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November, 1958

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Sanctified	1,207
Filled with Holy Ghost	978
Added to the Church	945

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Sanctified	5,479
Filled with Holy Ghost	4,275
Added to the Church	4,190

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MARCH, 1959

The **LIGHTED** *Pathway*

DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR



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Subscription Rates

Single Subscriptions, per year	\$1.50
Rolls of 10	1.00
Single Copies	.15

Published monthly at the Church of God Publishing House, Cleveland, Tenn. All materials intended for publication in The LIGHTEd PATHWAY should be addressed to Lewis J. Willis, Editor. All inquiries concerning subscriptions should be addressed to Bookkeeping Department, Church of God Publishing House, Cleveland, Tennessee.

ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL
MATTER AT POST OFFICE
CLEVELAND, TENNESSEE

Tragedy and Triumph

By Joe Southerland



*Have you read the Crucifixion and the things that
happened there—*

*Tears and sweat, then condemnation, meted in the
Governor's square?*

*Have you seen the bitter suffering as the cross alone
He bore,*

*Or heard Him whisper, "God forgive them"? Listen,
let me tell you more.*

*Out beyond the courts of mockery, further than the
temple mall,*

*Christ the Son of God is suffering, shut outside His
city wall.*

*His beard still drips with angry spittle, placed there by
a mob gone mad,*

*'Round His shoulders hangs a mock robe, for the King
they could have had.*

*On that precious brow so tender, piercing thorns scrape
'gainst the bone;*

*Lifeblood falling, mixed with teardrops from the
Saviour sad and lone.*

*Somewhere on that hill is Mary, God-called one to
bring Him here,*

*And her mind is filled with memories, some nostalgic,
all so dear.*

*She muses first the angel's blessing, then precious
Spirit hovering 'round,*

*Until that night He filled the manger in swaddling
clothes that she had bound.*

*Too, His care and preparation; then the work He had
begun,*

*And now betrayed, condemned and smitten stands
God's only, loving Son.*

*His lovely hands and feet are riven, pierced through
with spikes so cold,*

*While soldiers gamble for His garments, evil men both
cruel and bold.*

*Two thieves, sharing in the suffering, part bloody lips
to have their say;*

*One has naught but scorn for mercy—the other, in
faith, begins to pray.*

*The day moved slowly toward the sunset; framing pain
unparalleled:*

*Tissues torn and sinews broken, turning darker as they
swelled.*

*Rocks are broken, hard winds lashing trees as darkness
filled the sky;*

*The Temple veil, too, split asunder as His moment
came to die.*

*Through this vale of tearful suffering, few have been
the words He's said.*

*Now He whispers, "God forgive them"; then He shud-
ders and is dead.*

*Smirking hordes of evil legions gathered there from
the wide world o'er*

*Shake the air with shouts of victory, "The life of Jesus
is no more."*

*In a borrowed tomb they laid Him, Governor's seal and
guard to hold—*

*God's only Son, so freely given, lies in death so still
and cold.*

*A day is gone and nothing's happened; finally even
two have passed.*

*Satan's forces are more jubilant; seems they've tri-
umphed o'er God at last.*

*Then with the third day fast approaching, Mary came
to anoint Him well;*

*And seeing that the stone was bothered, ran to others
the news to tell.*

*Others came at her insistence in the early light of
day,*

*And neither did they understand it, so they said, "He's
taken away."*

*This same Mary lingered, weeping, just outside the
rough-hewn door,*

*When Someone—she thought the gardner—spoke,
"What are you weeping for?"*

*And when she answered, He said, "Mary," then His
brightness broke the gloom.*

*Her eyes, bedazzled, saw His glory—Christ had tri-
umphed o'er the tomb.*

*Running fast, she spread the story; shouts of praise
are lifted high.*

*Death's cold dungeon could not hold Him; He's alive,
no more to die.*

*Through the ages men have sung it, cried and preached
this joyful lay,*

*And here's the strength and beauty of it—CHRIST
THE LORD IS RISEN TODAY!*

*The Nurse
turned on a
table lamp and the
circle of light
shone
on Lois' white
hand*

the Promise



HAL ROSE FROM his knees with a deep feeling of peace in his heart. After all these years he was right with God. With heart-racking remorse, he had confessed his wandering from God. It had taken Lois' illness to bring him back.

He put his hand on the headboard of the low, modern bedstead and stared at Lois. She was so pale and thin! How could he have been so wrapped up in his work that it took the fear of losing her to drive him to his knees? His lovely Lois!

He couldn't remember life without her. Their parents had been neighbors and the girl who helped him with his guinea pigs was Lois. She admired his ability to stand on his hands—always had been ready on time when he called to take her to church, and in time he walked slowly down the aisle toward her, her oval face framed in a lacey wedding veil. Now she lay, feverish and still.

The nurse, in a swishy nylon uniform with an expression of hopefulness on her face, waved Hal away from the bed. His fears for Lois had crystalized into a dislike for the nurse, but he obeyed her. He walked to the window and stared at the brown hill, spotted with scraggly green bushes.

He and Lois had rented this house because it was fairly near the Hollywood Bowl. During the summer evenings, the strains of the concerts drifted in to them. And tomorrow at dawn he would hear the music of the Easter sunrise service.

When he had promised Lois he

of Easter

By Dorothy C. Haskin

would go the service with her, her face had glowed with happiness. He had known that she had quietly grieved over his infrequent attendance at church. He hadn't told her that the church services bothered him, stirring within him the consecration of his teens. But after his discharge from the army, he had allowed houses labeled "Lambert Designed" to consume his interest until he seemingly had no time for God.

But he found the time and a need for God when the doctor, with anxiety stamped on his face, had admitted, "She has pneumonia."

Hal clenched his fists and fiercely reminded himself, *I'm right with God now. Easter will bring recognition to her eyes.*

"Son."

HAL TURNED. A strapping man with a grieved expression on his heavily jowled face came toward Hal. "I told your mother I'd come. She had to go to Jane's."

Hal nodded, comforted by the presence of his father. They had always understood each other. His mother had been there earlier in the day and he realized that his brothers and sisters had demands upon her time. *Besides,* he flung back his head, *there is no need for anyone to come to me with sympathy. "Lois is going to get well."*

"The doctor said so?"

"No, he didn't, but I got right with God. I confessed my sins and asked Him to spare her."

Mr. Lambert shook his head sadly. "You mean you made a bargain with God."

"I wouldn't call it that," Hal ob-

jected hotly, but in his heart, *that is what I've done.*

"It's risky bargaining with God. Oh, it's been done all right, but what will you do if God says no? Will you go back on your side of the bargain?"

Hal's face drained white and he almost shouted, "God won't say no."

"I hope not." His father's voice grew warm. "Your mom and I love Lois. There have been times when she was our sole comfort."

Hal knew full well that Lois had been the one who had brought the most joy to both families. She had a quiet peace with God that made her a delight at all times. He walked with his father to the bedside and stared at the outline of her slender body under the rose blanket.

The nurse turned on a table lamp and the circle of light shone on Lois' white hand. Hal tucked it gently under the covers.

Shortly afterwards, the doctor made his visit and, with a look of compassion, warned, "The crisis should come tonight."

"She'll pass it," Hal said fiercely.

The long hours dragged. The sound of Lois' heavy breathing filled the room. The nurse, with her grim cheerfulness, served coffee to Hal and his father.

Gradually the muffled sound of feet walking up the incline to the Bowl drifted into the room. Now and then came the sound of laughter. Mr. Lambert nodded toward the window.

"They're gathering for the service at dawn." Hal walked to the window and stared. Beyond the trees he could see the flicker of lights that he knew was the string

of bulbs along the ramp. The shuffle of feet grew louder and louder. Soon they would raise their voices in the glad hymns of Easter. Hal passionately assured himself that he would rejoice with them because Lois would have passed the crisis.

HE MOVED RESTLESSLY around the room. He picked up her Bible and put it down again. He watched her gasp for breath and turned cold with doubt. But he stamped his fears into the bottom of his heart and demanded, "God, I've repented. Let me keep her."

A dozen ways to make her happy came to him. He would buy her those flower bulbs she wanted for her garden. She should have that dotted green dress she had admired in the store window. They would go see her sister more often.

She opened her eyes and a radiant light shone in them. He stepped closer. She wasn't looking at him, but—! Instinctively he glanced into the shadows looking for someone, and when he turned back, her eyes were closed and she was lying perfectly still.

No! No! his heart shouted.

The sudden blare of trumpets filled the room. He hurried to the window. The faint light of dawn fluttered across the sky, revealing the trumpeters on the hilltop. He felt as if they were sounding the last trumpet, a trumpet that had called her spirit away from him.

Then a hundred voices softly sang, "Low in the grave He lay, Jesus, my Saviour."

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A DECALOG OF QUALIFICATIONS

for the

MINISTRY OF A CHRISTIAN

YOUTH LEADER

By Ted W. Engstrom

Youth for Christ International
President

REFER PLEASE TO the word of admonition from the Apostle Paul to his son in the faith, Timothy, as recorded in 2 Timothy 4:2-5, "*Preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all longsuffering and doctrine. For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine; but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears; And they shall turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned unto fables. But watch thou in all things, endure afflictions, do the work of an evangelist, make full proof of thy ministry.*"

I would like to share with you ten qualifications for the ministry of a Christian youth leader in these strategic days when youth evangelism has such a vital and important part in all of the work of the church. The importance of ministries geared to teen-agers cannot be over-emphasized. Those of us who minister to young people must have special wisdom from above and the direction of the Holy Spirit in every contact with the teen-agers in these days.

First, we must have a vision of the utter bankruptcy of the human race. Mankind is depraved. There is no "spark of good" in him. He is lost apart from a personal knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ as his own Saviour from sin. Teen-agers today need to know this. They need to be taught that there is no good in any of us and we have a depraved nature that needs the transforming power of the Holy Spirit of God. Because of this depraved nature, we face the greatest problem we have ever known with young people today. We call this juvenile delinquency. This is a misnomer. It certainly could better be called parental delinquency, for if our homes today had the old-fashioned family altars, if we read the Word of God together as family units, if we prayed together as parent and children, there would not be the problems which are so prevalent and major in all of the nations of the world these days. One and a third million young people in America alone last year got in trouble with the police! And

know this, friend, every young person without Christ is a potential juvenile delinquent! Young people without the Saviour are lost. We need to recognize sin and have a new sense of horror for sin. There needs to be brought to our attention and into our focus a new vision of the bankruptcy of the human race.

Secondly, we need to have a realization of the adequacy and sufficiency of the gospel message which we have to proclaim. God has given to us a vital message for a lost world. Let us make sure that we are clear on the gospel. The gospel of the grace of God is the only answer to teen-agers in these days. There is nothing in the plans of man, there is nothing in legislation, there is nothing in education that can satisfy the deep-seated longings and heart-aches of young people today. The only answer is in the person of the Son of God, the message of the Word of God, and the gospel of the grace of God. It is sufficient; it is adequate for every heart need.

In the third place, we need to have lives given over to one great purpose—to get this gospel out across the world! Our lives need to be marked by those from which every hindrance has been removed. This must be the impelling force in our lives and ministries in these strategic days. Nothing else will mean quite so much a thousand years from now as that which is done for the sake and in the name of our blessed Saviour in these days. Our lives as youth leaders must be completely dedicated to and controlled by God.

AGAIN, OUR MINISTRIES as youth leaders must be characterized by prayer. Are we known as men of prayer? What about the quiet time? Daily do we seek the Lord for His new, fresh anointing upon our ministries? Are we known as those who walk with God? Is the shine of God upon our faces and the dew of God upon our souls? Prayer is the touchstone; prayer is God's method of working in these days. This must be foremost in all of our programming and ministries. May we be known as youth leaders who know

the secret of prayer in our lives!

In the fifth place, our ministries need to be Bible centered. We must be known as men of the Book. Our preaching must bear the force of "thus saith the Lord." This is not simply in the matter of sermon preparation but in our daily seeking the will of God revealed to us by His Holy Spirit through His own Word. All that we say and do must be confirmed by the Word of God. Let us hold the Book of all books high and honor the written Word as we do the living Word. The Bible not only contains the Word of God but it is in very truth, *the Word of God*.

Again, our lives must be lives which are absolutely at God's disposal. The Apostle Paul writes to the church of Rome in Romans 12:1, 2, "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world; but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect, will of God." God wants our lives to be *living* sacrifices. It is not even enough to be willing to lay down our lives if need be for the cause of Christ. We must be willing to live a life of sacrifice and a life completely at God's disposal if we are to be used by Him to the fullest extent in these critical and strategic days.

In the seventh place, our ministries must be characterized by a genuine passion and love for souls. One of the characteristics of the church in these days is indifference and coldness. What a tragedy that we think so little about the fact that young people about us are eternally lost without a knowledge of Christ, and the only way that many of them will ever know of the saving grace of the Lord Jesus will be through our faithfulness in getting to them, where ever they are, with this glorious message. Have you ever wept for lost souls? Do you know what it is to have a tender and compassionate heart? Young people are lost. Know it! As Bob Savage

said to me not too long ago, "The most fragile thing in all the world is a passion for souls." How true! Remember this, youth leader: youth responds to truth, to a challenge and to love. May our ministries be characterized by a tender love and compassion for young people without Christ.

IN THE EIGHTH PLACE, our ministries must be in the anointing of the Holy Spirit. Too often our ministry is performed in the flesh. What a grievance this must be to the heart of our God. Our ministries must be supernatural—supernatural in our preaching, in our witnessing, in our administrations, in our promotion. Everything we do must have the mark of deity upon it and be in the anointing of the blessed third person of the Trinity, the Holy Spirit of God.

Ninthly, our ministries need to be characterized by the expectancy of faith. Do you always expect results when you preach or minister? You say, "Of course not." There is the answer to why our ministries are not more effective. We must expect God to work when we minister. There must be upon us the sense of God's presence. When we expect Him to work, He will perform His own ministry and purposes. There is a precious little word tucked away in 1 John 3:20 that has blessed my own heart many times. This is a tremendous truth—"God is greater"; He is greater than our personal weaknesses; He is greater than our failures; He is greater than our greatest potential. If we allow Him, the great God of Creation, to move in and through us, He will prove Himself to be the God of miracles, and we can expect and know that He will *work* out His own will and purposes.

Lastly, our ministries must be wholly dedicated to the glory of God. As Ruth Paxton has so well said, "There is nothing that God will not do through a man who will not touch *His* glory." Our lives must be those who know what it is to be crucified to self and with the Saviour. Samson in the Old Testament "Knew not that the

(Continued on page 19)



He Made God's Will HIS WILL

SOMETIMES HISTORY obscures its boldest heroes, leaving only a mound, a feeble inscription, or a half-legend.

It was in 1905, that a marker was placed on a grave in China, and though this marker was just a plain wooden board, it could rightly have been a towering granite stone, with an inscription which would read: "Here lies the remains of a man, whose life's story is a strange one. It is the story of a child who wanted something very much; as a youth, he forgot about his desire; then he wanted it again with such passion that he gave the rest of his years here on earth to this cause."

"A lengthy inscription," one might say, but there are not enough words in the English language to really tell the life story of this man of God—J. Hudson Taylor—this man set apart for God.

The beginning of this story goes back to an Autumn evening in the year 1831. The place—an humble little home in Barnsley, England, where a young Christian couple lived. As the evening shadows gathered, this young husband and his wife sat together, the husband reading from God's Holy Word. The Scripture reading ended with these words from Exodus 13: "Sanctify unto me all the firstborn . . ."

As the husband tenderly placed the Bible on a table, he and his young wife knelt in prayer. "Oh, God, our heavenly Father," prayed the man, "if you will grant us a son, he shall be dedicated to You and to Your work."

God knew this Christian husband meant this dedicatory petition, and that his helpmate was in full agreement with her husband. Taking this plea at face value, God sent a son to this couple the following

May. This infant was as divinely set apart for China as Luther was ordained to be the instrument in bringing about the Reformation.

THE STORY OF this "setting apart" began about two years before the child's birth. James Taylor, the young husband, had been reading accounts of travels in China, especially those of Captain Basil Hall. As he read, God seemed to challenge him with this thought: "I can't go myself, but if I ever have a son, I want him to be a missionary to China."

And God fulfilled this desire in his son, James Hudson, for when God spoke this one word "China" to J. Hudson Taylor, he heard the sad cry of vast millions as they slipped out of life without the knowledge of salvation.

In the Taylor home, the cross of Christ was magnified. When Hudson was just five years of age, as he heard for the first time about the darkness of heathenism, he casually said to his parents, "When I am a man, I want to be a missionary and go to China."

As a youth, Hudson read many books on China, practically memorizing them, especially one book called *China*. He was keenly interested in the great need of these yellow-skinned people.

At the early age of thirteen, Hudson was forced to find outside employment to supplement the family income, but this did not hinder his education. He constantly read all the Christian literature accessible to him in that day, even to just a tract or leaflet.

But there is a sad chapter to his life's story. While he was earning his own money, the things of the world began to distract him from spiritual matters. At this period in his life, he became a skeptic and forgot all about his childish prayer: "Lord Jesus, help me to be a good brother to you and do some of your hard work in China."

ONE DAY AS HUDSON'S mother was visiting in a distant town, she suddenly became deeply concerned about the change in her boy's life. The burden of prayer came upon her in such a way, that she quickly put aside her plans for that day and went to prayer for her seemingly lost son.

At the same time, young Hudson found himself alone at home. Since finding that time on his hands irritated him, he decided to read something from his father's library. Picking up a book at random—an unbound pamphlet titled, "The Finished Work of Christ"—he threw it aside, as he spoke aloud, "No use reading that; there'll be a story at the beginning and a sermon or moral at the conclusion."

Then smiling about the words he had just spoken, he picked the cast-off book up again, and spoke once more: "I'll just read the story and leave the moral to those who like morals."

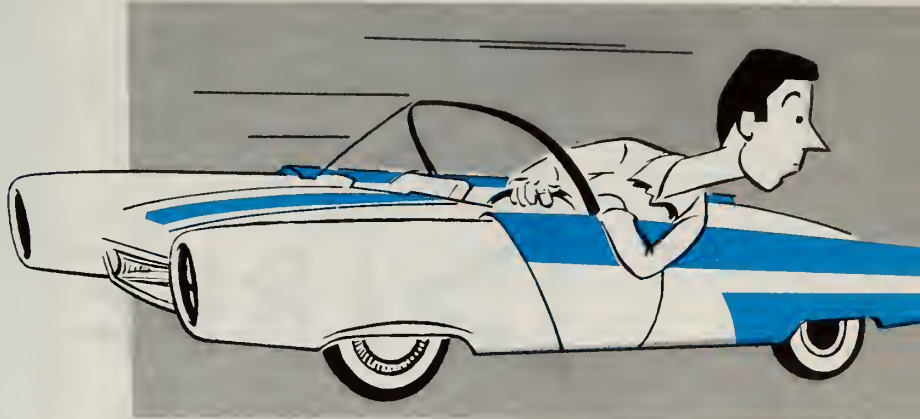
Sitting down in his father's comfortable chair, he started reading what he thought was the story. As he read on of Christ's finished work, this question seemed to tug at his heart, "Has the work of Christ been finished for MY salvation?"

God always works at both ends. He never leaves a

(Continued on page 19)

By Monna Gay

BACKING UP TO GET AHEAD



By Eileen M. Hasse

A GROUP OF HIGH school boys paused, snickered to each other, uttered a few remarks, and went gaily down the street.

"Funny thing," said the tallest. "Even a goat knows more than that."

They had been watching a green driver try to maneuver a car over a hump of frozen snow and ice which had dropped from the rear fender and blocked the front wheel so the car could not proceed forward. What seemed so funny was the fact that it never occurred to the driver to back up and then go ahead. Instead he grated and ground and groaned until half the pavement must have been consumed. Then the wiriest of the boys had yelled, "Back up."

Yes, even a billy goat knows better. When he wants to get ahead fast he backs up, pauses, lowers his head and comes on full speed ahead.

There was a girl in an office who could have been advanced time and again, but she wasn't just because she wouldn't back up. Her mathematics needed brushing up.

A little thing like that stood between her and that promotion she wanted. In order to get that promotion, she needed to back up and study the work she had slighted in high school. She refused to back up, so there she is still trying to push ahead. She would get there faster if she would back up.

There is no shame in saying, "I don't know. Give me a chance and I'll learn even if it takes me back to kindergarten." Most of us could profit by back tracking. The first trip through the three R's sometimes doesn't take well for any number of reasons. At a later date, with more mature mind and a real need for the information, we could face those insurmountable problems and gain a better understanding than most folks do on the first round.

One thing is certain if we can back up mentally out of ourselves and study ourselves at a distance we will not be so critical of others and we may be able to decide which way we are going, a thing often hard to decide. When "I" sticks too close to "ME" we can't see the crowd for ourselves.

Sometimes we take a wrong turn, make a wrong decision or say a wrong thing. The only harm is done by those who refuse to back up and take the right turn, change the decision or beg pardon and try to unsay the wrong words. No one gets ahead by keeping in reverse all the time. But only one who makes no errors can get ahead by never backing up. When there's a block in the road just back up and try again.

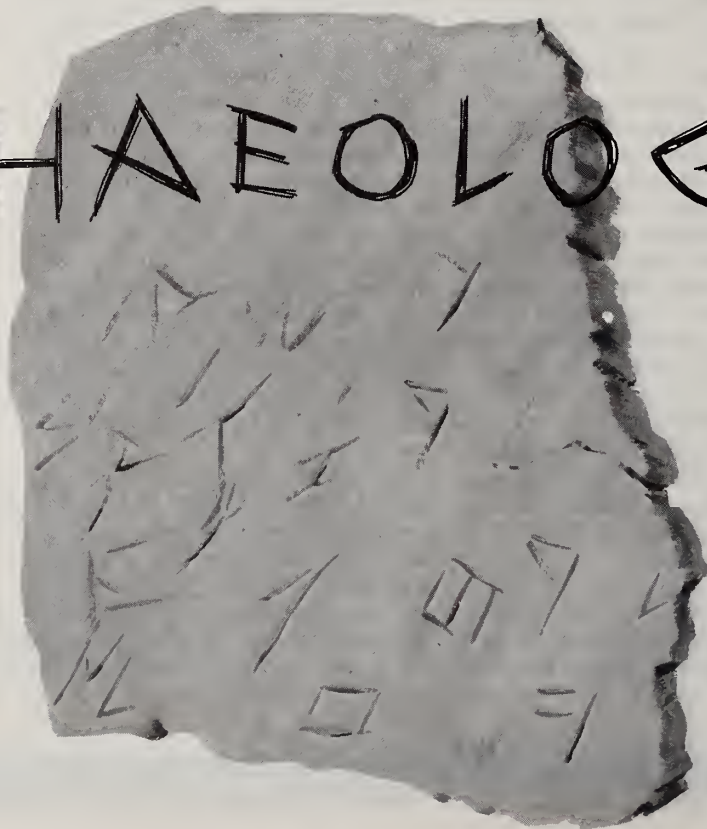
One young fellow who couldn't spell entered college. If you'd say the "M" sound, he would be apt to write "Q" or even "Z." He wasn't getting ahead, so he backed up way back to second grade phonics, learned his sounds, then learned to spell. Today his term papers do not come back scribbled full of red rings. Instead, he is the one who is grading the papers. He's in there teaching, trying to show other fellows that the way to get ahead is often to back up.

Spiritually, physically or mentally, there should be no fear of backing up. Take another look at the obstacle that blocks your path, then like the billy goat, lower your head and approach, full speed ahead.

THE BIBLE AND ARCHAEOLOGY

AGATHA CHRISTIE, the detective-story writer, has spent most of her time in Baghdad where her archaeologist husband has been working on fascinating excavations. She says, "An archaeologist is the best husband any woman can have. The older she gets, the more he is interested in her."

It is true that archaeologists are interested in old things, for archaeology has been defined as the science of old dead things—dead civilizations, dead cultures, dead nations, and dead languages. But don't get the idea that an archaeologist is a person who wears a long beard and thick glasses and lives in an imaginary world of the past. To the contrary, he is a skilled scientist who has been trained to read history's passing parade.



But why be interested in dead things anyway? Mainly because we're curious. This curiosity sends man exploring into the heights and searching the depths. It keeps him advancing and learning new things, and it sends him digging into the past. How did our predecessors live? What are their thrilling stories? These will ever be the riches which will be mined by the curious mind of man. He has a relentless desire to know those things which only the tongueless tombs of the distant past can reveal.

Nowhere has the science of archaeology been more rewarding than in its illumination of the matchless Book of books—the Bible. Harry Rimmer says in his book, *Dead Men Tell Tales*: "Just as the microscope is the instrument for the study of biology, and the spectroscope has become the means of study in physics, so the Bible is best read today in the light that is reflected upon its pages from the blade of a spade!"

At every turn the archaeologist's spade shows the Bible to be a true and accurate record. The Bible is, of course, accepted on faith as the God-inspired, true, perfect revelation of God. But archaeology has added its voice to strengthen faith. The Bible was not designed as a history book, a science book, or a geography book. Yet from the crumbling heaps and the weathering inscriptions of the past comes evidence that proves the Bible to be true in even the smallest details.

Archaeology also helps to illustrate the Bible by descriptive information of contemporary events and customs. Hundreds of thrilling examples of the contribution of archaeology could be mentioned, but like an Egyptian mummy, we're pressed for time.

FIRST OF ALL, let's talk about some three-thousand-year-old letters. A struggling peasant woman, seeking to make a meager living, was digging in the fertile soil of an ancient city of Egypt when she accidentally unearthed some strange clay tablets. Not knowing of their value, she sold her rights to the discovery for the huge sum of ten piasters (50 cents). They were priceless, for

they proved to be the royal archives of one of the most unusual pharaohs of ancient Egypt. These royal records shed light on one of the important events of Hebrew history. Let us step back through history.

The heralds are announcing that a new Pharaoh, Amenhotep IV, has risen to the throne. "What will this new ruler be like?" the people ask themselves. "Will he be like his illustrious father who has extended Egypt's power through Nubia, Upper and Lower Egypt, Palestine, Syria, and Mesopotamia?"

They are not to wait long for their answer. He moves the capital of the country to a new location and calls it Akhet-aton. He changes his name to Akhnaton. He attempts to change the religion of Egypt from the old god, Amon, to his new god Aton. He becomes so involved with these reforms at home that he virtually forgets about his foreign domains.

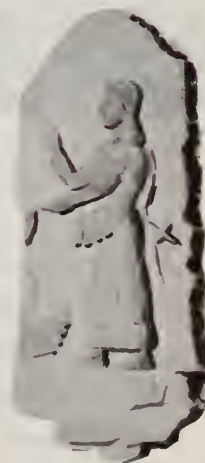
About the time of this erratic pharaoh in Egypt, it is believed that Joshua was beginning to lead the children of Israel in their conquest of the Promised Land. The native rulers of this land sent hundreds of urgent letters to this pharaoh. In effect they said, "You better come help us, because the Habiru (Hebrews) are invading us. If you don't come, and in a hurry, we'll be overthrown!" The king of Jerusalem sent at least seven different letters pleading for help.

But Akhnaton was busy at home, so he didn't even bother to answer most of the letters. He ordered them filed in the Foreign Office for future reference. His faithful foreign secretary carefully filed them away. There these urgent requests gathered dust unmolested. With the death of Akhnaton, his new capital was soon abandoned, his palace was deserted, and the royal records sank from view—to be found by a peasant woman thousands of years later.

These letters furnish an account of Joshua's conquest of the Promised Land from his enemy's point of view. They verify the Bible record, for they are from the very cities and areas conquered in the

(Continued on page 22)

By Luther Leon Norris





The beautiful 1959 Oldsmobile

Station wagon presented by the Sperry
and Hutchinson Company to the
Church of God Home for
Children

A group
of the Church
officials present for
the presentation
ceremonies



Cecil Bridges, Superin-
tendent of the Children's
Home receives the keys
from Thomas M. Candler,
S. E. Publicity and Pro-
motion manager for S&H
Company.



SILHOUETTE OF PEACE

By W. L. (Bill) Hopper



IT WAS NOT A good feeling, this being lost—hopelessly, eternally lost and bound for destruction. But Ben Thompson felt that if ever a man was lost, lost and undone, it was he.

Why had they come, these young people from the church? Why did they not leave him alone? He, Ben Thompson—"Ole Ben" as most people called him, was the last one they should have visited. Why, hadn't he always been opposed to anything pertaining to religion? Hadn't he circulated petitions to try to keep churches out of this neighborhood? And he had been successful, in a measure, for only one church had been built around here in the last twenty years. But ironically, it had been built right across the street from Ole Ben's house. Each time he glanced out his east window there it was, tall, stately, silhouetted against the sky. Its steeple in the shape of a cross, reaching for the heavens, as if to pull them down and unite them with the earth. But Ole Ben always consoled himself by saying "Yea, but that's the only one in the neighborhood, thanks to Ole Ben."

But they had come, six of them— young, happy, full of life. And they had talked to him, just as they would to any other man. They had invited him to visit the church, giving him a special invitation to the youth program to be presented next Saturday night. They had asked him if he were a Christian, and when he said "No," they asked him if he wouldn't like to become a Christian. He should have run them off, but instead he just

stood there listening as they told him about the love of God, the joy of salvation and the peace that comes from being a true child of God. He had mumbled something about being busy and they had left. Now, as he stood looking out the window at the old church building with its great steeple piercing the sky, he felt miserable, wretched and lost.

Turning from the window he lay down across the bed, his mind in a whirl, his heart feeling empty, and a lump in the pit of his stomach. LOST! . . . lost . . . lost . . .

Suddenly there was a commotion at the window, and a weird, hideous looking creature came into the room. It came directly to him, placed its huge, claw-like hands under his body, lifted him, and darted back through the window. He felt himself being carried through space at a tremendous speed. It was pitch dark, and all around him he could see other hideous creatures, glowing with a strange, weird lumination. And he could hear sounds like the moaning of lost souls, the cries of tortured human beings. He could even smell the brimstone-like smoke of hell itself.

Then in the distance he saw a light shining, a light that seemed to grow larger and larger. Then he knew what it was! It was a lake of fire, and they were headed right toward it.

"Oh no, not that! My God, not that!" he screamed struggling with all his might to break away from his captor.

THEN SUDDENLY the light seemed to fade away; in its place there appeared a cross, a huge, towering cross that seemed to hide everything else from view.

"Oh! thank God for the cross! Thank God for the cross. It has saved me from the lake of fire."

The more he looked at the cross, the more real it seemed to be. Standing there like the Vanguard of Eternity, defying every evil force, casting a shadow of hope o'er all its surroundings.

Then his mind began to clear, and his eyes came to focus on the window of his bedroom and he realized what it was; it was the cross atop the old church building across the street. The moon was high in the sky and the great cross was sharply silhouetted against the star-lit background—silhouette of peace.

"Why, I must have been dreaming," cried Ole Ben; springing to his feet and rushing over to the window. "I must have been dreaming, but, oh God, what a dream!"

For several moments Ole Ben just stood there gazing steadfastly at the cross outlined against the sky; then from the very depths of his heart he said, "That's the most beautiful sight I have ever seen; thank God for the cross."

No one was more surprised than were the six young people who had visited Ole Ben, to see him walk into the church on Saturday night and take a seat near the front. The pastor, not believing his eyes, asked one of the men standing

(Continued on page 23)



ASTER

By Lewis J. Willis

Editor

AS THE SOFT light of the morning touched the eastern horizon, three women made their way toward the sepulcher. They moved slowly and with bowed heads, for the grief of their hearts was indescribable. Calvary, with its ruthless cross, had robbed them of their happiness and hope. Their Master had been murdered by cruel men, and now His body lay in Joseph's tomb. Sorrowfully, they went to do homage to a dead Christ.

From the lives of some Christians today, it would appear that their religion consists in doing homage to a dead Christ. Clothed in sanctimonious gowns of self-righteousness, they move about in the shadows of life exhibiting none of the vivaciousness of true spirituality. When they come to God's house, they act as if they are indeed visiting a sepulcher. There is neither expectation in their prayers nor triumph in their praise. A glance at their countenances as they occupy their favorite pews would seem to indicate that at any moment they expect a funeral dirge! There is surely a striking similarity between their attitude and that of the first visitors to Christ's tomb.

Whispering together in the still, cool dawn, the women discussed a distressing problem. "Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?" they queried. It was a stone too heavy for their weak hands to move which lay across the entrance to the garden tomb. When they looked,

however, they saw the stone had been rolled away. Unseen hands had done for them what they could not do for themselves.

Are we not sometimes like these women in the shadow of dawn bewailing their problem? Their difficulty was not in their situation but in themselves. It did not arise out of the real facts in the case, but it was fashioned out of their ungrounded fears. We, too, borrow pain from the unknown tomorrows, and we are filled with misgivings about things which have no existence outside our own fearful hearts.

A part of the Easter message is this: advance in faith. Get beyond your timorous speculations. Go to the Saviour even though you see nothing but difficulty and problems. When you have gone as far as you can, you will find you have gone as far as you ought.

THUS, THEY CAME to the sepulcher of Him who had said of Himself, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." Strange that a sepulcher should have received Him. Death had oftentimes fled from His presence. There was an occasion in Nain when He stopped a funeral to speak to the dead, "Young man, I say unto thee, Arise. And he that was dead sat up." His tender command, "Damsel, I say unto thee, arise," returned the warmth of life to Jairus' little daughter. And one could hardly forget the experience at Lazarus' tomb. Four days had

passed since the death of the man, and now Christ commanded the tomb to be opened. "Lord, by this time he stinketh," protested Martha. Jesus quieted her with the words "If thou wouldest believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God." Then "He cried with a loud voice, Lazarus, come forth, and he that was dead came forth." Yes, it seemed exceedingly unreal that such a man could be dead.

Indeed, the Christ was not held captive by death! As the women entered "into the sepulchre, they saw a young man sitting on the right side, clothed in a long white garment; and they were affrighted. And he saith unto them, be not affrighted: ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified: he is risen; he is not here." Thus, "is Christ risen from the dead, and become the firstfruits of them that slept." He thereby changed the whole perspective of immortality. In the words of John Oxenham, we view the alteration He made in the eternal outlook.

*When, with bowed head
And silent-streaming tears,
With mingled hopes and fears,
To earth we yield our dead;
The saints, with clearer sight,
Do cry in glad accord—
"A soul released from prison
Is risen, is risen—
Is risen to the glory of the Lord!"*

THE EMPTY TOMB PROCLAIMS Jesus the Lord of life—the Lord of this life. He stands for the complete and final

MEDITATIONS

The Lamplighter Editorial

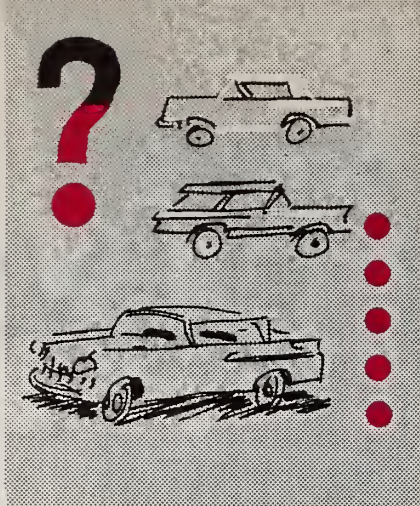


removal of every obstacle that lies in the Godward path of humanity. The barrier of sin, which one time thwarted man, need not ever bind him again. By His rising from the dead, Christ has made the way of man's redemption complete, the redemption of the soul now and the redemption of the body in the last day. By the miracle of the resurrection, man may now travel the path of grace into light and peace forever.

Let us understand, also, that the risen Christ, who has made clear the path of personal righteousness, has made equally clear the path of personal service. The angel's message was "Go quickly, and tell . . ." There is a need for the resurrection power to pervade our deadened consciences and cause them to act with hallowed sensitiveness toward that which is sacred and pure. We need the resurrection power to possess our minds and make them fertile in noble ideals and act in holy purpose. Our affections need to be touched by the flow of resurrection power until they bud into tender sympathies, gentle courtesies, and all the exquisite graces of our Lord.

The fact of the resurrection is the foundation of our faith. Because Christ lives, the victory of good over evil is absolutely assured. He made the world; He keeps it in being; He redeemed it, and He will surely keep the tenacles of evil from strangling the high and holy. Amidst the chaos of this atomic age, the risen Christ remains the "Rock of Ages," which steadies the world.

By Anne West



Do You Drive A Christian Car?

SOMEONE PRONOUNCES a benediction, and the minister takes quick strides to the vestibule to shake hands with the congregation as they file out. Rain pelts down and the walks are slippery. Grandma Wilson peers out from under her little black hat and wishes she had thought to bring her umbrella. She hopes her shoe soles will keep her from falling. What's that saying about old folks and little children being at odds with bad weather? Maybe she should have stayed at home after all and listened to a radio sermon.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Quinn come out behind Grandma Wilson. Their long black sedan is parked just around the corner. Henry's brows draw close in a frown when he remembers that he had the car washed only yesterday afternoon. It will be a pretty sight now. He makes a dash for the door, and Mrs. Quinn climbs in the front seat beside him. They pull away from the curb where Grandma Wilson stands figuring how she is going to get around a big puddle of water without taking to the mud.

Scenes like that occur time after time, all over the country, on rainy Sundays. Perhaps Mrs. Quinn had a roast in the oven that needed basting. Possibly Mr. Quinn was expecting a telephone call. Maybe they were expected out for dinner and had several miles to drive. But surely Grandma Wilson had not walked to church from a distance that would require more than two

minutes for their car to retrace. Perhaps they "did not think."

Jesus certainly taught the principle of being unselfish with possessions. A car belongs on the list of possessions as definitely as a fine house, a bank account or a field of wheat. It provides an opportunity to be gracious. It might be called an "acquired talent" with which to serve.

An automobile becomes such an accustomed necessity to the family that always has had one. Perhaps that explains why people so often fail to realize their car's possibilities in working for God, too. Henry Quinn probably gave a generous offering that same Sunday morning, but he hurried out the door of God's house and forgot that paper and coin were not legal tender for all of his responsibilities as a Christian.

God can use your car in many ways. Any car, too—not just the Imperials and the Cadillacs.

THE GRANDMA Wilsons whose pride never would let them ask to ride, if you do not think of it first, would be so glad if you did. I know one man who spends an hour and a half every Sunday morning just seeing that older people in the congregation have a way to get to the church service. First he calls them to see if they will let him come by for them, with special emphasis on the *let*. He makes it sound like a pleasure instead of a duty. If they are unable to go, he discovers that by

the call and saves himself an unnecessary trip. If they wish to go, he tells them just when he will be along, and maps his route about town so that he can manage two or three of them at a time. He finds that old people are especially nice in two respects. They are almost always ready—he rarely has to wait for them as he does for young people—and they do not mind getting to church early if he has another trip or two to make.

I know a Sunday School teacher who carries out a similar plan—with children. Almost every neighborhood has parents who would be glad for their youngsters to ride to Sunday School with you. They dislike letting them go alone, crossing streets over which Sunday traffic crowds. To help the children form the habit of attending proves one of the surest ways of getting their mothers and fathers church-minded, too.

A car does not have to be full of people to be of benefit. It can carry flowers to the morning church service, or away after the service to the homes of those who are ill.

Nor does a car have to confine its Christian service to Sundays only. The midweek meetings, the choir rehearsals, the practice nights for special programs offer occasions for service as do conventions and meetings in other towns, class parties and young people's picnics. A car shortens the distance between personal calls—and many members would be glad to help make them, if only they had some means of transportation.

A plain automobile ride, without definite destination, has lost much of its charm for people who have a car, but for people who never owned a car, a drive still marks a high in entertainment. People who go around with empty back seats in their cars on a sunny spring day, or when the hills and the fields are riotous with color in autumn, simply "do not think."

Do you drive a Christian car? Take a look at the number of miles that peep through the dashboard. How many of those miles were ticked off in Christian service? They furnish your answer.

MORE THAN TWENTY years ago, when student pastor of a rural United Brethren Church, near Delaware, Ohio, I sometimes on Saturday afternoons resorted to a shady grove close to the beautiful town of Westerville, to prepare, by meditation and prayer, for the Sunday services.

On one occasion, when sitting in a solitary place, my attention was attracted to a large-winged insect attempting to carry a burden up a ledge of rocks almost perpendicular, formed by that Being whose hand paints every flower, and shapes every leaf; who measures out the drops of every shower, the whirling snowflakes, and the sands of man's eventful life. Repeatedly it reached the height of a few feet, and as often fell helplessly down to the starting place.

Thus it continued climbing and falling, until I became intensely interested in these strange strugglings. For the unwelcome thought was suggested, that this frequent falling fitly symbolized my feeble, faltering Christian course. Yes, thought I, that is like me—winged, yet creeping—made for soaring, yet foolishly falling!

Still I watched the struggling burden-bearer and saw that when it fell, it at once regained its feet and, with unquenched zeal, turned about to try again the toilsome ascent. And then I thought, that, too, means me, for though I have failed so many times, yet, thank God, I have not given up the struggle.

At length, after nearly a score of vain attempts to reach the summit of the rock, there appeared some symptoms of discouragement, when I said, "Foolish insect! why not unfold thy wings, and fly?" But the words strangely rebounded and hit me.

Wearied now, and in despair, it seemed to feel the folly of clumsy climbing and painful falling, when God had made it for better things, and suddenly remembering it had wings, and not stopping for vain regrets over its foolish failures, it spread its wings, and mounting in the air, in a moment it was above and beyond the precipice.

"Ah!" thought I, "that does not

HELPS FOR THE TEMPTED AND TRIED



WINGS

Conducted by ALDA B. HARRISON

mean me!" And how I moaned over the stumblings of my wingless religion. How mortifying that I, a teacher in Israel, had not learned the happy art of using the God-given wings of faith and love, to fly above the rugged rocks of difficulty in the path of duty! Oh, the pain and shame of such faltering and falling! And sobbingly could I repeat the words of the Psalmist, "O, that I had wings like a dove!"

A BRIGHT SPRING DAY came, and my burdened soul, hearing the sweet invitation, "Come unto me," ventured, as a last resort, to rest on the wings of faith and love. And behold! With the first effort of the faith that works by holy love the soul began to mount and fly above the precipice of trial. Hallelujah!

And now, whenever life's path leads over arduous steeps no human strength can climb, my soul, triumphant in Christ, remembers it hath wings. My words are weak to tell the blissful change from struggling to resting, from falling to flying. When encountering the rugged steeps in the Christian path, my weary soul, for a moment forgetting heaven's gracious gift of wings, is on the point of prophecy and promise, "They shall mount up with wings as eagles!" Praise the Lord!

And though my soul began to soar on a bright May day, and now it is December, I can say with

the hymn, "*December's as pleasant as May.*"

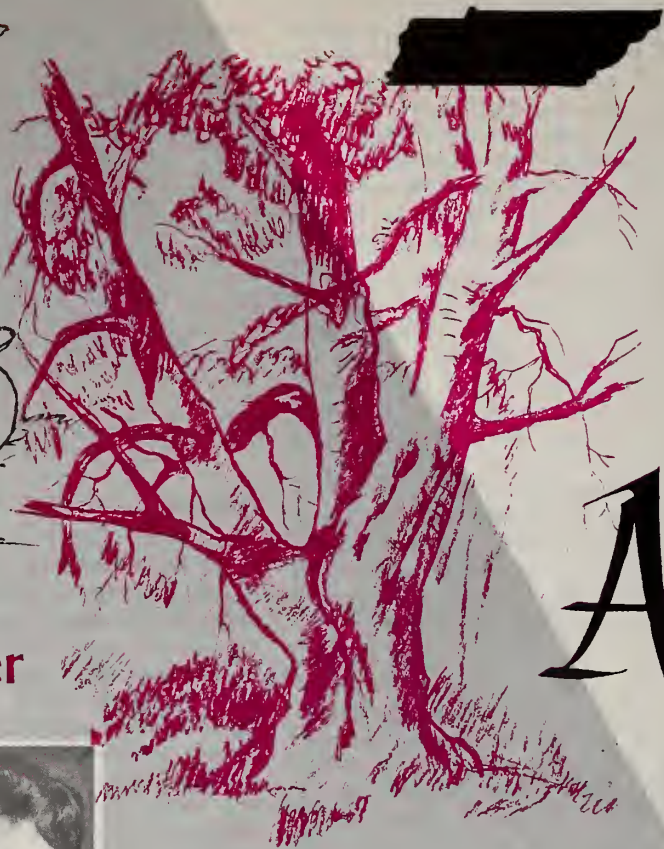
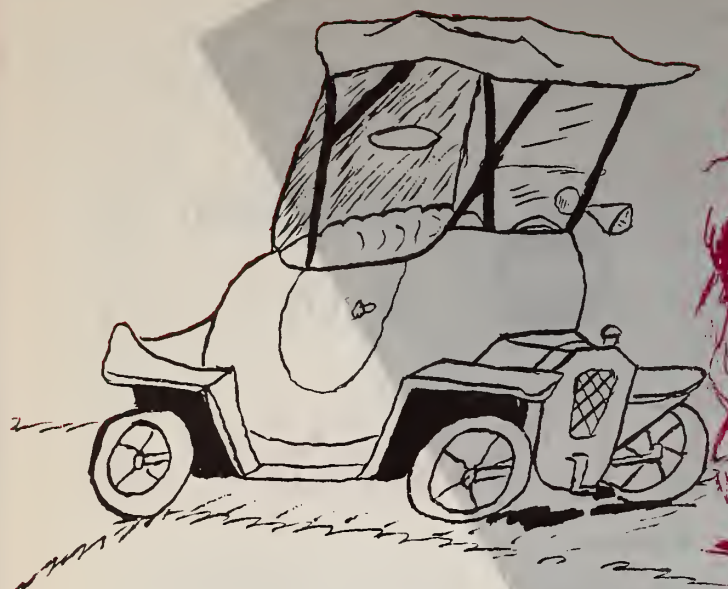
Oh, for more of the holy religion "with wings!" Oh, for the eagle-like religion that "mounts up," and lives in the free air and sunlight of God in the heavenlies, where the naturalized citizens speak always "in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs," the natural language of the fulness of the blessed Holy Spirit! Ephesians 5:18, 19.

MOST OF US LIVE too largely in the lowlands of religious experience and know nothing of the country named by St. Paul, the heavenlies. We keep on our feet, and war with the evils on the same level with ourselves. We rest on earthly props, and mortal weakness takes us, and we go down. We climb and fall. We reach the height of a few feet, and fall helplessly down to the starting place. Repeatedly we attempt to carry a burden up a ledge of rocks almost perpendicular. Our wings are down and we have strange strugglings. Our big experience does not stand a little test. We live in the level of the critics that have feet but no wings. Our expectation rests on earthly pillars of glittering professionalism. We vainly dig in the sand for a few drops of brackish water, while whole Lake Superiors of sweet, cool and living waters are flashing in the sun all around as far as the eye can reach. We are so scantily supplied that we have to go about begging a share of the world's en-

(Continued on page 23)

The Religion With

Rev. George B. Clay



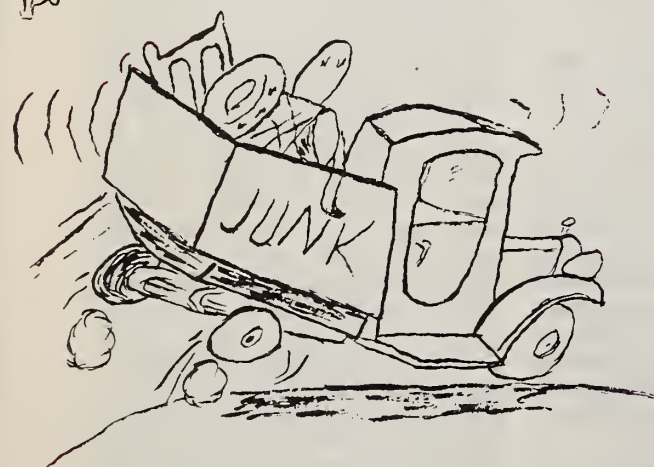
Nellita Ann Keppler

The accompanying reproductions are only a small selection from the many sketches continually being turned out by this talented young artist. Nellita Keppler was born in South Whitley, Indiana, but now resides in Cleveland, Tennessee (her father is a reputable photo-lithographer of this city). She has taken private lessons in art and received several good pointers from a local illustrator. In her spare time she engages in phototinting for her father and has become quite adept at this part-time employment. She expects to visit the Hawaiian Islands soon, and we predict that her art will take on new eminence when she is surrounded by this beautiful and exotic landscape.



Ar

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THREE CLASSES OF ITALIAN CALLIGRAPHY by Arrighi, Tagliente and Palatino. Dover Publications, Inc. New York. \$1.95. This is a facsimile edition of three famous calligraphic books from the Italian Renaissance. The basic mode of writing which they illustrate is the Chancery cursive. Other alphabets with scrolls, involutes, cartouches, borders, ornaments, monograms and many other varieties of lettering are included in this one volume. This book is an almost unlimited source of inspiration for modern lettering artists. Historical introduction by Oscar Ogg. Bibliography listing all known works of these three masters, by A. I. Johnson. 245 full-page plates.

art book review



EASTER MEDITATIONS

By Alice Whitson Norton

Could I but climb up Calvary's hill
At Easter time, when all is still,
And from Mount Olive steep and
high—

Spread my petitions on the sky,
And could I kneel where Jesus
knelt,

And know the anguish that he felt,
I think that God would lend an
ear—

And my petition clearly hear.

Yet mortal man would never dare—
To pray—as Jesus prayed up there.
That all the world through him
might win

Complete forgiveness for their sin—
The angels must have stood in
awe—

At what they heard and what they
saw.

And when the last sweet word was
said—

I seem to know—each bowed his
head.

— — —

WHAT EASTER MEANS TO ME

By Earle J. Grant

Easter used to mean to me
A blossoming dogwood tree,
Downy bunnies, gentle showers,
Fancy clothes and gay flowers.

Easter used to mean to me
Chimes ringing out merrily,
Egg hunts giving children thrills,
Heaps of unwelcome bills.

Easter used to mean to me
A spring vacation by the sea,
Counters featuring greeting cards,
New green grass upon the swards.

But now Easter means to me
The blessed Christ of Calvary
Arose from the Tomb in days of
yore

And is alive forevermore!

— — —

HE MADE GOD'S WILL HIS WILL

(Continued from page 8)

job half done. In his father's library
at home on that June day in 1849,
Hudson fell on his knees and once
again yielded his life to Christ.
From that day until 1905, it was
always, "Not I, but Christ."

Later, Hudson learned how his

mother had been obedient in pray-
ing for her son eighty miles away.
As he and his mother talked to-
gether about God's leadings, he
told her that in the study that
day, God spoke to him, saying:
"Hudson, now go to China for Me!"

In September, 1853, J. Hudson
Taylor was aboard a ship pushing
toward China. On the way, the ship
was threatened in a terrible storm.
The captain told Hudson that there
surely was danger of shipwreck.
Taylor told the captain: "I shall
arrive in China if it is God's will."

Hudson returned to his cabin and
talked to God. As he pleaded with
Him for the souls of all the people
in China so in need of spiritual
help, he asked God to change the
direction of the wind. When he
had finished praying and waiting
a while in silence before God, he
walked up on the deck, and, as
Paul of old, told the captain that
the Lord would bring them safely
through the storm without the loss
of a life.

The following March, Hudson
stepped on the soil of the country
to which he was to give nearly
fifty years of ministry. As he looked
out over the land on which he had
landed, great tears of gratitude fell
freely from his eyes, and he
thanked God for a safe voyage.

It was in 1905, after lecturing in
Europe in the interest of Chinese
missions, that Taylor returned to
China, and from that land which
he loved so well, God called him
home to his eternal reward. The
golden key to the success of this
man is that he was a man wholly
consecrated to God. His major
thought always was to be in the
center of God's will.

A DECALOG OF QUALIFICATIONS

(Continued from page 7)

glory had "departed." How often
this characterizes our ministries as
well. We touch the glory; we seek
self praise and the claim; we say,
"Look what I have done." What
utter distress this brings to God's
heart. Everything we have, every-
thing we do, everything we are be-
longs to God. Our ministries must
bring glory to the name of the
One who we are, whom we love
and whom we serve.

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SINGING STAR

TRIO

By Luther Turner



THE "SINGING STAR TRIO" was organized by Ken Apple about eleven years ago and has been in the full-time work for about six years. Ken and his wife Ernestine have always been permanent fixtures in the trio, but the third spot has been occupied by Margaret Tucker, Connie Sue Davis, and since 1956, by Glenna Lane. To keep their programs lively they sometimes add a fourth member to their group, their four-year-old son Gary!

The spark plug of the group is Ken. He plays the piano, sings tenor, arranges, emcees their program and is also manager of the group. His wife Ernestine not only sings alto, but contributes much by her faithfulness and warm per-

sonality. Glenna sings lead and is a vibrant personality, full of energy.

Besides being radio, TV and recording artists, this group has been featured in concerts, revival meetings, singing conventions, Youth for Christ rallies, camp meetings and at our last General Assembly in Memphis. They sing to some of the smallest church congregations, as well as in some of our largest auditoriums in the United States. They have sung in such places as: Masonic Temple in Detroit, Michigan; the State Coliseum in Montgomery, Alabama; Convention Hall in Tulsa, Oklahoma; Ellis Auditorium in Memphis, Tennessee, etc. They have recorded for Fortune, Bible-tone and Stateswood labels, and are currently recording for our Record Club at Lee College.

This past year was one of the greatest in the Trio's history. Ken was filled with the Holy Spirit during a revival at one of our churches, and both of the girls were filled with the Holy Spirit at Lee College, while there on a visit. The entire Trio joined the Church of God Tabernacle in Detroit. Ken's choir directing and the Trio's singing contribute much to the services every Sunday at the Tabernacle.

This consecrated and Spirit-filled group would be a tremendous blessing to any church or special occasion. They love the Lord and love the Church, and want to be backed entirely by our Church.

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ft to right: Mrs. James Armstrong, brought the most to Sunday School; Angelist John O'Bannon; James R. Hockensmith, pastor; Frank Grisham, Sunday School superintendent; Howard Chan-

unday School Group

ack row) James R. Hockensmith, pas- Wilbur Dickinson, Y.P.E. president; ie Lumpkin and Phyllis Brinegar, who in bringing the most to Y.P.E.



BROKEN RECORDS!



October was a month for breaking all records of the Myrtle Grove Church of God (on the Miami, Florida, District.)

Ground was broken for an educational building; the Sunday School record of 90 was broken with 111; the Y.P.E. record of 70 was broken with 80. The church was in a real Holy Ghost revival with Evangelist John O'Bannon breaking the Bread of Life.

The Myrtle Grove Church of God has made great progress in the past year and a half under the leadership of James R. Hockensmith as pastor. A 50 percent growth in Sunday School and Y.P.E. has been made since God sent Brother and Sister Hockensmith our way.

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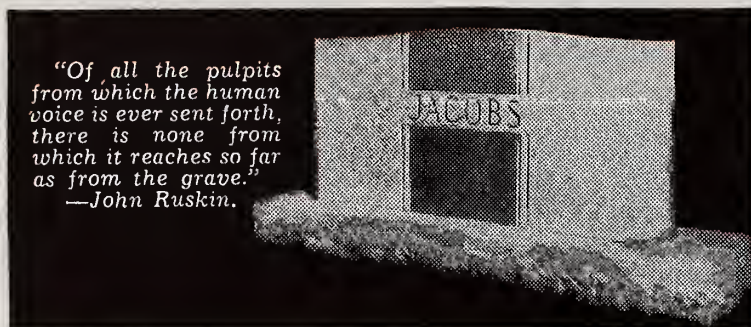
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Motor Number	2 Dr. 4 Dr.	Collision—\$50 ded. or \$100 ded.	
Your occupation		Medical—\$500 or \$1,000	
Age	Is there a male driver of this vehicle	Tow and Road Service	
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THE BIBLE AND ARCHAEOLOGY

(Continued from page 11)

Bible account of Joshua's campaigns. No letter for help was received by Pharaoh from the cities of Ai, Jericho, and Bethel. These cities were the first to be overcome, and presumably did not have opportunity to call for help. Thus the Bible is both illuminated and verified by the discovery of these royal letters.

But not all important archaeological discoveries come from beneath the ground. Facing the highway between Babylon and the Persian plateau there stands a lone rock rising to a height of about seventeen hundred feet. About three hundred feet above the plain, a large smooth surface was chiseled into the rock by the workmen of the great King Darius. This is probably one of the world's oldest and most important billboards. Here King Darius inscribed the record of his greatness. And lest there be any who would miss his message, he had his boasts inscribed in three languages, each saying the same thing.

IN 1835 HENRY Rawlinson discovered this huge inscription. During the next four years, he was able by dangling precariously over the cliff, to make plaster of Paris impressions of the inscriptions. More years were spent in an effort to decipher them.

Rawlinson first translated the Persian text. Then, since the other inscriptions appeared to tell the same story, the scholars were able to discover the secrets of the previously baffling Babylonian and Susian tongues.

Thus the billboard of Darius supplied the key to the unlocking of the meaning of thousands of cuneiform tablets which have been found in the Near and Middle East. These records in turn have greatly increased our knowledge of Mesopotamia and its continual contacts with the Hebrew nations.

Yes, from the past, even the rocks cry out to illustrate and confirm the truths of God's Holy Word.

THE RELIGION WITH WINGS

(Continued from page 17)

joyments. By reason of the narrow way through which we must force our way, we are afraid that in entering the heavenlies we will lose too much of our idolized earthlies. We like the level of nature. People call us "mad" because we do not stay on foot, in their level of sanity. We creep or grovel in worldliness, or crouch in bondage to man or demons, and do not migrate to the salubrious climes of the heavenlies. We follow the multitude to do evil, and with the multitude we shall perish. It costs nothing to be just such a Christian as the average of those around us. But to pass from the nominal indifference of this age to the entire and devoted Christianity of the New Testament is a mighty stride.

It is the eagle Christian that soars to the higher altitudes, where clouds and mists never obscure the vision, where giant mountains push their shoulders through the raging storm, and where the eye sweeps the field of space that is as boundless as a sea without a shore. Such an one has a citizenship in the heavenlies. He catches the inspiration from the indwelling Holy Spirit. He has more than a traveler's interest in the heavenlies, this veritable terra firma, and becomes a naturalized citizen and settles down in it for life. Holiness is the only gate into this blessed land. For the terms of admission into this high and serene Christian experience see Ephesians 1:3, 4.

SILHOUETTE OF PEACE

(Continued from page 13)

near, "Isn't that Ole Ben Thompson that just came in?"

"I believe it is, but what's happened to him? He looks different."

After the program was over the youth leader asked if anyone had a testimony to give. Ole Ben got slowly to his feet, looked all around him, then back at the leader and said, "Yes, I have a testimony. Twenty years ago I began a campaign to try to keep churches out

of this neighborhood. I hated churches; I hated Christians; I hated religion. But last Tuesday night something happened that has changed my mind; in fact, it has changed my whole life." Then quickly he related the happenings of that night—the visit of the six young people, the dream, the final awakening, the cross silhouetted against the sky, and the prayer that he had had on his knees by his bed.

"And now," he said, his voice husky with emotion, "I want to try to undo all the harm that I have done in keeping churches out of this neighborhood. I'm going to use my influence to try to get a church built on every corner in the neighborhood. I'm going to pay for the first one myself, and I hope they put crosses on top of every one of them."

After Ole Ben had finished there were a lot of tear-filled eyes. The pastor rose to his feet and said, "I think we should all just raise our hearts toward heaven and thank God for the cross, not only the one atop the church, but the one that stood on Golgotha's hill, silhouetted against a storm-filled sky with lightning flashing around it—the one which brings peace to a troubled world. Let us pray."

THE PROMISE OF EASTER

(Continued from page 5)

No! No! his heart protested. No! Louder and clearer came, "Up from the grave He arose, with a mighty triumph o'er his foes."

Mr. Lambert put his hand on Hal's shoulder. "Son, she is with Him, whom she loved. God has given you a greater answer than the answer to one prayer. He has given you the eternal promise of Easter."

"And He lives forever with His saints to reign," the joyous refrain filled the room.

Hal's body shook with the sob of a strong man, but his heart was at peace as the voices rose higher and higher—

"He arose! Hallelujah! Christ arose!"

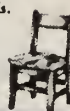


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SUNDAY SCHOOL

O. W. POLEN, Director

SUPPLEMENT

"I Am A Departmental Sunday School Superintendent"

By Frank Lewis

Middletown, Ohio



I HAVE BEEN a Christian for sixteen years, and I have been in Sunday School work for the past eleven years. I surely enjoy working with our general superintendent, Brother Thorton McCalin. We work together as a team with the other superintendents.

We have five departmental superintendents in our Sunday School. They are as follows: Adult, Youth, Junior, Primary and Beginner. Since our Bible Class has increased in attendance, we felt it was necessary to have a departmental superintendent for that class also.

In our Sunday School, the Clayton Street Church of God, Middletown, Ohio, the duties of the superintendent of the Bible Class are a little different in that he is responsible to contact the absentees or either appoint a committee to contact them. The other departmental superintendents have their teachers select a committee for contacting the absentees. We have three ways of contact; first, by telephone; second, to write absentee cards; third, to visit them personally. We also mail visitor cards and letters to the new scholars in our

Sunday School. After they have attended three Sundays, they are enrolled as a regular member in our Sunday School.

A Sunday School cannot be conducted by one individual. Each person plays an important part. The Sunday School grows as large as the members make it grow by praying and working together. It starts with the pastor, then the general superintendent and on to the departmental superintendents, the teachers and students. We believe by everyone on the Sunday School staff working hand in hand, great results can be experienced.

I think every Sunday School, which is large enough, should have departmental superintendents, because the general superintendent does not have time to perform all the Sunday School duties himself. Each superintendent should be certain that each class has a teacher, and the teacher should always be on time. Every class should have proper literature and supplies in the classroom before the beginning of the class, and they should have enough for each student.

Each departmental superintendent should be responsible for the classes in his department, and he

should be certain that each teacher is doing his job well. He should also know whether the teacher appointed to the class is qualified, because a class with an unqualified teacher may decrease in attendance, thereby injuring the entire Sunday School. Each teacher in the class should be filled with the Holy Ghost and should be willing to sacrifice from six to eight hours a week, or more, in the interest of his class. Teachers should study, they should visit their students, they should fast and pray. They should desire to see their entire class saved by the grace of God. The departmental superintendent should also be interested in the souls of men and women. He should not hold this position unless he is willing to work hard and pray for the teachers in his department that they may lead souls to Christ.

As a departmental superintendent, I seek the guidance of God. I feel that without the Lord leading and guiding me, I would be a complete failure. The Spirit of God is needed in each department if it is to operate successfully. Each departmental superintendent should desire and seek more of the pres-

ence of God in order to be an effective departmental superintendent. The prayer of each departmental superintendent should be that the unsaved scholar in his department will find Christ, and that all scholars will learn the Word of God.

Each teacher has just as important a job as the pastor, because there are people who come to Sunday School who probably never attend any other church service or who never hear or read the Word of God. Therefore, they accept what the teacher tells them. There has been a number of people saved through our Sunday School. As a rule, people start going to Sunday School before they ever attend any other church service. Each Sunday School class is like an individual church. You might ask me, "Do I believe in numbers?" Yes, I surely do, because the larger the number, the more you can teach the Word of God and the more souls you can help.

The responsibility of the departmental superintendent to the general superintendent is very great. We should notify him if, at any time, we will not be present for Sunday School. We should always be on time and be there before Sunday School begins, to get everything ready and in order for our department. If each one satisfactorily performs his duty, then the load is not too great for the general superintendent. Each officer in our Sunday School works together with our pastor, the Rev.

H. C. Jenkins, whom we love very much. We are expecting to be the largest Sunday School in the nation. Our work and trust in the Lord and in prayer and fasting are very successful.

I feel that through our Sunday School, we are reaching people whom we might not reach otherwise. We are teaching our children the Word of God. We are attempting to put a desire in their hearts to become Christians.

Some of the duties of the successful, departmental superintendent are:

- (1) Be on time
- (2) Wear a smile
- (3) Have Holy Ghost-filled teachers
- (4) Pray for your teachers
- (5) Have interested teachers
 - (a) The teacher interested in the class
 - (b) The student interested in the teacher
- (6) Be sure absentees are contacted
- (7) Be sure that literature and supplies are in the classroom prior to the beginning of the class and that enough material is available for each student.
- (8) Co-operate with the General Sunday School Superintendent in a training program for the teachers.
- (9) Strive for a well-organized and efficiently-operated department.

I believe to be a successful departmental superintendent, we must furnish the man and God will furnish the grace.

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St. Louis, Missouri
Farmers' Union Bldg.
Minot, North Dakota

Date

Mar. 12-14
Mar. 26-28
April 9-11
April 22-24
April 30-May 2

Youth Wants To Know

By Avis Swiger

Question: Do you think that a Christian can stay saved and still go to basketball and football games? I don't think they can stay consecrated to the Lord and attend such worldly things.—M.M.

Answer: Dear M.M., You were not really asking me a question but seemed to expect me to defend those who do attend the games. I have no defense to make for them because I fear that many who attend public games are doing so because they have lost their first love. However, I cannot condemn the sport as sinful. Basketball is good exercise and if played in the right attitude and circumstances I see no harm. Where Christians form teams and play for the sport of it and dress decently they will not be harmed and those watching would not be injured in any way.

But I am sure you referred to public gyms and games where there is foul language, drinking and such. That influence is always harmful and each church should plan a program of recreation for the young people so they would not need to go to such places for entertainment.

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Miss Nina Black (18)
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Miss Phyllis Black (16)
Carriers Mills
Illinois

Miss Joan Quensenberry (13)
Box 173
Elkhorn, West Virginia

Miss Shirley Mabe (14)
Box 314
Clinton, Tennessee

Miss Elizabeth Childers (27)
1928 Church Street
Greensboro, North Carolina

Miss Wilma Bailey (13)
503 Spangler Street
Willard, Ohio

Gerald Wright (14)
14 Washington Street
Willard, Ohio

Miss Jeanette Kennard (15)
Route 2
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Miss Sandra Hamons (16)
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Willard, Ohio

Miss Linda Booth (13)
1607 20th Avenue
North Port, Alabama

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Djaksa 17
Djakarta, Indonesia

Winnny Watung (14, Female)
Djaksa 17
Djakarta, Indonesia

Otty Watung (20, Female)
Djaksa 17
Djakarta, Indonesia

W. B. Gerungan (Male)
Djoko 23
Palembang, Indonesia

Sunday School

and Youth work

Statistics

BY O. W. POLEN, NATIONAL
S. S. AND YOUTH DIRECTOR

SUNDAY SCHOOL Average Weekly Attendance December, 1958

500 and Over	
Greenville (Tremont Avenue), S. C.	735
Middletown (Clayton St.), Ohio	549
400 - 499	
Hamilton (7th and Chestnut Sts.), Ohio	437
300 - 399	
Kannapolis, North Carolina	399
South Gastonia, North Carolina	369
North Chattanooga, Tennessee	368
Cincinnati (12th and Elm), Ohio	364
North Cleveland, Tennessee	354
Detroit Tabernacle, Detroit, Michigan	340
Anderson (McDuffie St.), S. C.	324
Monroe (4th Street), Michigan	321
Alabama City, Alabama	300
Rock Hill, South Carolina	300
Biltmore, North Carolina	300
Charlotte, North Carolina	300
200 - 299	
West Flint, Michigan	299
Wilmington, North Carolina	293
St. Louis (Grand Ave.), Missouri	288
Sumiton, Alabama	287
South Lebanon, Ohio	287
Erwin, North Carolina	278
Pontiac, Michigan	277
Austin, Indiana	270
Pulaski, Virginia	267
Whitwell, Tennessee	265
Somerset, Kentucky	262
Langley, South Carolina	253
Louisville (Highland Park), Kentucky	252
Daisy, Tennessee	250
Goldsboro, North Carolina	246
Canton (9th and Gibbs), Ohio	245
Mercersburg, Pennsylvania	241
Fort Mill, South Carolina	240
Warwick, Virginia	236
South Rocky Mount, North Carolina	234
Dayton (Oakridge Drive), Ohio	230
Dallas, North Carolina	229
St. Louis (Gravois Ave.), Missouri	228
Dayton (East 4th Street), Ohio	227
Paris, Texas	226
East Laurinburg, North Carolina	225
Van Dyke, Michigan	220
Lenoir, North Carolina	218
Nashville (Meridian St.), Tennessee	216
Lenoir City, Tennessee	210
St. Louis (Northside), Missouri	210
Belton, South Carolina	208
Akron (East Market), Ohio	207
Birmingham (Pike Avenue), Alabama	206
North Birmingham, Alabama	204
Lancaster, South Carolina	203
Gastonia (Ranlo), North Carolina	200
125 - 199	
Columbia, South Carolina	197
Greenwood, South Carolina	196
Gastonia (West), North Carolina	195
Lowell, North Carolina	195
Greenville (Woodside), South Carolina	195
Baldwin Park, California	194
South Cleveland, Tennessee	191
Wilson, North Carolina	189
Dallas, Texas	189
West Indianapolis, Indiana	188
Columbus (Freble Ave.), Ohio	187
Phoenix (44th St.), Arizona	187
Birmingham (South Park), Alabama	185
Chattanooga (4th St.), Tennessee	185
Crichton, Alabama	181
Radford, Virginia	181
Williamsburg, Pennsylvania	181
Knoxville (8th Ave.), Tennessee	180

Eldorado, Illinois	180
Charleston (King St.), South Carolina	178
Logan, West Virginia	178
Fayetteville, North Carolina	177
Delbarton, West Virginia	177
Dressen, Kentucky	175
Greenville, North Carolina	174
Lumberton, North Carolina	174
Chattanooga (East Ridge), Tennessee	174
Anniston, Alabama	173
Wyandotte, Michigan	173
La Follette, Tennessee	172
Princeton, West Virginia	172
Greenville (Park Place), South Carolina	170
Dyersburg, Tennessee	170
Honea Path, South Carolina	168
McColl, South Carolina	167
York, South Carolina	165
Parkersburg, West Virginia	165
Norfolk, Virginia	164
Huntington, West Virginia	163
West Danville, Virginia	163
Greer, South Carolina	161
Lebanon, Pennsylvania	160
Dayton, Tennessee	158
Georgetown, South Carolina	157
Jackson, Tennessee	155
Seneca, South Carolina	153
McKinnleyville, California	152
Buhl, Alabama	152
Walhalla No. 1, South Carolina	152
Knoxville (West), Tennessee	151
Cramerton, North Carolina	150
Elkins, West Virginia	150
Pelzer, South Carolina	149
Bristol, Tennessee	148
Winchester, Kentucky	147
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Pinson Fork, Kentucky	132
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Memphis (Mississippi Blvd.), Tennessee	125
Madisonville, Tennessee	125
Torrance, California	125
Port Huron, Michigan	125
Lancaster, Ohio	125
South Boston, Virginia	125
Marked Tree, Arkansas	125

Birmingham (South Park), Alabama	463
Summit, Illinois	450
Eldorado, Illinois	312
Columbia, South Carolina	310
Dothan, Alabama	216

TEN STATES HIGHEST IN HOME DEPARTMENTS

South Carolina	45
Alabama	38
West Virginia	35
Ohio	29
Florida	23
North Carolina	20
Kentucky	17
Arkansas	17
California	15
Pennsylvania	14

REPORT OF NEW SUNDAY SCHOOLS

Branch Sunday Schools organized since June 30, 1958	28
Branch Sunday Schools reported as of December 31, 1958	740
New Sunday Schools organized since June 30, 1958	35
Total Sunday Schools organized since June 30, 1958 (Branch and New)	63

Y.P.E.

December, 1958

Average Weekly Attendance 200 and Over

Middletown (Clayton St.), Ohio	280
Home for Children	226
Dallas, Texas	223
Erwin, North Carolina	213
Mercersburg, Pennsylvania	211
Anniston, Alabama	210
Woodruff, South Carolina	200
Dayton (East 4th), Ohio	197
Gastonia (South), North Carolina	188
Warwick, Virginia	179
Dressen, Kentucky	170
Goldsboro, North Carolina	160
Lumberton, North Carolina	157
Van Dyke, Michigan	154
Zion Ridge, Alabama	153
Langley, South Carolina	152

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Jonesboro, Alabama	147
McKinnleyville, California	143
Hamilton (7th and Chestnut), Ohio	140
Dallas, North Carolina	139
Lakedale, North Carolina	139
Winchester, Kentucky	137
Cincinnati (12th and Elm), Ohio	137
Logan, West Virginia	136
Sumiton, Alabama	131
Benson, North Carolina	129
Bethel, North Carolina	129
Fort Worth (Riverside), Texas	129
Cawood, Kentucky	128
Austin, Indiana	128
Pontiac, Michigan	124
North Birmingham, Alabama	123
Battle Creek, Michigan	123
Whitwell, Tennessee	122
Pulaski, Virginia	122
Houston No. 2, Texas	120
Tvler, Texas	120
Loxley, Alabama	119
Blackville, South Carolina	118
Louisville (Highland Park), Kentucky	118
Empire, Alabama	117
Rockingham, North Carolina	117
Athens, Tennessee	116
Dayton (Oakridge Drive), Ohio	115
East Los Angeles, California	115
East Bernstadt, Kentucky	115
Couches Fork, Kentucky	115
Greenville (Tremont Ave.), South Carolina	114
Patetown, North Carolina	113
West Hillsboro, North Carolina	112
Marlinton, West Virginia	111
North Summit, Arkansas	111
Williamsburg, Pennsylvania	108
Fresno Temple, California	107
Benton Illinois	107
Lipscomb, Alabama	106
Stinnett, Kentucky	106
Cottonwood, Texas	106
Marfrance, West Virginia	105
Indio, California	105
Evarts, Kentucky	105
Crumbly Chapel, Alabama	104
McFarland, California	103
Prichard, Alabama	101
Mineral Wells, Texas	101
Detroit Tabernacle, Michigan	100

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East Chattanooga, Tennessee	99
New Orleans (Spain St.), Louisiana	99
Kenosha, Wisconsin	99
West Frankfort, Illinois	98
North Cleveland, Tennessee	97
Lenoir City, Tennessee	97
Oakley, California	96
Tucson, Arizona	96
Clyde, South Carolina	95
Christopher, Kentucky	95
Harlan, Kentucky	95
Abbs Valley, Virginia	95
Paris, Texas	95
Torrance, California	94
Parrott, Virginia	94
Bradford, Alabama	93
Thomasville, Alabama	93
Inman, South Carolina	93
Combs, Kentucky	93
Ravenna, Kentucky	91
Chandler, Arizona	91
Canton (9th and Gibbs), Ohio	90
Hamilton (Paducah), Ohio	90
Bedford, Virginia	90
Greenville (Park Place), South Carolina	89
Bancroft, Tennessee	89
Louisville (Faith Temple), Kentucky	89
Carbon Hill, Alabama	88
Burlington, North Carolina	87
East Laurinburg, North Carolina	87
Slater, South Carolina	87
East Gadsden, Alabama	86
North Prichard, Alabama	86
Lynch, Kentucky	86
Hugo, Oklahoma	86
Kimberly, Alabama	85
Porterville, California	85
Perdido, Alabama	83
Community, North Carolina	83
Dayton, Tennessee	83
Plasterco, Virginia	83
South Phoenix, Arizona	83
Tabor City, North Carolina	82
Hamilton (Kenworth), Ohio	82
Clayton, North Carolina	81
Concord, North Carolina	81
Rock Hill, South Carolina	81
Parkersburg, West Virginia	81
Princeton, West Virginia	80
Marietta, Ohio	80
Elkhart, Indiana	80
Birmingham (Pike Ave.), Alabama	79
Zion, Alabama	79
Chattanooga (4th St.), Tennessee	79
East Belmont, North Carolina	78
Four Oaks, North Carolina	78
Lacoma, North Carolina	78
Troutmans, North Carolina	78
Enoree, South Carolina	78
Modesto, California	78
Salinas, California	78
Wasco, California	78
Cincinnati (Hatmaker), Ohio	78
Crichton, Alabama	77
Mt. Airy, North Carolina	77
Fresno (Harvey-Millbrook), California	77
Findlay, Ohio	77
Lawton, Oklahoma	77
Piedmont, Alabama	76
Washington, North Carolina	76
Soiway, Tennessee	76
Charleston, West Virginia	76
Bakersfield, California	76
Monroe, Virginia	76
Creal Springs, Illinois	76
Phoenix (East), Arizona	76
Wilmington (21st St.), North Carolina	75
North Nashville, Tennessee	75
Leachville, Arkansas	75
Wichita (South Santa Fe), Kansas	75

SPIRITUAL RESULTS AMONG OUR YOUTH December, 1958

Saved	1,382
Sanctified	538
Filled With the Holy Ghost	358
Added to the Church	430
Since June 30, 1958	
Saved	15,190
Sanctified	6,017
Filled With the Holy Ghost	4,633
Added to the Church	4,620

REPORT OF NEW Y.P.E.'S

New Y.P.E.'s organized since June 30, 1958	50
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CORRECTION

The Landis, North Carolina, Church of God had an average Sunday School attendance of 147 for the month of October. —Robert Hart, Youth Director.

NATION'S TOP TEN IN HOME DEPARTMENT ATTENDANCE

Total Monthly Attendance for December	
Greenville (Tremont Avenue), South Carolina	8,047
Nashville (Meridian St.), Tennessee	680
Kannapolis, North Carolina	575
Lumberton, North Carolina	491
Urichsville, Ohio	484

"LIVING FOR JESUS IN THE SPACE AGE"

1959
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All planned, all Bible and all inter-related. Teaches God's Word in a dynamic, winning way.



Nursery—"Loving and Pleasing Jesus" (3's and 4's)

Program altogether different from that of any other age group. Teach with confidence during arrival time, fascinating, part-prose, part-song sing-me-a-story-time, brief but meaningful worship, fun-to-sing-and-act-out motion songs, thrilling handwork time, relaxing lunch time, and the climactic activity-book time. Handwork is easy with tailor-made packets of prepared paper. Contain all the brightly colored paper and patterns necessary.

Beginner—"We Learn About Jesus" (four- and five-year-olds)

Nursery and Beginner children will want to hear again and again the stories about Jesus as a baby, then as a child their size, as a boy who talked to wise teachers in God's house, and finally, as a man and about the wonderful things He did.

Primary—"The Lord is my Shepherd" (six- to eight-year-olds). Primaries are delighted to "belong." They really mean it when they sing "Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are." Through pictures and objects they'll learn to appreciate how people are like sheep and the use of the shepherd's sling, rod and staff.

Junior—"The Christian's Birth and Growth" (9-to-11-year-olds). Lessons preparing juniors to live for Jesus in an age when men are planning to travel

through the stratosphere and beyond. His many-sided character and ministry are seen in the Gospel of John.

Intermediate—"Answering God's Call" (Young Teens). Intermediates and young people learn various ways in which God calls His workers; background of pioneer missionaries and of rewards for faithful workers. They are challenged to witness for Jesus in this age of space exploration.

Young People and Adults—Choice of three courses: "Bible and Bible Proofs," "Fruits of the Spirit," and "Answering God's Call."

Special Introductory Packet—This packet includes five teacher's manuals, five pupil's workbooks; contents sheet for young people and adults; handcraft packets for nursery, beginner and primary; information on new package handcraft for junior and intermediate; 1959 Guidebook and samples of publicity items \$3.15.
Individual Teacher's Books each 40c
Pupil's Books each 25c
Nursery and Beginner Handwork each 25c
Primary Handwork Packet each 25c

Helpful Auxiliary Items

"Christmas" Suede-graph \$1.25
(Beginners)
"Zacchaeus" Suede-graph (Beginners) \$1.25
"Easter" Suede-graph (Beginners) \$1.25
"Good Shepherd" Suede-graph \$1.25
(Primary)
"Fruits of the Spirit" Gospel Graph \$2.25
(Intermediate)

Posters

No. 8232 On Your Mark each 10c
No. 8309 All Aboard each 10c
No. 8186 It's Time each 10c
No. 8150 Get Into Orbit each 15c

Dodgers

No. 8187 It's Time pkg. 70c
No. 8151 Get Into Orbit pkg. 70c

Invitation Post Card

No. 8188 It's Time pkg. 70c
No. 8150 Get Into Orbit pkg. 75c

Doorknob Hangers

No. 8154 Get Into Orbit pkg. \$1.50

Recruiter's Badge

No. 8155 Get Into Orbit pkg. \$1.15
No. 8192 It's Time pkg. \$1.15
No. 8235 On Your Mark pkg. .95
No. 8306 Come On, Let's Go pkg. .95

Headbands

No. 8236 On Your Mark pkg. \$1.00
No. 8189 It's Time pkg. \$1.25
No. 8307 All Aboard pkg. \$1.25

Balloons

No. 8293 All Aboard doz. 60c
No. 8191 It's Time gross \$6.75
No. 8156 Airship pkg. \$1.00
Get Into Orbit (24") 25c

Decoration Kit

No. 8274 All Aboard \$1.50
No. 8193 Exploring God's Wonders \$1.50

VACATION BIBLE SCHOOL ORDER BLANK

	Teacher \$.45	Pupils \$.25	Handwork Pockets	Total	
NURSERY					Ship To:
BEGINNER					Church _____ Serial No. _____
PRIMARY					Name _____
JUNIOR					Address _____
INTERMEDIATE					City _____ State _____
YOUNG PEOPLE					Postor's Signature _____
					Clerk's Signature _____

Journeylog (Free)

How-to-do-it Book, 35c

Decoration Kit, \$1.50

Advertising Helps: Buttons—Invitations—Record Cards—Certificates

Items	Posters	Dodgers	Postcards	Buttons	Balloons	Headbands	Pupil Certificates	Enrollment Cards	Sample Kits
	\$.15 each	\$.70/100	\$ 1.50/100	\$.95/50	\$.60/12	\$ 1.00/50	\$.05 each	\$.75/100	\$ 3.15
Quantity

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Charlotte, N. C.

APRIL, 1959

The **LIGHTED** *Pathway*

DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR



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YOUTH WANTS TO KNOW

By Avis Swiger

Dear T. C. E.

As the poet said—"Life is real; life is earnest," you are rather young to be learning its disappointments, but God knows what is best for each one of us. He has promised that He will not allow us to be hurt (tempted) above that which we are able to bear. Each test that we overcome makes us stronger in Him. Someday you will understand better why these heart-aches came your way and then you will be glad that God prepared you in just the way He did.

Above everything, never let down on your Christian ideals. Hold to them in spite of what life may try to do to you. You be true to God, and He will never fail you. When the proper time comes for you to marry, you will find a man who will love the Lord and who will be faithful to you.

PEN PALS

Miss Mary Lynn Sellick (15)
Monroe, Virginia

Miss Martha Ellen Sellick (14)
Box 6
Monroe, Virginia

Miss Lillie Morgan (35)
Route 1, Box 76 B
Silas, Alabama

Miss Alene Hale (18)
Route 1
Plymouth, Ohio

Terry Cross (12)
Box 97
Cohutta, Georgia

Miss Patricia Ann Cross (14)
Box 97
Cohutta, Georgia

Mrs. Vallie Thomas (Widow—51)
17 Broadway Avenue
Rossville, Georgia

Mrs. Sarah Brom (Widow—43)
5930 Huron
Taylor, Michigan

(Continued on page 20)



Vol. 30 APRIL No. 4

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Subscription Rates

Single Subscriptions, per year . . . \$1.50
Rolls of 10 1.00
Single Copies15

Published monthly at the Church of God Publishing House, Cleveland, Tenn. All materials intended for publication in The LITHTED PATHWAY should be addressed to Lewis J. Willis, Editor. All inquiries concerning subscriptions should be addressed to Bookkeeping Department, Church of God Publishing House, Cleveland, Tennessee.

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Regional Sunday School Conventions

VERY PROBABLY, history will reveal that the Sunday School and Youth Conventions have proved to be one of the truly significant contributions to our denomination. Few programs have done as much to focus attention upon the urgent needs of the Church in the general fields of Christian education, leadership training and basic evangelism. Adding stature to the value of the conventions has been the honest attempt to provide a practical provision for each need. While it would be foolish to presume that all the needs have been met, there is sufficient reason to believe that great accomplishments have been made.

The tremendous advances made in the areas of Vacation Bible School, Children's Church, Youth Camps, Teachers' Training, Sunday School Departmentalization, and many other projects, emphasize the importance of the conventions. Only a few years ago, some of these projects were virtually unknown among many of our churches. Even though a great many of the congregations have not as yet incorporated some of these projects into their church programs, they are aware of them now and will doubtlessly adopt them eventually.

Without doubt, the workshop plan has caused the conventions to be

more effective. The basis of this plan was to secure for each project the most competent people available to direct group-participation in "How to do it" sessions. During these meetings, problems are analyzed and solved from the standpoint of practicality and experience.

THERE IS ALSO the matter of inspiration and challenge which comes from an exchange of ideas. Because of the discussions encouraged during the convention sessions, the delegates have an opportunity to receive knowledge about the plans of procedure and consequential successes from other folk. There is also the stimulation of making a contribution to the session by presenting a plan which worked back home. Emerging from such meetings, the delegate has the feeling of being a vital part of a tremendous enterprise. He returns home to invest his new knowledge and inspiration in the local church.

These conventions have been scheduled for every two years. The year 1959 is the time when the tremendous wealth of practical helps and marvelous inspiration will again be made available to the people. Much planning and preparation have been made to assure the greatest conventions in our history. This year a selected group of in-

structors will form a caravan to all the conventions. Enlarged display facilities are expected to allow a much greater exhibit section which will doubtlessly add to the delight and benefit of the delegates. Actually, nothing is being left undone which would enhance the effectiveness of the conventions.

In order to assist as many persons as possible, ten conventions have been scheduled in strategic areas in the United States. At the time I write this editorial, the fifth convention is in progress at Salem, Oregon. I believe all who have attended these conventions will agree that they have proved the most successful yet. Both attendance and interest have been unusual. Very probably the attendance will far exceed any record set in previous conventions.

Some of the new features this year are: Two "Institutes," "The Voice of Sunday School and Y.P.E.," "A Tour Through Sunday School Land," "Workers Together" (A panel of General Church Department Heads), "Teenerama"; and in each convention, one of the Executive Committee Members speaks to the convention. By all standards, these meetings are providing choice helps to Sunday School and youth workers. Every church should be sure to have delegates in the convention nearest to them.

"Hold your candle high, Connie. 'He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love.'"



Question of

AS SHE WALKED from the Boggs' house, Connie Lenday could see young Tom Boggs and Estel Hollinger playing baseball in the yard. The boys were getting in some beautiful pitches—while it was still winter, Connie smiled, thinking of the spring days ahead. She continued on up Congress Street.

"Slumming again?" The voice was lazily taunting. Connie looked up to see Pauline Hollinger walking toward her. Pauline was stunning as usual—jet black hair that gleamed like silk beneath her modish cloche and eyes as subtle as her perfume.

"Oh — Pauline!" Connie said "How nice to meet you. Look—" She opened her coat. "Gretchen Boggs just made over this dress for me. How do you like it?"

"Hmmmmm." Pauline's subtle eyes narrowed appraisingly. "Gretchen does have a flair for style. But, Connie, it's all such a waste of time."

"You mean remodeling a dress?"

Pauline laughed. "No, you idiot, I mean trying to help the Boggs. Before you came to Tallmadge Joe Boggs was the town drunk. That's putting it in a vulgar manner but it's the truth."

"Joe hasn't touched a drop in two months," Connie protested. "He is working steadily at Plant Two, and the Boggs family attend church regularly."

"Ah, I thought that was coming." Pauline turned to walk along beside her. "For you and Nick, it's nothing but church and Bible reading and this do-gooding. The Blanes had a cocktail party last

week—were you there? Oh, no, you and Nick were too busy getting families like the Boggs to go to church. Connie, listen! Nick is a new chemist just starting out in the company. Contacts with the right people are all-important to him now. Why waste Nick's time or your own on anyone like the Boggs? Joe will eventually return to his drinking and your shoulder is going to grow mighty damp from Gretchen's tears. Your purse will be empty too."

I wonder if Pauline knows that her son is playing with Tom Boggs right this minute, Connie thought. Best to say nothing. She smiled and said, "Neither Nick nor I drink. We never have. We wouldn't know how to behave at a cocktail party. I guess it's because we have our roots in church work. I wished you'd come to the services with us tonight."

Pauline threw up her hands. "Connie, you're hopeless! All you need is a hair-shirt and a louder voice to cry, *Repent—the kingdom of heaven is at hand!*"

"Well, it is," Connie said soberly and tears stung her eyes.

SHE WAS NEW to Tallmadge. She wanted desperately to have the wives of the other chemists to like her. They were a lively group of women only slightly older than she. Most of them, with the exception of Pauline, *did* attend church. That didn't make them sobersides, only neighborly helpers—couldn't Pauline understand that?

Over the supper table in her new little house, Connie reported the whole episode to Nick. "There was

Pauline criticizing me for helping the Boggs and Estel, her own son, was in the Boggs' yard playing with Tom. Of course, I didn't tell Pauline that. I have an idea Pauline has forbidden Estel to play with Tom."

Nick grinned. He was a big man with the shoulders of a football tackle but his voice was low and gentle. "As long as Congress Street is practically in the back yard of our Ferncliff Drive, Estel is bound to choose a chum or two there. You hold your candle high, Connie. *'He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love.'*"

"But, Nick, I like Pauline. I want to see her come into our church and do some of the things we do there, share our fun and the inspiration that we have, too."

"Only one way you can convince a woman like Pauline, honey." Nick squeezed her hand across the table. "That's by example. Show Pauline what a Christian is. In time, she'll understand and follow."

Patience — Connie needed that desperately in the weeks ahead. She met Pauline often. In a town that was as small as Tallmadge it was difficult not to. A company dinner—a meeting of the Garden Club—the neighborhood heart drive. She learned to smile when Pauline teased her about her convictions. She made the extra effort to be kinder and more cheerful.

The other women were patronizing Gretchen Boggs regularly, finding her modish alterations of their dresses and suits to their liking. Finally, Connie had her big opportunity. Pauline, dropping into her house one rainy afternoon, was disconsolate. "Oh, Connie, what am I going to do? Fred absolutely forbids my buying another dress and here's the Van Wert wedding coming up and my Daradanel is old hat."

"The fabric is beautiful," said Connie. "Why not let Gretchen modernize it for you."

"I like Gretchen's work," Pauline admitted grudgingly. "Still the wedding is Saturday. Do you suppose Gretchen could have it done in time?"

"Let's go fetch your dress and

(Continued on page 22)

Faith

By Irma Hegel

Pauline would
not believe that Joe
Boggs had really
been genuinely
converted until a
near
tragedy opened
her eyes, then she
believed—



Telling the world who we are!



Plenty of food too!



Boarding the plane for Nassau

Diary of the Touring Choir

ME AH AH AH"! If you have passed by the music building anytime during last winter, you might have heard strange noises such as these coming from within. This probably was Professor A. T. Humphries and his Touring Choir preparing for one of the greatest expositions of sacred music that Lee College has ever known.

The pre-tour series of appearance began in Calhoun, Georgia, and Chattanooga, Tennessee. This experience was an unforgettable one for the choir because we learned a lesson—unless we pray consistently and remain in unity and one accord our ministry through music will fail.

Mr. Humphries, Mr. R. L. Platt and several other members of the administration worked diligently and on faith alone to arrange for over a 2000-mile tour through Georgia, Florida and the oldest mission field in the Church of God—Nassau, Bahamas.

Saturday morning, December 1, the choir launched their risers, suitcases, and the like upon the great Tennessee Coach that was to be our home for the next twelve thrilling days. Excitement filled the

air as tears flowed freely from roommates, friends and others who had to stay behind. An air of ecstasy filled each member of the choir as our minds raced anxiously into the days to come. What blessings were in store! Oh, our minds could not possibly conceive what God had planned for us.

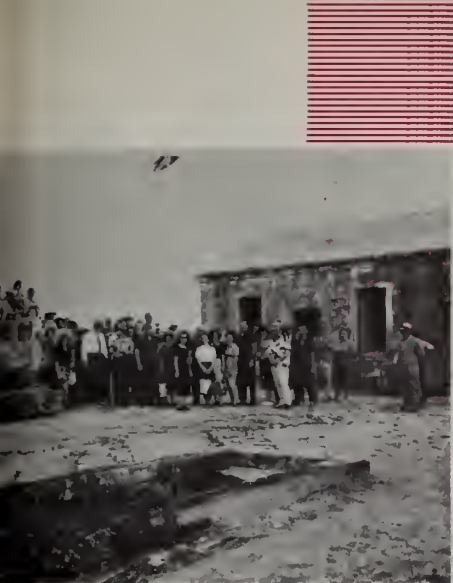
The churches we visited gave us a fine welcome. Our first appearance was in Augusta, Georgia, where the choir graciously received a big supper and wonderful Georgia hospitality. The rafters of the church in Savannah, Georgia, swelled with the praises of the most high, as the choir sang "Praise Ye the Triune God," and great blessings were poured out upon the people. Our first Sunday we had lunch on the bus since we left Savannah immediately after service to go to our next performance in Jesup, Georgia. From Jesup we went to Waycross for our closing service, having traveled approximately 300 miles for three performances.

Shortly after arriving in Melbourne, Florida, we shed sweaters and brought out our cotton clothes. For the northern students, it seemed that surely we were in a

wonderland. "Eighty degrees in the shade Surely we must be dreaming!" But we weren't. In Melbourne the choir presented its performance in the high school auditorium, but as in other services, God's presence seemed to walk the aisles. Tuesday night brought new thrills for us, as well as an inspiring service in Fort Lauderdale.

THE TIME WAS swiftly approaching when we would leave for the enchanting city of Nassau. Wednesday morning we awoke bright and early with skipping hearts as we thought of the new experience that was ahead. At the airport, we climbed the steps to the big airliner that took us over. The atmospheric cycle was interrupted as the choir sang, "Saved by the Blood" while sailing through the wild blue yonder.

Fifty-five short minutes in the air brought us into the airport at Nassau, as a "dream came true" for forty-five excited young people. After going through customs and claiming our baggage, we were met by a delegation from the church who took us over the island and to the church at the appointed times. Lawn parties, very nice hotel rooms, delectable food and other



Sightseeing was lots of fun!



The Lee College Touring Choir

By June Maner

festivities were part of our visit. In the beautiful mission church our hearts and minds were lifted as we sang "I Know He Heard My Prayer." This song particularly came from our hearts, for truly God had heard our prayer that we might visit the mission field.

Thursday morning we spent a delightful time in the straw market and added hats, purses and other odds and ends to our collection of "junk." As we prepared to leave we felt a bit sad to leave so many wonderful friends, and for many of us this would be the last time for such a wonderful trip. Reluctantly we returned to the States.

Only for a little while were we sad because it did seem nice to be in Miami where we sang Thursday night. The wonderful reception which we received thrilled us.

From Miami we went up the west coast of Florida and found ourselves in Naples just about lunch time. The wonderful people had prepared for us a seafood lunch with all that goes with it. After our short visit in Naples we made our way to Fort Myers for service that night. Again we were thrilled with the kindness and hospitality of the people. Every service seemed to be

filled more and more with the great presence of God.

Hot, humid weather awaited us in Lakeland, but the outstanding fellowship with the people made up for any weather defects. In the evening service our hearts were refreshed with the wonderful blessings from heaven.

Sunday morning we awoke with new vim, vigor and vitality which we definitely needed for the four appearances we were to have that day. Tampa, Clearwater and Sulphur Springs churches high-lighted our day plus a TV program. I don't think anyone had to be rocked to sleep that night! Yes, we were tired, but very happy in our souls for God had been so marvelous to us.

Monday seemed to come too soon, for we were now reaching the climax of our tour as we went to cooler weather in Lake City. Our hearts swelled with the singing of "It's Just Like Heaven," for surely we were feeling close to heaven as the Holy Ghost came into the service.

A FEELING OF sadness was predominant on Tuesday morning when we had to face the realization that the last day of the tour and the last performance in Macon, Georgia, had arrived somewhat too soon. That night the singing of "Amazing Grace" seemed to climax everything. It was only by the amazing grace of Jesus Christ that our ministry in music

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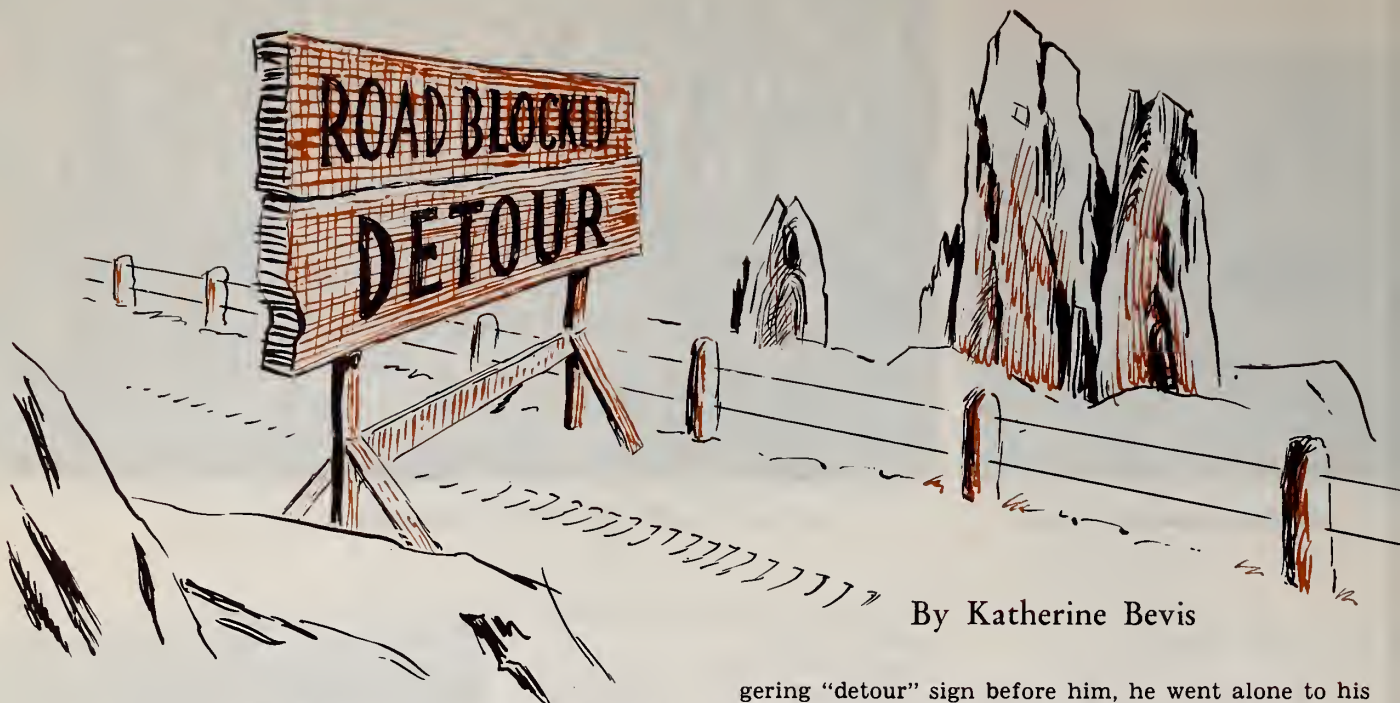
Customs are such bother!



Collisthenics too!

Letting the bus rest!





By Katherine Bevis

WHO OF US HAVE not been riding smoothly and complacently along a broad highway, only to meet that most disliked of all road signs "ROAD BLOCKED—DETOUR"?

What a nuisance! Late for an appointment! All our plans upset!

Detours are undoubtedly a nuisance, and never would we choose them for ourselves. Yet sometimes on detours we find unexpected beauties and pleasures. Detours are not always a total loss. John Bunyan had big plans made when suddenly the sign "ROAD BLOCKED" flashed before him, and he detoured for a considerable time in Bedford jail. Out of this experience came *The Pilgrim's Progress*, written during his imprisonment at Bedford; this immortal book has blessed the world ever since.

One day a young student was crossing the quadrangle of one of the old Scottish universities going toward his quarters in the dormitory. He was not feeling well. His eyes had troubled him and had made his work very difficult. On the advice of a friend he had sought the judgment of an expert in the treatment of the eyes. The specialist had made a very thorough examination and had informed the young student tactfully but plainly that he would lose his eyesight, surely and not slowly.

What a sign to meet down life's road! "ROAD BLOCKED—DETOUR!" It seemed to turn his well-planned life to a life of utter darkness. All his dreams and coveted ambitions were now behind the blockade. Dazed and blinded, he groped his way out of the specialist's office.

Now he must tell the young lady to whom he was to be married soon, about the "detour" he must make. He must tell her that she was free to do what she thought best. The young lady asked for her freedom, and then it was that George Matheson groped his way out of the home of the young lady, and with the second stag-

gering "detour" sign before him, he went alone to his quarters. Yet he was not alone, for there was One who took this "detour" with him—walking by his side, speaking tender, comforting words. As they walked together down the "detour" a new mood came over George Matheson, and from this "road block" he gave us that beautiful old hymn, "O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go."

"O Love that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in Thee;
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

"O Love that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be."

JOHN MILTON MUST have felt that fate had miserably blocked his career with blindness, causing him to make "detours" which must have looked impassable. Out of his blindness, however, came a spirit which gave an immortal touch to his poetry.

Paul met a "detour." He wanted to go to Bithynia. All his plans were completed, when an inexplicable blocking of the road caused him to detour westward, eventually causing him to touch Athens and Rome. Thus early Christianity moved through Europe rather than through Asia. Think of the effect that this detour of Paul's has had on our civilization!

Yes, detours are undoubtedly a nuisance, and we would not choose them for ourselves; yet, it is sometimes on detours that we find unexpected beauties—a quaint little village which we would never have seen from the highway, or perhaps a lovely expanse of fields.



By Cecil Guiles

*Illinois State Sunday School
and Youth Director*

STEWARDSHIP

Meet Louis
Harland, the young man
who discovered how
to put God first

LOUIS HARLAND, age 22, is an example of what youth can do for Christ and His Church. Louis has been a Christian since he was a child and has devoted his time and interest in the Lord's work. When he was too young to get a job on public jobs, he would mow lawns and give the money he earned to support the local, state, and general programs. He feels he can not do enough for his church.

Some of the things that Louis has done are outstanding. In December, 1956, he donated an organ and extra amplifier both valued at \$1,800.00. On November 2, 1958, the local church had a special service to burn the note on the organ that Louis paid for. At this same service he donated an Acrosonic piano to match the

organ and its retail value was \$1040.00. When the parsonage was furnished Louis bought furnishings at a cost of \$175.00. When the local church building needed improvements Louis solicited the business places in the city and raised \$1250.00. He serves as janitor and maintenance man for the church and insists on doing this without pay as he feels that this job is as important as any other in the church. These are just a few of the many things that Louis does in his local church. He is loved by all who know him in the city and local church. He is, also, teacher of the junior boys Sunday School class. The members of the DeKalb, Illinois, Church of God feel that they are fortunate to have this young man as a member of their congregation. Garland E. Mills is his pastor.



MISSIONS

By Clay Cooper

President of Visions Incorporated

"And he (Christ) said unto them, Go ye into all the (THIS) world and preach the gospel to every creature" (Mark 16:15).

"The heaven, even the heavens, ARE THE LORD'S: but the earth hath he given to the children of men" (Psalm 115:16).

THERE'S A LOT of talk about getting a man to the moon. Had you taken a pair of scissors and deleted everything from the morning press that had to do with moonshots, satellites and communism, you'd probably have had shredded newspaper for breakfast. In fact, getting to the moon all but monopolizes the imagination of tens of millions of Americans. The whole atmosphere is filled with "oh's and ah's" every time a Russian sputnik rockets into the sky.

With all this furor about getting a man to the moon, it had better be soon, or there will be a lot of disappointed scientist—and a lot of dissipated dollars! Everybody knows it's borrowed billions we're spending to get a man up there, but few seem to comprehend one grave danger in this wild, headlong scamper to keep pace with the Reds in their probes into outer space. We are so concerned that the Russians may beat us there that we are actually stampeding into a crash spending program, seemingly unaware that we are about to satellite ourselves into bankruptcy.

This is a reminder that while striving for the moon, we could be losing the earth. And let us not be deceived, that's what the Communist want more than anything else! THIS WORLD, the one right down here, every hemisphere of it . . . lock, stock and pickle barrel.

And we are falling for their "other world" diversionary tactics head over heels. And they are expert in the field. Remember how they focused our attention elsewhere while they were carving Korea? While we were parleying in Geneva, they were parceling Viet Nam. While our eyes were glued on Lebanon, they were chipping away at Matsu and Quemoy. While we were digging out from under the rubble there, they were opening the Berlin front. Now, they draw our attention to worlds above as a feint to decoy us away from this world below, the real focal point of their prime and ultimate objective. It's this world they want. They don't want the moon half so much. What would they do with it after they got it? Let people everywhere pray God to jar us from this trance, for that's what it is, a profound state of abstraction of mind and spirit which is causing us, like the children of Hamelin, to follow the siren notes of Red Pied Piperism. It is leading us, in this hypnotic state, off into oblivion by diverting our attention from the world to the moon.

For us to act suddenly and unconcernedly from some common panic-impulse or technological inferiority complex, and in a hasty, frightened manner, is exactly what the Russians are hoping we will do. If we can be stampeded, like a herd of cattle, into a race for the moon, THIS world is theirs. They are playing for high stakes, the world, THIS WORLD, bear in mind . . . not the moon or Mars. And unless we wise-up to their strategy of diverting our attention away from their real pearl, it will wind up being another case of "while we were busy here and there, it was gone." If they can keep us engrossed with the moon, they'll have a lot less trouble engulfing the earth!

IT'S TIME WE stopped chiding ourselves about Russia having attained the conquest of outer space. A misnomer, if there ever was one! "Penetration" is a far more suitable word, and penetration falls short of "conquest." And besides, if (I say IF) the Moral Governor of this universe interprets this penetration as an intrusion on His preserve, His domain . . . as some hold . . . let us be glad the Russians have this questioned honor. Perhaps there was more of God in our failures than in their successes. Many conscientious people feel, most sincerely, that such aspirations are rank presumption with a tinge of "Tower of Babel" added. They base their convictions on such verses in Holy Writ as, "The heaven, even the heavens, ARE THE LORD'S, but the EARTH hath he given to the children of men." Psalm 115:16.

Now, what is to be our attitude? A negation of the scientific achievements of the Kremlin's crowd? A

OF MISSILES

This World or the Moon!

minimization of the fact they are farther down the road than we are in certain fields of technology and the use of psychological weapons? Shall we pooh-pooh their sputniks and asteroids? Keep our fingers crossed and hope we can catch up with them before they can absorb us, or annihilate us?

Laboring under the notion that whoever gets up there "fustest with the mostest" will decide the fate of the world, is to act under sheer delusion. News of a landing on the moon would leave two-thirds of the people of the world cold. What could landing a man on the moon possibly mean to a starving man in Morocco? News of the landing of the Son of God on this planet, one starlit night, would mean a lot more, and this is the news the majority of mankind is waiting to intelligently hear for the first time, or, after, having heard, understand by witnessing in you and me the reality of the transforming truth "that makes men free." We need to keep in mind it's not some-THING we shoot FROM EARTH up into the heavens, that is going to save the world. It is rather Some-ONE, who came DOWN FROM HEAVEN to earth! That was the pivotal point in history! Not the launching pad at Cape Canaveral, but the manger at Bethlehem, and the night the Saviour descended from that upper world (wherever it is), to grace this planet and bring personal salvation with the promise of the "life that now is, and that which is to come."

It is a source of amazement that so-called "Christian nations" are frantically competing with Communists in quest of the moon. Let the Reds reach unknown worlds first, if they will. We are to major on this one. This world is to be the world of our main concern, this world with all its known people and their known problems. Seeking to plant the Stars and Stripes on the pock-marked moon, when the Blood-stained Banner of the Cross has yet to be lifted over more than half of this terra firma; falling victim to a celestial megalomania, under the planned and announced prodding of the Reds, all oblivious to our terrestrial mission—these could prove to be fatal mistakes!

WE ARE NOT TO get sidetracked. No-where is the Christian—individual, church or nation—commissioned or commanded to go to some other world, but there are multiplied commands to go, or make it possible for others to go, with the trans-

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IN MEMORIAM

I KNEW ALTON BYERS as a teacher and friend for a year. To know Alton was not only to admire him, but to love him as well. As his agricultural teacher we had a very close relationship. Whenever I gave him a job to do, either in his class work or with our extra curricular work, I could rest assured that he would always do his best and the results would be a job well done. Alton held class offices in the FFA and was selected last spring to an office in the FFA.

Alton would often come to my office in our off periods last school year and we would talk about many things, his hopes, his ambitions and his God.

Alton entered the FFA public speaking contest and won, going on to represent our chapter in a district contest. When he won the chapter public speaking contest he was much surprised and later told me that he had God's help in winning. He was always interested in public speaking and many times asked me to help him with some speech or part he had in his church youth program. He was interested in public speaking in that it could help him better express himself for his God. Alton often talked with me about his church and his youth work, his belief in God, and his hopes for the future. He often appeared on our FFA radio program for experience. He told me one day that he needed the experience as he thought someday he might enter the ministry.

The relationship I had with Alton was more than a teacher-student relationship. It was a relationship of friends. A friendship for which I am thankful.

In our class work, our shop work and trips together, Alton was always a good student; but more important, he was a Christian. He carried his belief in God as one carries a banner, never apologizing that he was a Christian, but proudly he walked in this light. This light he shed on all who knew him.

Alton was liked not only by all his teachers, but also by his classmates as well. I knew Alton for such a short period, but he made my life and the life of all who knew him richer by having known him.

Alton died as he lived, thinking of others. John 15:13 best states it: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."—*Mr. Mullins*

NOTE: In a heroic attempt to rescue his brother Olon, who was drowning, Alton Byers was also drowned. These young men, with the parents, were members of the Morked Tree, Arkansas, Church of God. The memoriam was written by Alton's public School teacher.

JERRY AND BETTY, his sister, were on their way home from school. They had to pass the old shack where Joey lived with his poor father and mother. Joey wore the oldest and most ragged clothes. His father made barely enough to buy food for his wife and son. The poor family had an old cow which they depended upon for their milk and butter. And the only feed the cow had was what she could eat on the roadsides and what little Joey's father could cut and store for the winter months.

As Jerry and Betty came near the shack they heard Joey yelling some distance away near the railroad track. They slipped up to the bushes near the railroad right-of-way and soon saw the reason for Joey's cries. The old cow had been tethered near the tracks where she could eat the tall, green grass that grew there, but she had pulled so hard on her ragged rope that she had broken it and was standing on the track. Joey was pulling on her rope trying to make her get off the railroad track, but he wasn't strong enough. The cow just stood there eating the tall Johnson grass on the side of the rails. Joey was crying for someone to come and help him get the cow off the tracks before a train came along.

"Joey's cow broke loose and she's on the tracks. If a train came along now she would be killed" said Jerry.

"That's right!" replied Betty. "Joey should have used a good rope."

"He should have tied the cow farther back. Now he's hollering for someone to help him get the cow off the tracks!" said Jerry.

"Well, it isn't our fault. He should have known better," said Betty.

"Yes, if the train comes and kills the cow it'll be his own fault," said Jerry.

They watched Joey pulling as hard as he could, and they thought it was a funny sight.

"Well, we may as well go on home," said Jerry.

"Yes, if we see any men we can tell them to go back and help Joey get the cow off the track!" said Betty.

THEY TURNED and walked off, but both Jerry and Betty were doing some thinking. Jerry was thinking of how he would feel if he were in Joey's place. And Betty was thinking of the story of the Good Samaritan which they had studied at church. They stopped about the same time and looked at each other.

A CHILDREN'S STORY ABOUT THE

GOOD SAMARITANS

By Mont Hurst

"You know," said Jerry, "maybe we ought to try to help Joey get the cow off the track. I feel like we ought to do it. The Bible says it is a sin when we don't do something we know we ought to do."

"I know it," said Betty, "and I have just been thinking of the story of the Good Samaritan. We were just about to go on and not help Joey, but we must do like the Good Samaritan and help him."

"Come on!" said Jerry.

They ran back to where Joey was tugging on the rope. Jerry and Betty lost no time as they heard the faint whistle of the engine of a train!

"Let's hurry, Joey!" cried Jerry, "hear that train whistle?"

"Yes, we must all pull as hard as we can at once!" said Betty.

"Oh, thanks!" puffed Joey.

All three pulled as hard as they could. Then they saw the train coming around the bend. It whistled again. They finally managed to get the cow walking off the track and they led her back

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By Charles R. Whitlatch

Number 30339

Colorado State Prison

Canon City, Colorado

"The Word of God is quick, and powerful." The distribution of Christian literature—Bibles, Testaments, gospels, tracts, magazines—is proving to be an increasingly fruitful ministry for the lay Christian. This is the testimony of a young man who came into possession of a Bible placed by the Gideons International, a Christian businessmen's association.—Charles R. Beach, Sponsor of the Pioneers for Christ Club, Lee College.

NEARLY TWO THOUSAND years ago Christ gave the multitudes an invitation. He wanted no one to feel that he was shut out from His love and care. With the cross still before Him, He said, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." In these words, Christ is speaking to every human being. Whether they know it or not, all are weary and heavy laden. We are all weighted down with the burdens that only Christ can remove. And the heaviest of these is sin. In Isaiah 53:6 it is written, "The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." Life was started in the Garden of Eden. But it received its finest moment in the garden of Gethsemane when the Saviour knelt down and prayed to the Father, "... nevertheless, not

my will, but thine be done." And then from the cross at Calvary, we read in John 19:30, "It is finished." And now, today, His work of redemption belongs to "... Whosoever will." This is where my testimony begins.

IT HAPPENED in May, 1957. I was sitting in my cell in the Denver County Jail when a fellow came to my door and threw a Gideon Bible on my bed. I shall never forget his words, "Maybe this will help you; it can't help me." Having said his piece, he walked away. Later that afternoon he was transferred to a Federal Prison.

There was no table in my cell, so for want of a better place I put the Bible under my pillow and did not give it another thought until that night. Ordinarily, I go to sleep

"Come Unto Me . . .

Whosoever Will"



right away when I get into bed, but that night was different. Tossing and turning, I could not get to sleep. Finally, I placed my arm under the pillow in an attempt to make myself comfortable. It was then that my hand touched the Gideon Bible. I withdrew it and started reading.

Suddenly, for the first time in my life, God's Word seemed real. I felt that He was really speaking to me, but my prideful blindness would not let me answer. Still I could not put the Book down. The more I read, the more I realized my great need for the Saviour. (I know now that I was under the influence of the Holy Spirit.)

As I read the parable of the Pharisee and the publican, a great weight seemed to bear down on me.

It was then that I started asking God questions, and I found that His Word gave me all the answers. Still I was not satisfied. Then the apparent pressure on my mind and conscience created a mirage or dream for me.

I could see myself going down a long, long road. It was not a strange one though, for, you see, I had already traveled that road. It was the road of my life stretching out before me. It started out with a nice, smooth hard surface, but somewhere along the way I had taken a turn-off, and the road became a dirt one, bumpy and full of deep ruts.

Finally, I came to the fork that we all reach sometime in our various lives. The sky was dull and grey, stretching interminably into the distance; the air was heavy and oppressive. It was then I saw two signposts at the forks of two roads. The sign on the road that turned to the right said: "Happiness of Soul." I could plainly see that, for the first part of it, the road was still a plain dirt one, still full of ruts and bumps. Far down its length, though, I could see faintly that it was shimmering with light on its smooth, gleaming surface. Then I noted the left-hand road, which was marked simply: "Wealth." It was a beautiful, well-constructed, paved road, running straight as far as the eye could see. It then disappeared into a range of craggy mountains, lying sawtoothed on the horizon. With hardly a second thought, I chose the left-hand road. At this point I can say that the sign did not lie.

FINALLY, WHEN MY own day of reckoning came, I found that I had lost everything, including my family. And once again, I took to the road. Somehow, I felt that by now it was far too late to turn back, so I went on, aimlessly. It had started to rain and the road became very muddy. (And the weight was now becoming very heavy.) Then I knew that I was mired in my own sins, but I struggled on, sinking deeper and deeper. Finally the road came to an end. There was now no place to turn. I felt that everything was all over. In a few moments I would be pushed into the vast expanse at the end of the road. Suddenly there came to my mind the words of the publican—and I wept. In utter desolation the inescapable true condition in which I had placed myself broke upon me with terrifying clarity. I was so frightened that no coherent thought was possible. I felt that I was sinking, sinking way down . . .

But then, with my next gasping breaths my suddenly activated mind remembered those precious words, "Whosoever will!" I struggled to my knees, poured out my confession to God, and admitted that I was a lost sinner. I then received Jesus Christ as my personal Saviour, and oh, it was so real. In that devastating moment I saw the "salvation of the Lord." Off in the distance with the out-stretched hands, Jesus was saying, "Come unto me . . . and I will give you rest."

He did. He gave me a rest and

(Continued on page 19)

HAPPY HOME Circle

Conducted by ALDA B. HARRISON

FINDING GOD'S PLAN

I WISH I COULD stand before you—one great audience -- and we could pray together. Will you stop now and close your eyes and pray this little poem prayer with me from the depth of your heart? How about committing it to memory?

*I do not ask for golden mists,
Nor rosy paths to tread,
Nor e'en that the least small flower
May bloom above my head.
Nor wealth, nor fame, nor ease, nor
love*

*Find place in these, my prayers,
Nor lightning of the cover robe
My spent soul ever wears.
I only ask Thou wilt take
My pain and grief and fear,
And to Thy glory wilt transmute
My every pang and tear.
I only plead that Thou wilt use
This broken life of mine,
And for my dust and ashes give
The beauty that is Thine.—Selected.*

I am sure, boys and girls, you are not looking for an easy place in this great warfare. God has a plan for every life. Many are missing that plan, but that is not God's fault.

For days, office workers had been watching a towering building go up: they had observed the excavations and had endured the racket of the riveters. One morning as people hurried along to their work, they saw men tearing away the protecting canopy built over the sidewalk. High overhead the structure of steel and stone glistened in the morning sun. The skyscraper was finished.

But the passing throng had seen only the outward aspect of the building process. Up in that little office which was now being torn down, men had been studying blue-

prints until the edges of them were torn and the corners were dog eared. The construction firm took pains to follow the plan of the architect.

God has a plan for every life. If we neglect this layout, we cannot hope to build a character which will stand up and command respect. Every day we need to consult the divine blueprint, for the process of building goes on without stopping. The principle of selection of materials and the pattern of the structure depend on the plan which we have chosen to follow. By daily prayer we get a view of the blueprint which helps us to build strong, beautiful lives.

Don't worry because you think you cannot carry out God's plans. For by the plan of God, your opportunities are always in proportion to your talents. He who had five talents received five opportunities. He who had two talents had two opportunities, and he who had one talent had one opportunity. No young person, or older person for that matter, will ever have reason to complain of his opportunities, for God has planned for each one of us all the opportunities which we have gifts to use.

Many of the five-talented men and women are lying down on the job and the one-talented are trying to do the work of the five-talented, and so both are failing. What we want to do is get in the little niche God has planned for us and do our best in that niche.

When we have but one life in this world, is it not an unspeakable pity for us to drift? The humblest of us have gifts which we could use to the glory of God and in the service of humanity, if we

were only thoughtful enough, serious enough, industrious enough. We may not be able to do great deeds and to accomplish great things, but that is not necessary to noble manhood and womanhood.

AT STORM LAKE, Iowa, there lives a native Greek, Jim Pappas, born on the Island of Crete, who shines shoes and blocks hats for a living. Jim has one ambition in his work, and that is to give his customers the best shine in the world. The other day he shined a man's shoes for thirty minutes, and talked freely about the Scriptures, and the prophetic Word which tells him that his native land shall soon be liberated and resurrected into a great empire. Jim is an ardent student of the Word. He takes old, soiled, and unpolished shoes, and sends them away glowing with new life and luster. He has made his bootblackening business an art. What a lesson Jim has taught me!

Are you putting your best into that which God has placed in your hands? God will help you if you desire to do your best.

A keen-eyed, medium-sized young sea captain stood in a lobby of a large hotel in Hong Kong, conversing with a portly Englishman.

"So you have come to trade in the Orient?" the portly one asked. "Well, step into the bar and tell me about your plans."

"I am sorry, but I never enter bars and I don't take alcoholic beverages," the young sea captain replied.

The Englishman's eyebrows rose and his florid face broke into an unbelieving smile. "Entering the Oriental trade without Scotch and sodas?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you expect to be able to do business in the Orient without taking your friends into the saloon and enjoying a friendly drink?" The florid-faced one laughed. "If you do, God help you!"

The keen-eyed young sea captain smiled and replied, "God will help me."

And apparently God did. Before his death that young sea master, Captain Robert Dollar, sat on the

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Helps for the Tempted and Tried

Conducted by ALDA B. HARRISON

BEHOLD THE BIRDS

By Kattie L. Brackett

BEHOLD THE BIRDS." Do you know who said these words? It was Jesus Himself. Just what did Jesus mean? The dictionary tells us that to behold means "to fix your minds upon." So you see, when Jesus told us to "behold the birds," He did not mean that we were just to look at them. He meant that we should think about them, and study them.

There are two ways in which we may study them: We may learn their names, their colors, their songs, and their habits; or we may seek to learn the many lessons which the birds are able to teach us—lessons about the God who created them, and the way in which He wishes us to live.

A number of years ago I was forced, because of illness, to give up my work. For four years I wandered through field and forest, seeking to regain my health. During those years I beheld the birds—learning their songs, their colors, and their habits; and also learning many beautiful lessons.

The first lesson which I learned from them was the lesson of God's nearness. As I watched them hopping or flying about, and admired their beautiful colors, I felt that God must be close beside me in this beautiful world which He has created. Often I stood out-of-doors in the early evening with the dusk closing in about me and listened to the sleepy twittering of the birds. At such times I felt that God's love and peace enfolded me, shutting out the cares and trials and sorrows of the world. When I wakened in the early morning and heard that most wonderful of all music—the bird's morning song of praise—I felt that God was near my side, that I could

place my hand in His and ask Him to guard and guide me through the day.

I also learned from my feathered friends of a heavenly Father's care. I saw how He guided them from the cold Northland to their winter home in the Southland; how He taught them to build their nests and care for their baby birds; how He helped them to escape the many dangers which threaten them. Nor was this all.

ONE DAY AS I walked through our marshland, I noticed a bright splash of color in a cluster of bushes. Pausing to investigate, I found that it was Mr. Grosbeak sitting upon his nest. Now if it had not been for Mr. Grosbeak's bright feathers, I should never have found that nest, for it was well concealed. As I began to realize this, I knew that I had found the answer to a question which I had long pondered — why did God dress the mother birds in plain clothing instead of dressing them in gay clothes like the father birds? The answer was now quite plain. If the mother bird wore bright colors, all her enemies could see her when she was sitting upon her nest. As I thought about this, I realized that God cares for even the smallest detail of a bird's life.

Jesus taught this same lesson when He said that not even a sparrow could fall to the ground without God's knowing all about it. He said that since this is true, we never need to fear, for in God's sight, we are of more value than many sparrows.

In another verse He tells us that the birds do not worry about what they are going to eat or wear; and we do not need to either. He said: "Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? . . . for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But

seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you" (Matthew 6:31-33). He meant that we never need to worry about anything if we only put God first in our lives. If we trust Him; love Him better than anything else or anybody else; and try in everything we do to please Him, He will take care of us and give us everything that we need.

SOME PEOPLE think that God does not care for them because He allows trials, temptations, sickness, sorrow, and disappointments to come into their lives. There is a very beautiful verse in the Bible which shows us that this is not true. The verse tells about a mother eagle who is teaching her little eaglets how to fly. The eagle's nest is built on a high rocky ledge. If the little eaglets should fall from this ledge, they would be killed on the jagged rocks beneath; yet when it is time for them to learn to fly, the mother eagle herself pushes them from the ledge. She does not let them fall to the rocks, however. Instead, she dives swiftly beneath them, and catching them on her broad back, carries them safely back to the nest.

The Bible tells us that God takes care of us in just the same way that this eagle cares for her eaglets. Why does she push her babies from the ledge? So that their wings will become strong. Why does God send us trials, and sorrows, temptations, and disappointments? For the very same reason: so that we may become strong Christians. Without them, our Christian life would be weak, and we would be of little use as soldiers of Christ. So He sends the trials; but, like the eagle, He keeps them from doing us any real harm. He is always close to our side, helping us to bear these trials which He must send. We have only

(Continued on page 23)

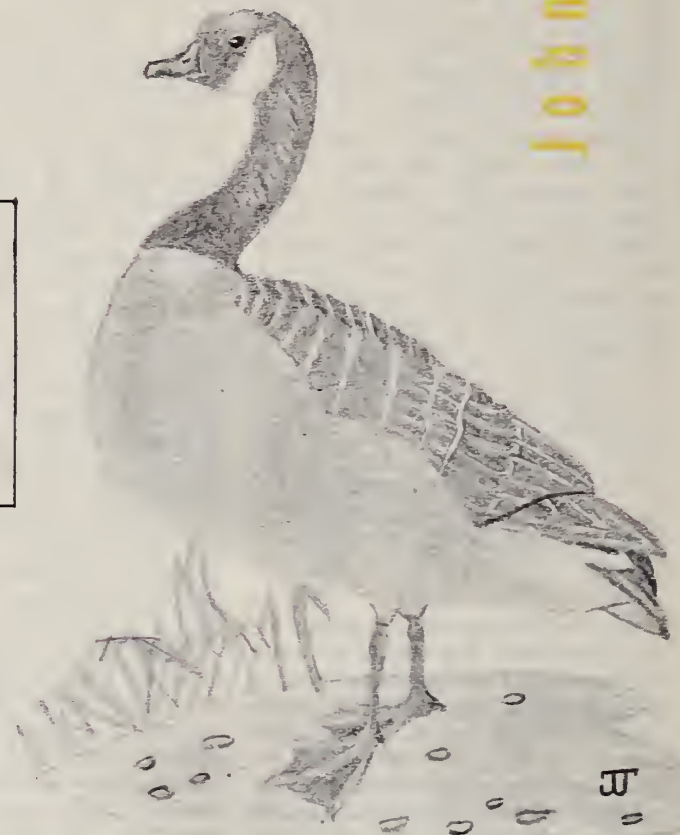


John O. Jordeth

Lighted Pathway's thirty-ninth artist to be featured on this page is thirteen-year-old John Jordeth from Lebanon, South Dakota. His drawings are meticulously rendered and command the respect of a draftsman's creation. The originals are executed in pencil, his favorite medium. John desires to make a career of art. Judging from his work, we think he can make it come to pass.



39



MODERN ART: SWEET OR SOUR by Frederic Taubes. Watson-Guption Publications Inc., New York, \$5.00. A reader of the Taubes page in the *American Artist Magazine* will certainly want this book. It is full (144 pages, fully illustrated) of the usual Taubenese essays containing arguments rarely found among contemporary art critics. Some of his remarks are, at times, a little sardonic, but perhaps justifiably so, considering what Dummköpfe modern art is making of the general public. This book is especially recommended to art students who have been brainwashed by progressive educators.



DIARY OF THE TOURING CHOIR

(Continued from page 7)

was a success. Each of us renewed our covenant with God in the pre-service prayer meetings where our hearts were joined together in love and worship. During such prayer meetings, our director, Mr. Humphries and the president of our school, Mr. R. L. Platt, who made the trip with us, presented us with passages from the Bible and gave us many inspiring words of wisdom.

These twelve days were times that each individual will long cherish in their hearts. We will remember with fondness the fellowship of Christian people. The tour taught us many valuable lessons. We learned how to get along with people, but most of all, we came to realize the truth of the Scripture, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

"COME UNTO ME"

(Continued from page 15)

peace that I had never experienced before. And I know now that the promises that Jesus made nearly 2000 years ago are still in effect today—and shall remain so—until He returns in glory to receive His own. I thank God for this Saviour of mine.

Three days later I went to court to receive my sentence. I did not have an attorney, but I knew that I was not alone. The Holy Spirit was with me. By that time, I had already been told that I was going to receive from five to eight years for larceny. However, the judge said, "I am going to give you a minimum sentence in this case, not because you deserve it but because I somehow believe that you will return to society a better man." With that, he sentenced me from three to six years in the state penitentiary.

Now, MY TIME is almost finished. In a few months I shall be leaving here; I plan to complete my training as the Lord directs. I have dedicated my life to the service of the Lord, and I shall be ready when He calls to go where He leads. I know now that the only way I may ever be happy and suc-

cessful for His glory is to "put on the whole armor of God" and to take "the Sword of the Lord" with me wherever I would go. I am so very happy that I came under the heading of "Whosoever will," and I shall never fail to give Him the praise.

I would like to direct these next few lines to those of you who may be still outside of Christ. Do not wait as I did. Take your stand on the promises of God now. "... Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." Friend, He will take all of your burdens if you will only BELIEVE. Always remember that "the water of life" is free to "Whosoever will." Go to Him today on bended knee. He is waiting for you, just as He was for me, with open arms. And His invitation is still open: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Take Him at His word. Stand up for Jesus, NOW, and He "will give thee a crown of life."

I pray that the Lord will make a rich entrance into your life as He has mine. God bless you one and all. Amen.

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(Continued from page 2)

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Fitzgerald, Georgia

MOON OR MISSILES

(Continued from page 11)

forming the message, the blessings and provisions of Christianity "into all THIS world." We are to keep on the job of telling it (and living it), until it rings in the ear of every living man. It is our solemn responsibility to see to it that that message with all its wondrous significance is brought to him. Herein lies the very heart and core of the troubles of this crises-ridden age—our having not been enough mission-minded in the past. Now we are crowded into being missile-minded!

This, then, is the message every God-fearing nation needs to hear. Sending men and missiles to the moon, is not half so important as sending missionaries to Madagascar and Martinique. Why should we spend billions to learn if there are men on Mars, when we ALREADY KNOW of millions of miserable men in Mexico and Mozambique? People who cry for our recognition of their poverty of body and spirit? People needing and deserving our attention? Pointing a needle-nosed Atlas or Jupiter, into the azure, is not nearly so convincing to a crippled Asian leper, or a syphilitic-blinded child in Africa, as the needle on the end of the syringe in the missionary doctor's hand. The needle holds hope of a better world for him, something an orbiting satellite cannot do. And he represents about a billion and a half people in a similar or worse condition. The "have not" nations of the world look to us expectantly, and we must beware lest we frustrate the purposes of Providence in the race to space while neglecting the men at our gates.

I leave to the theologizer and politicians the moral and political issues involved in going to other worlds, but as the utter need and necessity of our "going into all the (THIS) world with the gospel," in obedience to the command of Christ, there can be no argument. If we had our job all done, down here; if the Great Commission, as given by Christ, had now reached completion; if we had now successfully prosecuted the cause of world missions; if the world, THIS

WORLD, were now saturated with truth; if disciples had been made of every kindred, tongue, tribe and nation . . . that would be a horse of another color. But the world predicament being what it is, if it's a toss between trillions for missiles and trifles for missions, a man on the moon or a missionary on Madagascar, we must not hesitate to choose the better part. Not that this is an appeal to scrap every reasonable security measure. It is not! But it goes beyond keeping our powder dry and our fingers crossed . . . to keeping our knees bent!

FINALLY, THIS IS an appeal to "Christian" nations to take care lest they be duped into majoring on missiles and minoring on missions, and wake up . . . too late . . . to realize that while they were looking at the moon, they lost the earth. Let Russia's sputniks encircle the sun . . . we'll keep our arms around THIS world! And if our own beloved Nation should go down, serving and saving humanity, obediently trying to fulfill the Great Commission, honoring and trusting God, then be thankful! It's certain she'll go down . . . IF SHE DOESN'T!

GOOD SAMARITANS

(Continued from page 13)

to the place where she had been tied.

"I'll run home and get a good rope. We have one in our barn that I know you can have. I'll tell my dad about it. We don't need that rope anymore," said Jerry.

"And I'll tell my mother about the milk and butter your cow produces. I think she may begin buying some from you," said Betty.

Jerry and Betty went on home feeling good. They realized they had done the Christian thing when they went back to help poor Joey. And they knew they had acted like the Good Samaritan. Others just passed on by the poor man the robbers had beaten, but the Good Samaritan helped him. God will always bless those who act like the Good Samaritan in helping others. Real Christians will always do this. The Bible tells us to be kind to one another.

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A QUESTION OF FAITH

(Continued from page 5)

ask her," Connie proposed.

THEY DROVE IN Pauline's car to the small Boggs' home and even Pauline was impressed by the soapy cleanness of the tiny rooms. Connie thought Gretchen looked pale and told her so.

"An occasional headache," said Gretchen. "Joe and Tom are getting them too. Maybe it's something we are eating." She dismissed the subject of health to appraise Pauline's dress and glowingly described the manner in which she planned to make it over. "I'll have it ready on Saturday morning early," Gretchen promised. "And you need come in for only one fitting."

Leaving the house with Connie, Pauline said penitently, "I've misjudged the Boggs. Do you know I have actually forbidden Estel to play with Tom although I know he disobeys me and runs over anyway. Maybe Joe has turned over a new leaf. Fred tells me the Boggs are paying all their debts and Joe is working regularly."

"If a person accepts Jesus as his personal Saviour, he is changed," said Connie. "Joe has accepted Jesus and he is changed. Oh, Pauline, if you could see that family together in church each Sunday as I do."

"Maybe church is what I need, too," Pauline said.

Connie was elated. A little more patience, a little more pointing of the way and she was sure Pauline would join their growing congregation. She said as much to Nick.

"Little missionary," Nick teased her. "But I love you for it, honey. Enthusiasts—that's what the church needs. Too many of us are only keeping the pew seats warm."

"Not you, Nick."

"Well, I try. I'm working on Fred. One of these days. . . ."

ON SATURDAY morning Connie phoned Pauline to find how the dress had turned out. Pauline's angry voice blazed over the wire. "I might have known how your suggestion would turn out!"

"Pauline, whatever is the matter?"

"Matter? I'm so angry that I

could explode. I phoned Gretchen about my dress and Joe came to the phone first. No indeed, *he* wasn't working. He was so intoxicated that he couldn't speak coherently. Then Gretchen came to the phone and babbled away without making any sense at all."

"Neither Joe nor Gretchen would touch liquor," Connie said calmly. "I know that."

"Connie, really! Gretchen complained of dizzy spells the day I went for my fitting. I tell you, not only Joe is drinking—Gretchen is too."

Connie replaced the telephone in its cradle. She pulled on her flecked tweed coat, hastily tied a scarf over her dark curls and ran all the way to Congress Street. A thumping on the Boggs' front door brought no response. She darted around to the back and entered the kitchen. Gretchen and Joe were both slumped over the table. Joe raised himself. "Dizzy," he muttered. "Sorry." His head thumped heavily against the table.

Fresh air, Connie thought, opening windows fast. She dashed into Tom's room and saw two boys sleeping on the bed and opened windows there. Frantically then she dialed for an ambulance. It must be carbon monoxide poisoning—those headaches Gretchen had complained of—one of those slow insidious leaks somewhere. Tying a wet towel over her mouth, Connie raced to the basement and shut off both the furnace and the hot water heater.

By that time the ambulance was there. The doctors administered life-saving oxygen and the four victims were bundled in the ambulance and carried away. Firemen, arriving later, said it had been the defective gas heater. "The headaches should have warned them," the blue-eyed fireman said to Connie. "If there's any medals being given out, I'd say you deserved them all."

Connie wasn't thinking of medals as she hurried to the Tallmadge Hospital for a report on the patients. Entering the spacious lobby she met a red-eyed Pauline, who walked slowly to meet her. "You?" Connie exclaimed.

Pauline hugged her close. "Connie—Estel spent the night with Tom. He was the other boy in that bed. I thought Estel was with his cousin."

"How is Estel?"

"Fine, Connie—they're all coming out of it splendidly, thanks to you." Pauline's eyes, no longer subtle but only pleading, gazed at Connie. "Darling, do you think you can teach me something of your faith? There's a chapel here in the hospital. Will you go with me to it now?"

Tenderly Connie nodded and drew her arm about Pauline.

HELPS FOR THE TEMPTED AND TRIED

(Continued from page 17)

to turn to Him in prayer, and we will quickly receive His help.

The Bible teaches us another very beautiful lesson from the eagle. You know how strong an eagle's wings are. He can mount up high in the air—higher than any other bird—even when he is carrying something heavy in his talons. The Bible tells us that if we love and trust Jesus, and stay close to Him in prayer, our souls will be strong like the eagle's wings. When sickness, suffering, sorrow, trials, or even death come into our lives, they will not crush us, because we will be strong and able to bear them. We will have happiness and peace whatever happens to us, because we will be happy in Jesus, and filled with His peace and comfort. Would you like to hear the verse just as it is printed in the Bible: "Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall: but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint" (Isaiah 40:30, 31).

All these, and many another lesson I learned as I wandered through field and forest. When you have finished reading, go out into the fields and woods, and learn for yourselves all the wonderful lessons which Jesus wished you to learn when He told you to "behold the bird." — *The Sunday School Banner*

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The Voice of Sunday School

By O. W. POLEN, Director

"I Am A Sunday School Extension Dept. Superintendent"

By Willie H. Anderson

Tremont Ave. Church of God, Greenville, S. C.



NO SUNDAY SCHOOL is complete if it does not have a functioning Home Extension Department. The Home Extension Department is that part of the Sunday School which is organized to take the Sunday School to all people who are permanently or temporarily not regular attendants of the Sunday School. So many people in the world today cannot be reached by the Sunday School or church alone. One pastor said, "The Home Extension Department is the latchstring which enables one to enter the home and lead its occupants to Christ and the church." Many times when interest is shown in the sick, other members of the person's family may be drawn to the church and Sunday School services and possibly won to the Lord. Neighbors and friends will see such interest shown that they will become interested in attending a church which not only preaches, but practices true religion.

Three years ago, we organized a Home Extension Department at the Tremont Avenue Church of God with four members. The first

month we averaged reaching about sixty people each week. Now, after three years, we have twenty men enrolled in this department and several women. Each week we take the Sunday School lesson to shut-ins at the Greenville General Hospital, the TB Hospital, and the County Home for the Aged. We have conducted services at chain gang camps, the city jail, the Brumer Home for Children, rest homes for the aged, and private homes for the shut-in. At the present, we are contacting an average of over 1500 weekly with the Word of God. During the three years I have been serving as the Superintendent of the Home Extension Department, thirty-three people have found Christ as their Saviour.

One night while the Prayer Band (this is what we are often called) was visiting the General Hospital, we met a young lady who had taken an overdose of sleeping pills. After we had prayer for her, she became conscious and told us that she tried to commit suicide. We talked to her about the Lord and told her that Jesus loved her and

could heal her soul and body. We prayed again and the Lord blessed her soul and saved her from sin.

In some respects the Sunday School extension work is a duplication of activities of the early church. Acts 5:42 says, "And daily in the temple, and in every house, they ceased not to teach and preach Jesus Christ." Paul, in speaking to the Ephesian elders, reminded them that he did not fail in teaching them "publicly, and from house to house," (Acts 20:20).

I FEEL THAT a Home Extension Department is an essential part of any well-organized Sunday School. It offers an opportunity for winning many souls to Christ and to serve those who are in need. The Bible says in Matthew 25:34-40, "*Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was*

in prison, and ye came unto me. Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink? When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee? Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee? And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

One Sunday afternoon the Home Extension workers received a call to come to 123 Pearl Avenue in Greenville. We found a man and wife without any food and without God. We went to the Lord in prayer and they were both saved by the miraculous power of God. The Lord furnished the need of their souls, and we bought them some food for the body. It wasn't long until the precious lady went to be with the Lord. She kept the victory until the end.

This department of the church offers unlimited benefits. It assists the pastor and blesses the church, comforts and helps the shut-in, and develops Christian workers. It is the means of bringing the backslider back home to Jesus. It increases the circulation of Church of God literature. It assists the church in keeping in contact with its members.

THE Superintendent of the Home Department should be a consecrated, dedicated Christian. He should work in close harmony with the pastor and general superintendent of the Sunday School. We have done this and found a great joy in co-operating with every pastor and superintendent since we organized. The Home Department Superintendent and workers should be loyal Church of God members because they are representatives of the church. They should be kindhearted and have a pleasing personality. One must be respected and well liked if people are to be won to the church.

In our Men's Prayer Room we have a large, beautiful chart that says, "Home Extension Members." There is space to put every member

of the department whom we visit regularly and space for the name of every worker of the Home Department. We have a nice framed certificate to present to every shut-in who becomes a member of the Home Department. When others are visiting these shut-ins, we feel that the certificate on the wall will let them know that the Tremont Avenue Church of God is interested not only in those who are physically able to attend church, but also those who are permanently or temporarily unable to come.

This is a great work and we want to reach everyone we can with the love of God, the good news of salvation, and the full gospel. Our aim is to follow the command of our Saviour "take the gospel to every creature."

HAPPY HOME CIRCLE

(Continued on page 16)

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Sunday School

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Statistics

Congratulations to New York!

The National Office has been notified that during the months of November and December, the state of New York has experienced over 30 percent increase in Sunday School attendance. The State Director is Miss Barbara E. Yates.

Sunday School Average Weekly Attendance
January, 1959

500 and Over

Greenville (Tremont Avenue)	756
South Carolina	
Middletown (Clayton Street)	
Ohio	533

400 - 499

Atlanta (Hemphill Ave.)	459
Georgia	
Erwin, North Carolina	455

300 - 399

Kannapolis, North Carolina	399
North Chattanooga, Tennessee	399
Anderson (McDuffie St.)	
South Carolina	398
North Cleveland, Tennessee	395
Charlotte, North Carolina	392
Hamilton (7th and Chestnut Sts.)	
Ohio	381
Cincinnati (12th and Elm Sts.)	
Ohio	353
Wilmington, North Carolina	341
South Gastonia, North Carolina	333
Detroit Tabernacle, Michigan	331
Alabama City, Alabama	330
Jacksonville, Florida	326
Rock Hill, South Carolina	309
Griffin, Georgia	309
Dillon, South Carolina	301

200 - 299

Lenoir, North Carolina	299
North Rome, Georgia	299
Home or Children	298
Sumiton, Alabama	294
Whitwell, Tennessee	294
West Gastonia, North Carolina	293
Savannah (Anderson St.)	
Georgia	292
Atlanta (Riverside)	
Georgia	291
Biltmore, North Carolina	288
Lakeland, Florida	285
Monroe (4th St.)	
Michigan	285
East Chattanooga, Tennessee	279
Orlando, Florida	277

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Pontiac, Michigan	271
West Flint, Michigan	270
Langley, South Carolina	267
Dallas, North Carolina	266
Dallas, Tennessee	266
Pulaski, Virginia	264
South Lebanon, Ohio	256
Tampa, Florida	251
Newport News, Virginia	250
Salisbury, Maryland	247
Sulphur Springs, Florida	245
Brooklyn, Maryland	243
Louisville (Highland Park)	
Kentucky	241
East Laurinburg	
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Nashville (Meridian St.)	
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Lowell, North Carolina	239
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North Carolina	232
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Missouri	231
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South Cleveland, Tennessee	227
Milford, Delaware	226
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Norfolk, Virginia	210
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Knoxville (8th Avenue)	
Tennessee	209
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North Carolina	207
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East Belmont	
North Carolina	205
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Belton, South Carolina	203
McColl, South Carolina	201
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Alabama	200
St. Louis (Gravois Avenue)	
Missouri	200
West Danville, Virginia	200

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Torrance, California	126
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Leadwood, Missouri	126
Buhl, Alabama	125
Gainesville, Florida	125
Lake Wales, Florida	125
Clyde, South Carolina	125
Chattanooga (Avondale)	
Tennessee	125
Fresno (Harvey-Millbrook)	
California	125
Bainbridge, Georgia	125
Benton, Illinois	125
Eldorado, Illinois	
West Frankfort, Illinois	

NATION'S TOP TEN IN HOME DEPARTMENT ATTENDANCE	
Total Monthly Attendance for January	
Greenville (Tremont Avenue)	
South Carolina	6,039
North Cleveland, Tennessee	1,345
Kannapolis, North Carolina	810
Nashville (Meridian St.)	
Tennessee	648
Louisville (Portland)	
Kentucky	625
Atlanta (Hemphill Ave.)	
Georgia	625
Birmingham (South Park)	
Alabama	579
Urichsville, Ohio	543
Lumberton, North Carolina	507
Earle, South Carolina	456

TEN STATES HIGHEST IN HOME DEPARTMENTS	
South Carolina	45
Alabama	38
West Virginia	35
Ohio	32
North Carolina	28
Georgia	24
Florida	22
Kentucky	18
Arkansas	18
California	17

REPORT OF NEW SUNDAY SCHOOLS	
Branch Sunday Schools organized since June 30, 1958	33
Branch Sunday Schools reported as of January 31, 1959	773
New Sunday Schools organized since June 30, 1958	45
Total Sunday Schools organized since June 30, 1958 (Branch and New)	78

Y.P.E.—JANUARY, 1959	
Y.P.E. Average Weekly Attendance 200 and Over	
Home for Children	306
Middletown (Clayton St.)	
Ohio	233
Mercersburg, Pennsylvania	220
Greenville (Tremont Ave.)	
South Carolina	203
150 - 199	
Cincinnati (12th and Elm Sts.)	195
Ohio	193
Whitwell, Tennessee	193
Erwin, North Carolina	192

Anderson (McDuffie St.)	
South Carolina	190
Dayton (4th St.), Ohio	185
Dressen, Kentucky	175
Monroe (4th St.)	
Michigan	172
Orlando, Florida	164
Nashville (West)	
Tennessee	161
Greenville, North Carolina	159
Zion Ridge, Alabama	157
Crumbly's Chapel, Alabama	150
100 - 149	
Wilmington, North Carolina	148
Graham, Texas	146
Cocoa, Florida	142
Dallas, North Carolina	140
Brooklyn, Maryland	140
Pomona, California	134
Lenoir City, Tennessee	131
Dillon, South Carolina	129
Calhoun, Georgia	129
Goldsboro, North Carolina	128
Hazelwood, North Carolina	128
Memphis (Park Ave.)	
Tennessee	128
Savannah (Anderson St.)	
Georgia	126
Hamilton (7th and Chestnut)	
Ohio	123
Wilson, North Carolina	122
McKinleyville, California	121
North Chattanooga, Tennessee	120
Fresno Temple, California	120
Rocky Mount, North Carolina	119
Garden City, Alabama	118
Crescent Springs, Kentucky	118
South Gastonia	
North Carolina	117
Lumberton, North Carolina	117
Jesup, Georgia	115
Charlotte, North Carolina	114
Detroit Tabernacle, Michigan	113
Anniston, Alabama	111
Daisy, Tennessee	111
Dayton, Tennessee	111
Rossville, Georgia	110
East Chattanooga, Tennessee	108
Scottsboro, Alabama	105
West Hollywood, Florida	104
Valdosta, Georgia	104
Langley, South Carolina	104
Dallas, Texas	104
Asheboro, North Carolina	103
Tarboro, North Carolina	103
Lakedale, North Carolina	102
North Cleveland, Tennessee	102
Morgantown, Mississippi	102
West Fayetteville	
North Carolina	101
West Flint, Michigan	101
Austin, Indiana	101
Perry, Florida	100
Atlanta (Hemphill)	
Georgia	100
Fresno (Harvey-Millbrook)	
California	100
75 - 99	
Tifton, Georgia	99
Dayton (Oakridge Dr.), Ohio	99
Birmingham (South Park)	
Alabama	98
Troutmans, North Carolina	98
Combs, Kentucky	98
Sevierville, Tennessee	97
Ravenna, Kentucky	97
Jackson, Mississippi	97
East Orlando, Florida	96
Plant City, Florida	96
Chattanooga (4th St.)	
Tennessee	96
Canton (9th and Gibbs), Ohio	96
Oxford, Ohio	96
Rome (North), Georgia	94
North Birmingham, Alabama	93
Woodruff, South Carolina	93
Leatherwood, Kentucky	93
Pontiac, Michigan	93
East Belmont, North Carolina	92
Ware Shoals, South Carolina	92
Fort Worth (Riverside), Texas	92
Paris, Texas	92
Birmingham (Pike Ave.)	
Alabama	91
Van Dyke, Michigan	91
Torrance, California	90
Tampa, Florida	90
Hastons Chapel, Tennessee	90
Sulphur Springs, Florida	89
East Los Angeles, California	89
Benson, North Carolina	88
Burlington, North Carolina	88
Cleveland (East 55th), Ohio	88
Odessa, Texas	88

Mobile (Crichton)	
Alabama	87
Releigh, North Carolina	87
Salinas, California	87
Natchez, Mississippi	87
Washington, D. C.	87
Ft. Lauderdale, Florida	86
Parkersburg, West Virginia	86
Brownfield, Texas	86
Georgetown, South Carolina	85
Somerset, Kentucky	85
Pulaski, Virginia	85
Houston No. 2, Texas	85
High Point, North Carolina	84
Washington, North Carolina	84
Greer, South Carolina	84
Black Oak, Tennessee	84
Louisville (Highland Park)	
Kentucky	84
Augusta (Crawford Ave.)	
Georgia	83
Rifle Range, Florida	83
Big Springs, Texas	83
Chandler, Arizona	83
Northport, Alabama	82
Mentone, Alabama	82
Fayetteville, North Carolina	82
Raino, North Carolina	82
Mt. Airy, North Carolina	82
North, South Carolina	82
Chattanooga (East Ridge)	
Tennessee	82
Hugo, Oklahoma	82
Jacksonville, Florida	81
Inman, South Carolina	81
Russellville, Tennessee	81
Battle Creek, Michigan	81
New Summitt, Arkansas	80
Empire, Alabama	79
Mt. Dora, Florida	79
Baldwin, Georgia	79
Greenwood, South Carolina	79
Ludville, Georgia	79
Modesto, California	79
Newport News, Virginia	79
Tucson, Arizona	79
Lake Worth, Florida	78
East Laurinburg	
North Carolina	78
Hickory, North Carolina	78
Conway, South Carolina	78
Griffith Creek, Tennessee	78
Soddy, Tennessee	78
Naugatuck, West Virginia	78
Robinette, West Virginia	78
Louisville (Portland)	
Kentucky	78
Tyler, Missouri	78
North Wichita Falls, Texas	78
Montgomery, Alabama	77
Bushnell, Florida	77
Hialeah, Florida	77
Lanes Avenue, Florida	77
White Oak Grove, Tennessee	77
Poplar, California	77
Cincinnati (Eastern), Ohio	77
Columbus (Belvidere), Ohio	77
South Phoenix, Arizona	77
Talladega, Alabama	76
Dillworth, Alabama	76
Cross Roads, Alabama	76
North Henderson	
North Carolina	76
Seima, North Carolina	76
Charleston (King St.)	
South Carolina	76
Bristol, Tennessee	76
North Nashville, Tennessee	76
MarFrance, West Virginia	76
McFarland, California	76
East Phoenix, Arizona	76
Geneva, Alabama	75
East Haywood, Tennessee	75
Avondale Estates, Georgia	75
Goodwill, Mississippi	75
Salisbury, Maryland	75
Benton, Illinois	
Lawrenceville, Illinois	

Spiritual Results Among Our Youth	
January, 1959	
Saved	3,353
Sanctified	1,275
Filled With Holy Ghost	964
Added to the Church	692
Since June 30, 1958	
Saved	18,543
Sanctified	7,292
Filled With Holy Ghost	5,597
Added to the Church	5,312
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YOUTH WANTS TO KNOW

By Avis Swiger

Dear Young People,

So many important decisions must be made by you—decisions that will affect your whole future—and often, they must be made on the "spur-of-the-moment." Perhaps you have wondered how you can be prepared to act wisely on such occasions, or how you can be assured that you will be able to choose the right course.

You need not worry or be afraid about those momentous times; for if you have lived for God day by day and dedicated yourself to Him, He will direct you in that hour. Every day we are preparing for those special times when you will not have time to pray and consult with others. In that moment of need you will be revealed to yourself, and to others, exactly as you are. Every decision you ever make about anything becomes a part of you and helps to make up your character which will be made known some day. What preparation

did you make today for that crucial moment in the future?

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- Miss Linda Ratcliff (18)
Empire, Alabama
- Miss Betty Callahan (16)
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Route 3, Box 970
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- Miss Brenda Nelson
Club Lake Street
Roxbour, North Carolina
- Miss Charlene Phillips (14)
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- Miss Annette Jacobs (22)
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Northport, Alabama

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Vol. 30 MAY No. 5

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Subscription Rates

Single Subscriptions, per year	\$1.50
Rolls of 10	1.00
Single Copies15

Published monthly at the Church of God Publishing House, Cleveland, Tenn. All materials intended for publication in The LIGHTED PATHWAY should be addressed to Lewis J. Willis, Editor. All inquiries concerning subscriptions should be addressed to Bookkeeping Department, Church of God Publishing House, Cleveland, Tennessee.

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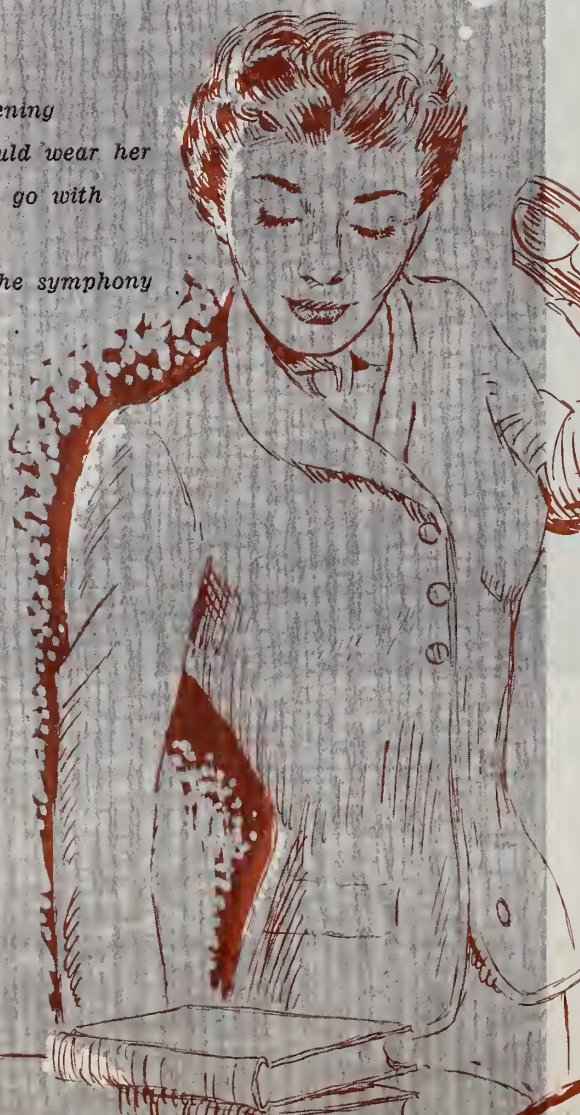
Went to be with the Lord April 9, 1959

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints, Psa. 116:15

Dearest



Tomorrow evening
she would wear her
newest dress and go with
Jerry Benson
to the symphony
concert . . .



IT HAD BEEN a hard day for Shirley Mason, and now, as the young teacher left the schoolhouse and walked slowly through the gentle rain she was feeling low in spirit. Her head ached, and so did her heart—or something in the heart region. She thought of home and mother—far away.

Although Shirley knew it was far from true, it was easy for her to feel as if she had lost her last friend—particularly in Morriston, to which city she had come, six months ago, to teach in the grades.

Dinner in a restaurant only added to the girl's misery. Out of doors, the rain continued to fall incessantly. Clouds, hanging low, matched the smoke from factory chimneys and the railroad yards. Cars swished dismally past. Oh, what an evening! What a place to live and work! What tasteless food! And what a hard, drab life one, Shirley Mason, was compelled to live!

Forcing back tears of self-pity, Shirley paid her check and continued toward her room. It would be even worse up there, she reflected bitterly. With no one to talk to, no one to go out with, no one to whom she might unburden the bitterness of her heart. If only she could be at home with dearest Mums tonight! Mums always understood—and how she did need understanding sympathy now . . . the kind that was hard to find except with Mums.

Then suddenly Shirley had a relieved thought. She would write a long letter to Mums! She loved to write letters—especially to her mother . . . she could always relieve her pent-up feelings so nicely

Mums

By Chester Shuler

illustrated by Chloe S. Stewart

... and Mums *wanted* her to write often, too. Tonight she would have the time to write on and on, giving many details of her work, life in the city, and unburden herself delightfully.

Shirley took up her pen, congratulating herself mentally for having been such a faithful correspondent of Mums' ever since she had left home last fall. She loved Mums very dearly. And, she reasoned, the least she could do was to write her often. It worked two ways—this correspondence, Shirley reflected. It kept Mums happy, and made dismal days less hard to bear herself.

"You're bright as a new dollar this morning, Shirley," Amy Miller another teacher, said to her next morning. "I thought you really had the blues last evening."

"Oh, yes," Shirley chirped. "I'm feeling just wonderful." She smiled. "You see, I wrote all my troubles into a letter and sent it to my Mother last evening. Whenever I'm blue or miserable, it helps so much to write to her. It's a great relief to get it out of my system. And Mums likes me to write to her often, too."

Amy gave her a queer little smile.

"Then I suppose," she said, cryptically, "'no news is good news,' when it comes from your pen."

FOUR DAYS later, Shirley looked in vain for a reply from Mums. And then on the fifth came a letter directed to her in the cramped hand of her brother Sam. This was unusual—Sam hated to write letters. Shirley opened it with alarm. Was Mums sick? Had something dreadful happened?

"Dear Sis," the letter began, in Sam's direct, to-the-point but not-

too-grammatical style, "Why don't you write something to Mums besides your headaches and gripes? And say, you're a teacher, ain't you? Then why didn't you just swat Bud Sipes a good one on the noggin, the day he almost made you scream and tear your hair in school? And say, Sis, I'm telling you you won't enjoy teaching in the country any better. I bet it'll be a lot worse. Look—every time you write your headaches in your letters you give Mom a headache too. Pop says when your letters come, he wonders what's wrong with Shirley now. Get wise, Sis. And say, don't forget that box of real chocolates you promised me when you come home. Be seeing you. So long. Your loving brother, Sam. P. S. Don't you go telling Pop or Mums I wrote this to you. Just get wise."

Shirley reread the penciled epistle twice. Then a smile came to her pretty face. Sam was *such* a kidder. Leave it to him to think up something original—like that crack about teaching country school. Of course, he knew how she detested country schools, and how much she really loved her work in the city. A ringing telephone below stairs interrupted her thoughts. She slipped out into the hall.

Mrs. Jones, inquisitive landlady, was eagerly taking the call. "Yes, I think she is. I'll see. Just one moment, please. Oh, Miss Mason—telephone!"

"Coming, Mrs. Jones!" called Shirley, tripping down the stairs, her heart thumping so loudly she feared the landlady might hear—and think she was expecting a call.

A young gentleman calling, Miss Mason," Mrs. Jones gurgled, mov-

ing away all too slowly to suit Shirley.

And then she was hearing young Jerry Benson's voice—*Professor* Benson, of the high-school mathematics department . . . a deep, strong voice, that made Shirley forget all her headaches, gripes, misgivings, and loneliness! At the end of a ten-minute conversation, she walked slowly back to her room . . . treading as one in a dream. Mrs. Jones had disappeared from sight, but Shirley had a certain feeling that she hadn't been out of earshot. Be that as it may, Shirley was treading on air. Her heart was singing. All difficulties had vanished—temporarily at least.

Tomorrow evening she would wear her newest dress and go with Jerry Benson to the symphony concert in the city auditorium! She hoped every other female teacher could go, too—and see them come in together! Oh, it was wonderful . . . living in a big city, where there were concerts, and charming young math professors!

"I'll write Mums after we return tomorrow night," Shirley decided. "For once, I'll take Sam's advice—and tell her something *marvelous*! May even tell her how much I admire Jerry." She smiled brightly at her reflection in the mirror. "And—" her heart was suddenly very tender—"perhaps I have worried Mumsy with some of my letters . . . well, I'll be more careful now."

NEXT EVENING, as a radiant Shirley sat before that same mirror, putting the finishing touches on her hair, she reflected happily that things certainly had

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ONCE NAPOLEON Bonaparte asked a famous lady what their nation needed most. Her brief reply was "We need mothers."

Mothers, no doubt, hold the highest and noblest positions in our society. One writer aptly summarized a mother's responsibility and opportunity when he said, "It is given to mothers to plant the angel in men."

It has been said that great men have great mothers. Among the historic mothers whose memory the world will not let die are Susanna Wesley and Betsey Moody. The example of these two remarkable mothers lives on today to bless and encourage mothers in their high calling. These two unforgettable mothers rocked the cradles from which came John Wesley and Dwight L. Moody.

SUSANNA WESLEY

SUSANNA WESLEY, beyond all doubt, was one of the world's most extraordinary women. It was from the Epworth country parsonage and from the nursery over which she ruled that came the spiritual awakening of England of the eighteenth century. The name of John Wesley, her fifteenth child, will live forever, and much credit can be given his pious mother for the unique training she gave him. This great woman is known as "The Mother of Methodism," and the story of her life is one of the noblest and most inspiring to be found in the pages of history.

Dr. Adam Clarke describes Susanna in her youthful days as not only graceful, but beautiful. Her sound judgment, amiable and pious disposition, fine literary taste, sincere and earnest piety, and indomitable courage, however, surmount any quality or characteristic one could name. The world has known very few women like the indomitable and tireless lady of Epworth.

In 1689 Susanna Annesley married the Rev. Samuel Wesley who came from godly stock, his father and grandfather both being clergymen of the Established Church and both well acquainted with persecution and suffering. To Susanna and Samuel Wesley were born nineteen children in twenty-one years. Nine of these children died in infancy, but the remaining ten were definitely of distinctive and separate quality.

A tradition for perfect handling of children has often been accredited to Susanna Wesley. Her system and orderliness, no doubt, played a paramount part in her excellent training, but that is not all. Not long after her marriage, she set aside two hours of each day for her personal, private devotion to God. These two hours were kept free from secular interruptions, as Mrs. Wesley's firm belief was "no business, unless it cannot be laid aside or suspended without sin, can be of equal, much less of greater, importance, than caring for the soul." Herein lay the secret of a great strength divinely received, which enabled this unusual woman in her great lifework of rearing some of the world's greatest Christians and torchbearers. In speaking of her children she once wrote, "Never were children better disposed to piety, or in more subjection to their parents."

Relative to the early training of the children she says, "They were always put into a regular method of living in such things as they were capable of from their

MEMORABLE

illustrated by Walter Ambrose

birth, such as in dressing, undressing, etc. They were left in their several rooms awake, for there was no such thing allowed in the house as sitting by a child till it fell asleep. From the time they were one year old they were taught to cry softly, if at all, whereby they escaped much correction, and that most odious noise of the crying of children was rarely heard. The will was early subdued because this is the only strong and rational foundation of a religious education, without which both precept and example will be effectual. When this is thoroughly done, then a child is capable of being governed by the reason and piety of its parents till its own understanding comes to maturity and the principles of religion have taken root in the mind."

MRS. WESLEY has received high acclaim in the education of her children. Religious and moral training were not all they received, but a general education not easy to surpass. At five years old they were taught to read. All except two of the children mastered the alphabet in one day. As soon as they could spell they began reading the Scriptures. "The way of teaching was this," wrote Mrs. Wesley. "The day before a child began to learn, the house was set in order, everyone's work appointed them, and a charge given that none should come into the room from nine to twelve, or from two till five, which were our school hours." Each evening Mrs. Wesley took one of the children aside for an hour of private religious instruction. Each child was allotted an hour each week. Dr. Adam Clarke had this to say of the Wesley family, "I have never heard of or known, nor, since the days of Abraham and Sarah, and Joseph and Mary of Nazareth, has there every been a family to which the human race has been more indebted." The result of such pious training was that the ten Wesley children who reached adult years became earnest Christians. John and Charles, of course, stand above the rest in achievement and contribution.

The lot of Mrs. Wesley through the years of rearing her children was no easy one. Time after time death visited their home, taking nine of her children altogether. Since Mr. Wesley's salary as a country par-

MOTHERS

By Margie Mixon



son was not a large one, the family was well acquainted with poverty. The family was often in debt, and twice the parsonage was burned by those who opposed Mr. Wesley's conscientious ministry. Mrs. Wesley bore cheerfully all the privations which came her way. Dr. Adam Clarke further spoke of the family as having the common reputation of being the most loving family in Lincolnshire.

Too much tribute cannot be paid to Susanna Wesley. All Christendom is indebted to her for the great part she played in its great awakening. Her life has undoubtedly inspired many women in the greatest of all work for them—that being the right kind of Christian mother. Families would do well to observe her methods; mothers would do well to follow her example. All will agree that the world needs more men like John Wesley today. But how could the world have the likeness of John Wesley without first the likeness of Susanna Wesley? What greater challenge could be presented Christian motherhood than the life and example of the mother in the Epworth Manse?

BETSEY MOODY

DWIGHT L. MOODY died in 1899 but his memory lives on today to inspire Christians in the greatest of all works—that of soul-winning. His admirers insist that he reduced the population of hell by a million souls. It is said that he put one hand on England and one on America and moved both nations toward the throne.

This boy from Northfield possessed rare qualities that have caused people of all walks in life to marvel at his accomplishments for Christ. Mr. Moody, however, believed in giving credit where it was due. He once said that all he ever accomplished in life was due to his mother. He often mentioned the love and respect he felt toward his mother throughout his ministry. Her tenderness, devotion, and wisdom made such an impression on the lad that he went to her for counsel as long as she lived.

What characteristics did this noble lady possess that caused her illustrious son to attribute his success to her influence? A biographer of Mr. Moody in describing his mother pointed out that "notable Christians of the world were held in amazement by her Christian character; a charm exerted equally over the boys and girls of the Northfield Schools." This character exerted a tremendous power in the life of young Dwight.

Mrs. Moody's life presents a definite challenge to all mothers. No easy path was hers to travel. One of thirteen children, hardship was her common lot, yet she knew the secret of mastering difficulties with a stanch and enduring faith. One writer in describing her early life has stated, "Very early records lift up four interesting facts: her father Luther believed in old-time evangelism: she had bright and merry ways: her training in the little red school house entirely ceased in her thirteenth year: and for the next ten years she was occupied in the practical duties of a home. Such a background assures habits of industry, self-sacrifice and economy." A skillful spinner, Betsey was evidently well trained in the practical duties of running a home.

Indications point to a happy marriage for Betsey and Edwin Moody, a brick mason, despite his careless and extravagant ways. They were married during Betsey's twenty-third year. He reveals something of his nature in an early gift purchased for his wife. On his first trip to Boston after their marriage he discovered a newly printed Bible. Disregarding the high price, he purchased it for his wife. Into this Bible Mrs. Moody entered all family records of her loved ones.

Edwin Moody's death, after thirteen years of mar-

(Continued on page 22)



O. W. Polen, National S. S. and Youth Director



All delegates must register!

+ Looking in on the

Regional Sunday School Conventions



The panel for the "Question and Answer" feature



A typical "Workshop" session



The evening services were well attended



A. M. Phillips represents General Executive Committee

WORDS CAN'T adequately describe them. You would have to have been there to really get the "feel" of the conventions. Words can't provide the readers with the impact which the delegates themselves felt. No written expression can bring to those who did not attend the Regionals *how blessed, how power-endued, and how challenged* the convention attendants were!

The theme of the Regional Convention "More Power for This Hour," was selected by the National Sunday School and Youth Board with care, and every effort was put forth during the con-

ventions to keep this theme constantly before the delegates. It was effectively introduced each night with a colorful and impressive presentation of choir singing and visual demonstration.

No one said, nor would anyone be justified in saying, that the Regional Convention program had any "slow" or "uninteresting" moments in it. The sessions were spiritually refreshing. The features such as "A Tour Through Sunday School Land," "The Voice of Sunday School and Y.P.E.," "Teene-rama," and "Workers Together" (a panel of general church department heads explaining the

work of each department of the Church of God) captivated the interest of the congregations in general. These were "first-time-to-be presented" features, and they were well received.

The nightly sermons were filled with an abundance of challenges as the various ministers emphasized that the needed spiritual power for this hour *must* and *can* come through the Sunday School, the home and youth.

"Boothland" provided exceptionally well-stocked and extremely attractive display booths.

The visual presentations each

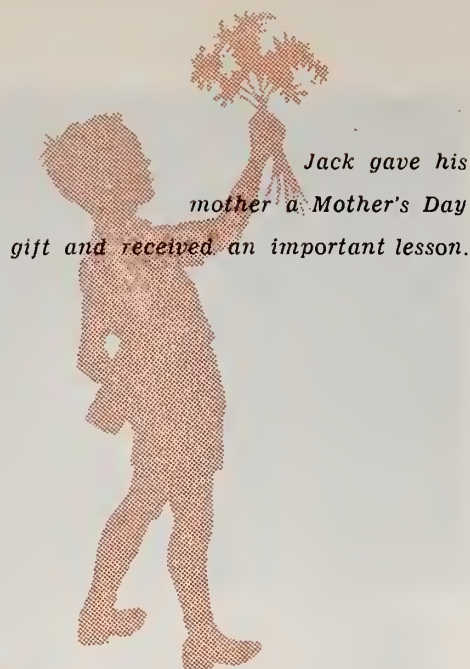
(Continued on page 22)



A scene from one of the three visuals



Looking in on "A Tour Through Sunday School Land"



Jack gave his mother a Mother's Day gift and received an important lesson.

JACK'S GIFT

By Esther Miller Payler

JACK COUNTED the pennies and nickels in his glass piggy bank. "Twenty-three," he said aloud. Holding his lips tightly together he counted the pennies again. "Twenty-three," he frowned. "Got to have two more cents. How can I get them today?"

"Talking to yourself, Jack?" asked Mother, coming into the room.

"Yes, but it's a secret," said Jack. "You'll find out later." He ran out of the house and next door.

He knocked. Mrs. Moore came to the door. "What is it, Jack?" she smiled at him.

"Could I do something for you to earn two cents right now?" asked Jack, his blue eyes big.

Mrs. Moore thought a minute. "Why do you want two cents, Jack?" He whispered in her ear, looking over to his house as he did so.

"Oh yes," nodded Mrs. Moore. "Jack, you play with the baby while I go upstairs and make the beds."

Jack grinned, "Thank you, Mrs. Moore."

Soon Mrs. Moore came down the stairs. She opened her purse and handed Jack two pennies. "Thank you, Jack!"

"Thank you, Mrs. Moore." Jack dashed home. "Please, Mother, I got to go to the corner." He emptied his bank.

Jack's mother smiled but did not ask why as she usually did and Jack was glad of that, because he did not want to give away his secret. Skipping and whistling, to the corner he remembered his Sunday School teacher saying it made people happy to give to those they loved, and he knew it was so. He was happy to give all that he had in his bank for his secret.

When he looked in the window at the corner store, he felt sick for a moment. The little red glass vase with the sign 25c in front of it was gone. He dashed inside the store. When the clerk asked him what he wanted, he said, "That red glass vase that was a quarter. It was in the corner of the window and it's gone!"

THE CLERK WENT back into the store. She was gone so long, Jack thought she would never come back. "Here it is," she said.

Jack smiled, "I'm glad. I want it for my Mother's Day gift! It's a secret, so you won't tell her, will you?"

"No, I won't give your secret away. I'll wrap it in some pretty paper we have," smiled the clerk.

"Thank you," said Jack. He clutched the package and dashed up the street toward home. "Wish I had some nice flowers for the vase," he said, remembering that none of theirs were blooming yet.

In the Conner's rock garden were some white and yellow flowers. "Mr. Conner has so many he won't miss a few," said Jack. Looking all around and seeing no one he quickly snatched several flowers. As soon as he came into the kitchen he shouted, "Happy Mother's Day!"

HIS MOTHER unwrapped the paper. "Oh what a beautiful vase! What a nice secret that was."

"Here are flowers for the vase too," said Jack.

"The flowers are pretty and look so nice in the vase," said Mother. "Where did you get them?"

Jack did not answer at once. He looked down at the toe of his shoe. "I picked them in Mr. Conner's rock garden."

"Did you ask him if you could have them?" asked Mother.

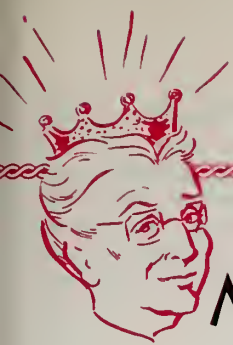
"No. He wasn't looking. He's got so many and besides he's such a mean man," Jack frowned.

"Maybe Mr. Conner wasn't looking, but God sees all we do. The Bible says we must not take things which do not belong to us," said Mother, putting her arms around Jack.

"I remember now," said Jack. "I'm sorry."

"Just pray and say you're sorry and then go over

(Continued on page 23)



MOTHER

Queen of May

By Winona MacMullan

ONE WARM SUNDAY in May many years ago a group of friends, led by a tall, angular woman with a spinsterish mien, gathered in a church in Philadelphia. These women were holding a memorial service for Mrs. Anna Reeves Jarvis, the mother of their leader. That was the first Mother's Day service, but it was not until a year later that Miss Jarvis decided to work toward a national observance of the day.

Mrs. Jarvis herself had tried, many years before, to organize a "Mothers' Friendship Day" to end the bitterness existing between families whose men had fought in the struggle between the North and South. It was her dearest wish that someone would succeed in making this observance nationwide.

Miss Jarvis was a beautiful woman, always well-dressed in gowns of rustling silk. She was employed in the literary department of an insurance company. Reserved but determined, she resigned from her position in order to devote all her time to this exciting new project. She gave talks before men's and women's clubs and other meetings of all sorts. She wrote letters to influential Philadelphians, to governors, teachers, to the White House, to congressmen, editors and even to rulers of foreign countries. Strong men quailed when she set out to impress her ideas upon them. Most persons are of the opinion that Mother's Day has become national in scope because some sentimental person suggested the idea and it grew without effort or funds, but such is not the case.

"Mother's Day," Miss Jarvis explained, "should be regarded as a thank-offering day to be set aside, not only by individuals, but by the Government, for the mothers and the fathers, too, who have blessed our lives and their country." So in 1913 the Pennsylvania Legislature passed a resolution stipulating the second Sunday in May, 1914, as the day to give particular honor to mothers. In 1914 Congress authorized the President to designate by public proclamation the second Sunday in May as Mother's Day. Congratulatory letters



poured in from all over the United States. President Woodrow Wilson characterized the American mother as "the greatest source of the nation's strength and inspiration."

THEN MISS JARVIS was asked why she chose the carnation as the symbol, she replied: "The white carnation was selected as the symbol for various reasons. It is a flower that holds up well; it is not costly and can be worn by men and women alike. Then, too, its sweet, wholesome fragrance and white purity make it stand out, as an appropriate symbol for motherhood."

She was deeply disappointed at the commercialism that crept into the annual observance and spent her wealth campaigning against the candy and greeting card manufacturers who were making such immense profits from the holiday. She felt that it tended to destroy the full meaning of the occasion.

In England the fourth Sunday in Lent is observed as Mothering Sunday. This was started purely as a religious occasion, and on this day faithful worshippers presented gifts to the mother church. The old custom of going-a-mothering is still widely observed. This is the day when English boys and girls, wherever they are, return home bringing gifts of cakes and flowers to their mothers. Mother is the queen of the feast and the center of attraction.

A few years ago friends who went to visit Miss Jarvis found her blind, deaf and penniless. Her fortune had been spent in promoting her dream and opposing those who sought to get rich from it. These faithful friends organized the Anna Jarvis Committee and cared for her until her death November 24, 1948. There are no sons or daughters to keep her memory green, but the day she worked so hard to establish has become a day

(Continued on page 23)

What Makes Our Home Wonderful



By

The Reverend Arvid F. Carlson

*Pastor of Mission Covenant Church
Pasadena, California*



Scripture references: Psalms 127 and 128; Proverbs 24:3, 4; Luke 2:51, 52.

Some has well described a "home" as "a little corner of the very bosom of God, where faithful souls are held close to the infinite Father-heart, and carried safely to the home above." How important then is our task of making our homes the most wonderful places on earth. If, as Victory Hugo wrote,

A house is built of logs and stone,
Of tiles and posts and piers;
A home is built of loving deeds
That stand a thousand years;

we have a God-given responsibility to fashion our own homes according to the indestructible pattern of divine wisdom and love. We cannot afford to trifle with our task.

Homes Do Not Just Happen

Homes do not just happen. They are the result of perpetual thought, discipline, prayer, and action. They can be either a "bit of heaven" on earth or "hell" within four walls. Said one of my former Sunday-school pupils, who came from a broken home, "If my mother is in heaven, I do not want to go there." We are told that there are "two inescapable things—memories of home, and the love of God." Tragic is that life whose memories of home are but haunting shadows of bitter childhood experiences! On the other hand, even the most ungrateful child sometimes will feel urged to rise up and call his home blessed, if it provided him with fragrant reminiscences of a happy homelife.

Family Fellowship

The question immediately before us is how can we make our homes wonderful? What factors will contribute to the creation of the place which we believe is "more than a house"? In answering the question, we must first of all consider the matter of family fellowship. One of the saddest commentaries of our time is the separateness and compartmentalization of family life, not to say anything of the same situation in society itself. Today's families, although smaller, are less a unit than in the past. The craving for real family fellowship has largely ceased. Children seem to thrive as well away from home as in the home. To some degree, the answer lies in the manifold diversions available to the present-day family. The old-fashioned home was not in competition with every bit of clap-trap out of the world. Life patterns were more simple. "The cotter's Saturday Night" was no rarity, as seems to be the case toay.

Our sensate society dotes on increasing portions of sensational entertainment. Our homes have taken on a dull atmosphere in the minds of our children. Their thoughts are similar to those of the young lady who was approached by a real estate agent regarding the purchase of a house. "Why should I need a home?" she asked. "I was born in a hospital; educated in a

college; courted in an automobile; married in a church; I take my meals at a restaurant; spend my afternoons playing bridge and my evenings at the movies. When I die, I will be buried by an undertaker. All I need is a garage."

There are many contributing factors to family fellowship, apart from the headship of Christ and the centrality of the family altar. A home that is called a Christian home is not necessarily a happy home. Indeed, some people may seem to qualify as good Christians, but not good parents. The first requisite to a wonderful home is, therefore, its *atmosphere*. Homes are not created by a set of rules. They are not "legislatures," "courts," "barracks," or "dormitories." Rather, they are "incubators" of the highest ideals and the finest Christian virtues of which we are capable as parents and Christians. When unforgiving attitudes, harsh words, and critical temperaments make way for unsolicited kindnesses, unconscious courtesies, and unbounded joy, the atmosphere in which Christian graces flourish is definitely assured. Character craves a climate, and we must provide only the best.

Take, for example, the seemingly trivial matter of conversation. Idle, unplanned, and selfish talk will detract from a homes sweet atmosphere. The thoughts and problems of all members of the family should reflect and react upon each other. "Table talks" may linger as the happiest memories of childhood. School activities, achievements, and plans should enter into the tough-sharing of a loving family. Psychologists point out that even the matter of voice control sets a prevailing tone in the home. Loud and nagging conversation makes for psychological deafness, akin to a gunner's ability to sleep amid the roar of firing cannons.

Evenings At Home Are Important

Another means to the enjoyment of family fellowship is to spend profitable evenings at home. Because of the scarcity of such a commodity, we are apt to smile at the suggestion. On the other hand, we should approach the problem in all sincerity and Christian seriousness. Today's children know little of "firesides," "songfests," or recreation in the rumpus room. Living-rooms are waste space, and a luxury. The "den" is ever so much more appealing. It usually contains the family television set! And, even if the family discovers an evening free, it seldom enjoys its own fellowship because of a lack of planned activity. No wonder some church-children prefer the neighbor's house to their own!

Moreover, family fellowship can be cultivated along divergent cultural lines. Good music, whether "live" or recorded, should be abundantly provided. High quality reading material, ranging from school reference books to classical and Christian literature, should be found on the family library shelves. The proper use of the radio and the television set is a must. A worldly crowd, once scorned and frowned upon by Christian parents, now parades before eager eyes within the sanctuary of the home—with or without parental censorship! These communicating media are not ne-

cessarily evil. On the contrary, they can be instruments for great good. "Television," says Dr. Carnell, "can become a medium for endless increase of human happiness and security. This is our hope. But, it may fall into the hands of those who will use it as a further means to exploit sinful potentialities in man. This is our fear."

A final factor in the promotion of family fellowship is the utilization of leisure time. It has been axiomatically said that "the family which prays together stays together." Might not the word "plays" be substituted with considerable effect? When parents permit themselves to become so "old" in either body or spirit as to eliminate the family playtime, it is indeed high time to take inventory. As will be pointed out later, many parents have lost their sons and daughters through a lack of wholesome companionship.

Family Loyalty

Let us turn to a second major contribution to wonderful homes, namely, *family loyalty*. It is interesting to notice that the first institution created by divine love and power is the human family. Society and, then, the state follow each other in that order. It is also worthwhile to note that the threatened collapse of this ideal social unit is couched in Cain's caustic question: "Am I my brother's keeper?" When family loyalty vanishes and crass irresponsibility creeps in, the demise of the family is well-nigh accomplished. On the other hand, when family loyalty is developed along the lines of personnel, principles, and projects, the home will unshakably stand the tests and tensions of modern temptations. When each member will be unflinchingly true and supremely loyal to every other member, our homes will be "little heavens" and our fellowship sublime. Ideals and principles must become the common property of all, as well as the responsibility of each individual member. Finally, the family should be totally together in its projects. The writer once heard of a mother, who at advanced age took clarinet lessons in order to share her children's interest in music. Hobbies and diversions may vary within the family framework, but certain unifying interests must be promoted if loyalty is to achieve perfection.

Does not the Word condemn us when it says, "They made me keeper of the vineyards; but my own vineyard I have not kept" (Song of Solomon 1:6). Again, "As your servant was busy here and there, he was gone" (1 Kings 20:40). Many Christian parents have been so busy looking after someone else's children, they have unknowingly lost their own.

Dr. John Sutherland Bonnell relates a telling story in his book, *Pastoral Psychology*, concerning a ten-year-old boy whose father was a very popular and enterprising young doctor. The father had no time for his family. The two younger sisters received the attention and affection of the mother, but the boy, for all practical purposes, became an orphan in his own home. He lost interest in his studies as well as in his family. He quarreled continually with his sisters.

(Continued on page 22)



THE SALVA

LESSON—2 Kings 4:25-26

**TEXT—“ . . . is it well
with the child?”**

THE QUESTION which concerns us is the spiritual welfare of the child, and we can well ask ourselves this same question as we think about our own children. Is it well with my child? Is it well with your child? We speak not merely in a physical sense, but more particularly in a spiritual way.

It was a great day for Israel when Elisha appeared upon the scene of their national life. Unlike Elijah he did not appear amid thunder and flame, but rather he moved among the people doing the service of God and working his miracles. The story of the Shunammite's child illustrates this point. It did not take the prophet long to sense the anxiety upon the face and the heart of this mother whose dead son she had laid upon the bed in the prophet's chamber of her home. Leaving the little corpse, she made her way to the man of God and would not rest until he himself had come to her home. Then the great miracle of raising him from the dead and restoring him to his parents took place.

We pass from the physical miracle of this account to the spiritual miracle which needs to be wrought in the heart of every child who comes to the age of accountability. We recall reading of a train wreck on an eastern road. The conductor ordered his flagman to run down the track and wave his red lantern “to save the other train.” We are thinking just now of the oncoming generation and with the help of God we want to hang out the red lantern of warning. A Christian man approached a heavy drinker and urged him to turn from his course. Said the liquor-soaked individual, “Do you think you can make a temperance man out of me?” “No,” replied the Christian, “we evidently can't do much with you, but I am thinking of your boy.” At this unexpected report the man dropped his jocular tone and said seriously, “Well, I guess you are right. If somebody had been after me when I was a boy, I would be better off today.”

A Serious Condition

EVERY ONE working with children, whether it be the

school teacher, the social worker, or the Sunday School teacher, knows that a serious condition prevails in connection with the moral and spiritual welfare of children. It is common knowledge that suicide among children is increasing at an alarming rate. Upon investigation the causes for this condition are laid to intolerable home life, faulty educational methods, mental derangement, and child marriages.

The majority of crimes today are committed by boys under twenty-one years of age. The average home is nothing more than a place in which to eat and sleep because it has ceased to be a shrine for moral and religious training. The Bible is an unknown book, Sunday School is an unheard of institution, and reverence is an unusual experience with the result that we have a great crowd of ungovernable youngsters who soon find their way into all sorts of mischief. It is not long until the community finds itself burdened with the heartbreaking problems of juvenile delinquency.

The ignorance of boys and girls concerning the Bible is appalling and one's heart is made heavy when reading the reports of experiments conducted by teachers relative to a child's understanding of simple Biblical facts, to say nothing of divine truths. It has been discovered that American children are deplorably unfamiliar

N OF CHILDREN

By Dr. R. S. Beal

*Pastor of First Baptist Church
Tucson, Arizona*

with the features of the Saviour as represented in religious art. It is not a matter of stupidity, for it is noted that the same children instantly recognize the features of well-known movie people and other famed public entertainers. One college professor took time to test a number of children in connection with Leonardo de Vinci's "Last Supper" generally admitted to be the most famous religious picture in existence. He made many interesting observations, but far overshadowing all the rest in significance was the discovery that not one of the children of a fourth grade class could identify the central figure in this most famous painting as that of the Founder of Christianity. They were equally ignorant of the identity of all the twelve apostles surrounding the Christ.

The Salvation of the Child

SO FAR AS infants are concerned there need be no worry on the part of the parents as to their saved estate. Every baby born into the world does possess a carnal nature for which it is not responsible. When the Lord Jesus died upon the Cross, however, He provided an atonement for this nature in every one of us who believe. Do we not recall how John the Baptist cried out and said, "... Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!" (John 1:29)? We must keep in mind the difference between sin and sins. When a child reaches the age of accountability, which is a variable age, and comes to know the reality of his sins and especially so in relation to God, then that child must seek divine forgiveness for his sins at the hands of the Saviour.

There is in the book of Job a pertinent question, "Who can bring

a clean thing out of an unclean? not one" (Job 14:4). And David bore this witness, "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me" (Psalm 51:5). Because of this condition even children need to come to Jesus Christ and find regeneration by the power of the Holy Spirit. The plan of salvation is as much for them as for any adult. Jesus said, "Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven" (Matthew 18:3).

I sat in a Billy Sunday meeting one night when he tested an audience of six thousand as to the age when the Christians present were converted. A vast majority of that number found Christ before they had reached their twentieth year. When he asked how many found Christ after they had reached sixty, only three stood to their feet. Surely we must appreciate the fact that if children are not converted as children, many will never be converted. There are in our cities at this moment thousands of children who, if not reached soon, will grow up with hardened hearts and will spend, in all likelihood, an eternity in hell. It is a known fact that if they come to maturity without Christ, the probability is that few of them will ever find Him.

The boy Isaac was never safer than when he was bound on the altar of God. God develops and keeps and never destroys youth who are bound to His altars. The editor of a great secular magazine, when dealing with the subject of juvenile delinquency, wrote, "The girl who goes to a strange city to work will find that her best safeguard against being thrown into company of young male companions who

would entice her from virtue's path is the church of God." Increasingly men of the world recognize the value of that which the church represents; namely, the gospel.

The Parents' Responsibility

AFTER A CHILD has found Christ as personal Saviour, too many parents seem to question the child's sincerity rather than rejoice in the little one's decision. While it is true that some children may be swept along with the tide and unite with the church simply because their companions do so, this in no wise justifies indifference to the decision to accept Christ on the part of a child who has been taught clearly the way of salvation. Let us give some credit to the operation of the Holy Spirit in a child's heart when the Word is taught him. Christianity is not a childish thing, but it is a power intended of God to reach children. Let us remember that every year a child remains away from Christ as Saviour after he is six or seven years of age, he becomes more entangled in sin and worldliness, and every passing year finds it more difficult for him to break away.

Instead of doubting young converts, we should encourage them and make certain that they have been properly taught the way of life and then trust God to own and bless His Word in their young hearts. Concern about their spiritual welfare should burden us if they do not make a decision early in life. "Are they all in?" was the question which came again and again from the lips of a dying mother. In her delirium she had slipped back through the years and once more was "tucking in" her family. Had Mary returned? Was John in bed? Where was Tom? The mother heart could not rest until her brood was safely tucked in under the sheltering wing of her mother love. Thus the anxious query, "Are they all in?"

(Continued on page 20)



My Message To Mothers

By Alda B. Harrison

Dear Mothers: God bless you.

We are always glad to welcome Mother's Day, the day when we can give honor to the most important class of people in the world, and this time we are writing our message for the benefit of our young mothers. I know a certain magazine, one of the most popular religious magazines in the country, that will not recognize this day. In fact, articles have appeared against the observance of such a day. I cannot understand, for I do not think too much can be said of the motherhood of our land. Yes, they need encouragement. They need to be appreciated. A heavy load rests upon them and when youth goes wrong the blame is usually laid at her door. It is said:

"The hand that rocks the cradle is

The hand that rules the world."

Most people have the idea that if father goes wrong it doesn't affect the children so much; if mother stands her ground and lays a foundation for her children, if she draws them around her and teaches the right way, some believe they will usually come out all right. Now we do not agree with them, but we will leave father's responsibility until next time for it is Mother's Day and we must give Mother her place.

No greater blessing could ever have been bestowed upon woman-kind than that of being a mother, and there are no people in the world that are more pitiable than the ones who must travel the road of life childless. Many are traveling this road because of their own choice. God pity them. There will be a reaping day when they would give all the world to live life over

again. But you say, the responsibility is too heavy for me. The world is in such a condition that it is almost an impossibility to rear children right in these last days. Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today and for ever and He will never fail those who trust in Him. I shall not forget those little darlings of mine, when they used to seem such a burden, when they wanted this and that. There were little clothes to make and to mend, difficulties to settle. There were a thousand things I wanted to do, but no, I was tied at home with those little ones. When the second one came along I didn't see how I could ever manage another, then the third and still the fourth, but God never failed to make the way. One of them has gone on to his heavenly home and I'm glad he ever came and spent even so short a time with us for I can see those little outstretched arms beckoning us to meet him there. The others have flown from the home nest, only to return occasionally for a visit, but I would not take millions of worlds like this one for just a little peep back into the past when those little tots lingered around the fireside. The thought of little arms around my neck and the impress of little kisses on my cheek, the good-night caresses and bed-side prayers:

*Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to
keep;*

*If I should die before I wake,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to
take.*

And now to have my birdlings fly home again means worlds to me. My home is kept more for that

purpose than for any other.

The old saying, "What is home without a mother?" is true, yet we can just as truly say, "What is home without children?" But I hear you say that this is a strange Mother's Day message, not so much eulogizing mother as children. Well, we are just trying to let our young mothers, with a house full of little folks coming on, see the beauty of motherhood and what it will bring to them some day. I want to help them to look above the trials and testings now to the future when they can offer the world the fruits of their lives and their labor of love. Live a day at a time, trust God moment by moment. He will carry you through. Remember you are building lives and that it is up to you to build them strong both for time and eternity.

I think I almost hear you say, "Sister Harrison, did you say that your children were a burden to you?" Yes, if any child thinks that it has not been a burden to its parents, it is very much mistaken, but it is the sweetest burden in all the world. Did you ever know before that we can carry valuable burdens? Let me illustrate with this little story.

A WOMAN HAD a dream. She thought the Lord came to her and a friend of hers and handed them each a heavy package to carry. They were wrapped in burlap and were homely to look upon. They both said, "Yes, Lord, we will carry it for You." They started out, but as they went she grew weary of the burden and began to complain because she had

been given such a burden to carry. The other one marched on underneath the burden, rejoicing for the privilege of carrying a burden so great for the Master. They traveled on and finally they both met the Lord at the end of the way, and laid down their burdens at His feet. When He opened them and presented them with the contents, they were delighted at the wonderful jewels they were carrying, all wrapped in that ugly burlap. They had both reached the intended destination with their burdens, but one had come bearing the load with rejoicing; the other had complained because of the heavy load. So as you go on bearing the burdens of your little family remember this dream. Down at the end of the way when the old rough burlap of life has been removed and your eyes have really been opened to see the precious jewels you have been carrying for the Master you'll really understand what I mean by "a sweet burden." How are you carrying your burden? Is it with rejoicing? It's up to you to train them so you'll find jewels at the end of the way.

I well remember how I suffered with caring for my baby who has gone on to be with Jesus. He was sick a great deal and I walked the floor night after night until my physical strength was gone. One night as I was carrying him back and forth, I said, "O little William, if I didn't love you, I'd throw you out the window." After he went away I tried to condemn myself and feel bad about it, but after weighing the matter well I came to the conclusion that I had told the truth, for it was love that caused

me to walk the floor from day to day and night after night with my precious child. It is that mother love that causes you to travel on under your heavy burden.

I ONCE HEARD a story of how our heavenly Father sent an angel to earth to search out and bring back the most beautiful thing this world possessed. The angel came and began his search and found an American Beauty rose. He took it back to the Father but the Father shook His head, and said, "No, there is something far more beautiful than the American Beauty rose. Go back and try again." Once more he searched and this time he met a precious baby who looked at him and smiled. "Surely I cannot be mistaken this time," so he took the baby smile and returned to the Father. Again He shook His head. "Go back," He said, "and this time I will help you in your decision."

He walked up and down the streets of a city one night and a voice said, "Go look in that window for a little while." As he looked he saw a fond mother tucking her infant child into its little crib, and as she did so the tears of joy and gratitude rolled down her cheeks as she thanked the Father for honoring her with motherhood. "This is very beautiful," said the angel, "but I will look a little further to make sure." On he went until the voice again said, "Here is another home I want you to look into." As he looked he again saw a mother and child. The child was ill and back and forth the mother carried him, bathing his fevered brow and

(Continued on page 21)



Art



Out of the sundry subjects with which contemporary art students are preoccupied, the still life is, perhaps, the most common. This fact is well exemplified in the work of Miss Sharon Boatwright from Valdosta, Georgia. Sharon is seventeen years old and has an unusual art background for her age. She has studied art in three states: South Carolina, Florida and Georgia and has experimented in most art media. Sharon plans to continue her education at Lee College this fall.



Sharon Boatwright

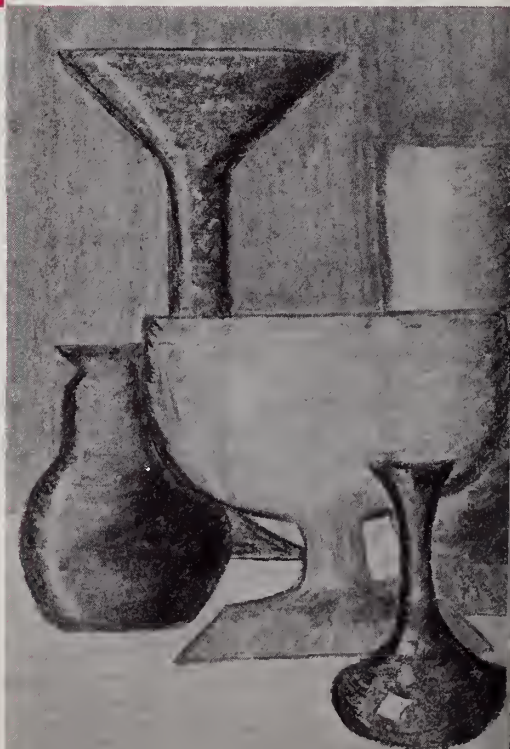


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art book review

AN ATLAS OF ANATOMY FOR ARTISTS by Fritz Schider. Dover Publications, Inc., New York, \$6.00. This book has been recognized as the most thorough reference work in art anatomy and is comparable in its definitive ambition to another famous German work on the same subject, "Kunstler Anatomie" by Friedrich Meyner. Schider's *Atlas of Anatomy for Artists* contains more than 350 illustrations which graphically show the placement, function and characteristics of every anatomical structure of the human form. This work is used as a textbook in some of the world's best art schools and is recommended to all artists who want to increase their knowledge of the human figure. Text is in English.



DEAR MUMS

(Continued from page 5)

picked up since the dismal day when everything had gone wrong. Today, Mrs. Gibson, wife of one of the school board members, had come personally to apologize for the note she had written when Shirley had disciplined Junior; the lady explained that she had written too hastily, and as a peace offering she tendered Shirley an invitation to dinner. Even the school principal, who had been sharp in his criticism sometimes, was more courteous today, even complimenting Shirley on the discipline in her gown, with a fresh hair-do, she was eager for the arrival of tall, handsome Jerry Benson. She had just sat back to wait for his ring, when the bell sounded and the landlady's step was heard. Why was she coming upstairs? Shirley wondered. Perhaps trying to be formal—precious lady!

Answering her tap, Shirley heard, "Miss Mason, Professor Benson and another young gentleman are waiting to see you. I had them sit in the living room."

Shirley gasped, "A — young gentleman and Professor Benson, did you say, Mrs. Jones? Who can the 'young gentleman' be, I wonder? Do you think he is one of my pupils?"

Mrs. Jones shook her head. "I don't know him, Miss Mason. Would say he's too old to be in the grades, though He seems very anxious to see you."

"Thanks. I'll be right down, Mrs. Jones."

Wonderingly, Shirley hurried to the living room. "Sam!" she exclaimed, seeing her grinning brother. "Excuse me, Mr. Benson. You see, this is a real surprise. Meet my brother Sam, Professor Benson. Sam, he is a teacher in one of our largest high schools."

"Hi, Professor?" Sam greeted. "Hope I'm not breaking up anything special here," he apologized, grinning. "But you see—"

"Tell me, Sam, how did you get here? And why didn't you let me know you were coming?"

"Couldn't, Sis. Hadn't time. Dad just heard of the vacancy at Dis-

trict Three this morning, and I started right away with the light truck—"

"The—truck? But why, Sam?" Shirley gasped. "Oh, you don't mean Dad is trying to get a country school for me, do you? Oh, Sam—!"

SAM LOOKED uncomfortably at her, then at the professor. "Well, you see, Sis, we got your last letter, and Mom's worried sick. So Dad said, if thing's are so awful—I mean, *terrible* here, we'd better get you home right away, and—if you hurry you can get the school okay, and—"

"Sam!" Shirley gasped, flushing crimson. "Whatever are you saying? Why has Daddy done all this? Why, I wouldn't *think* of teaching there!"

"I'm trying to tell you, Sis. You know all the things you wrote in that letter. I tried to warn you what was happening to Mums, but you never answered—'bout the city board being so awful, and everyone treating you so mean, and—well, frankly, I expected to find you all packed, ready to come home—"

"Oh, dear!" Shirley had sunk into a chair. "I never *meant* that—I suppose I was just feeling low when I wrote. You see—" She looked uncertainly at the puzzled young professor, who was plainly wondering whether he wasn't intruding on a family conference. "You see, Sam, Professor Benson and I have

a very important engagement this evening, and I couldn't possibly—"

Sam's jaw dropped in surprise. "Sorry, Sis. Well, if everything's okay here, and you don't want to go home—I reckon—that is I *suppose*—" Sam, conscious of the "professor" was trying hard to be grammatical. "I guess I'd better get started back. Mom and Dad will be worried if I don't come tonight, and it's a hefty—I mean *long*—drive. You're sure you don't want to go, Sis?"

For the first time Jerry Benson spoke up. "Er—pardon me, Miss Mason, but if our engagement has spoiled some family plans, why perhaps—"

"Oh, but it hasn't, Mr. Benson!" Shirley exclaimed hastily. "This is all a terrible mistake. It's all my fault, too! Oh, dear, I feel—"

Very gently the professor asked, "May I make a suggestion? It's a bad night for driving far. Why don't we telephone your folks, and explain. Then take your brother with us to the concert? I'm sure I can secure an extra ticket without any difficulty. In fact,—" he grinned in a comradely way which quite won Sam's heart, "in fact, my sister, Joy, who's just about Sam's age, happens to have a pair of tickets, but no escort, and—" he consulted his watch—"I believe she can make it, if we call at once."

Shirley gave him a grateful

(Continued on next page)



We have been in a contest at the Church of God at New Martinsville, West Virginia, to see who could write the best theme on the life of Moses for our Y.P.E.

The winners were Lorine Burden, John Dailey, and Helen Carroll, respectively.

—Rev. A. B. Burden, pastor
New Martinsville, West Virginia

The Dillon Church of God Senior Lamplighters Club, along with Mrs. Willodean Scott and Mr. Alfred Bellomy, was privileged to be at Sunny Acres Rest Home on January 15, 1959, for a fellowship service which was enjoyed by everyone.

There was special singing by the group, and Mr. Bellomy was in charge of devotions.

—Calvin Chancey, Reporter.

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(Continued from page 19)

glance. "Well, if it won't inconvenience anyone," she said, "I'd be so very happy."

The professor helpfully placed a long-distance call to the farm, Shirley tried lamely to explain her situation, and Sam beamed with anticipation. A visit to the big city was an event with him—and attending a real symphony concert, with the sister of a city prof—wouldn't *that* be something to tell the fellows! Best of all, he could tell by the cheery note in Mums' voice over the wire that her headache was cured.

When, later, Sam got his sister alone, he asked, "Sis, this was some evening! Why don't you do this often—so you could write Mums happy news instead of worrying her half dead with your troubles?"

"Sammy boy," Shirley said, earnestly, "if I ever write another 'blue' letter to Mums or anyone at home, I want you to come in here and pull my hair the way you used to do when we were kids, see?"

"I'll sure oblige you—with pleasure!" the boy laughed.

"But you'll never get the chance," Shirley promised—and meant every word of it. "Tomorrow before you leave for home, I'll get you an extra large box of chocolates to bind the bargain," she added.

That night, on her knees, Shirley repeated her promise to God—and meant it, too.

SALVATION OF CHILDREN

(Continued from page 15)

The book of Job gives to us the picture of a father truly burdened about the spiritual welfare of his children. "And it was so, when the days of their feasting were gone about, that Job sent and sanctified them, and rose up early in the morning, and offered burnt offerings according to the number of them all: for Job said, It may be that my sons have sinned, and cursed God in their hearts. Thus did Job continually" (Job 1:5). The marginal rendition of "continually" is "all the days." This father had a continual burden upon his heart in relation to the spiritual welfare of his sons. Daily he made offerings unto God in their behalf. How

many of us as parents have labored with God "all the days" in behalf of the spiritual condition of our children? Oftentimes we never utter a word of prayer for them until they fall sick or are nigh unto death. Sometimes it is only when they have fallen into mischief that we cry to God to get them out of trouble and to save ourselves from embarrassment.

John G. Paton, the famous missionary, testified many times to the lifelong influence of his father's prayers. W. T. Stead wrote, "I fail to find that modern society has any substitute for the social benefits which result from this old institution of the family altar." When our children in the tender years of life profess to have found the Lord Jesus Christ, let us water the seed of truth in their hearts by much prayer, and by a holy example.

We cannot escape the fact that the life and conduct of each parent is largely reflected in their children. If these young converts are not doing as well as they ought in their new-found hope, the strong probability is that the Christian profession of the parents is not making much of an impression. My sympathies go out to those children whose parents make no effort to help them in the Christian way after they have once found it. The times in which we find ourselves are perilous, and we cannot take too much care to fortify our children against the ever-increasing forces of evil to be found in every walk of life into which our children will enter. I am pleading with father and mother to believe in the genuineness of a Christian experience in the heart of their child.

There are some fine stories told of the children of Scotch Covenanters. Many of these brave Scotch people met death at the hands of their enemies because of their faith in God, and even the children were true under great persecution. A number of children were surrounded by the soldiers of King George and were commanded to tell where their parents were hidden or be shot to death. In spite of the soldiers' cruel threats

not one lad or lassie would tell the secret. As they were gathered under a tree, the fierce officer commanding the soldiers, sought to frighten them.

"If you do not tell me quickly you will be shot," the officer roared. They only huddled the closer and kept silent. "Make them all kneel and cover their faces," ordered the captain. One little lassie asked to be allowed to hold her brother's hand, for she thought he would face death easier. All knelt save one bonnie lad who remained standing. "I've done naething wrang: I'll no kneel doon; I'll dee stanin' up," he said in his Scotch brogue. The rifles were ordered loaded only with powder, but the order was given to fire. As the loud report rang through the valley, the children cried pitifully; and some fell to the ground in their fright, but others remained kneeling. "You have not prayed," sneered the officer. "Please sir, ma mither taught me a Psalm; we'll sing that if it will do," said a little girl. All the children stood and tears ran down the soldiers' faces as the children's voices rang out, "The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want." The officer himself had learned that Psalm also at his mother's knee. Before the song was finished the soldiers hurried away and left the children in peace. Does not this incident show how little children can love God and be true to Him even in the face of the threat of death? God help us to believe in the reality of the work of grace in their hearts.

MY MESSAGE TO MOTHERS
(Continued from page 17)

speaking words of comfort. Occasionally he could hear her say, "O God, spare my child." All night long she carried him, never murmuring, never complaining, her only thought being for the welfare of her precious child. The angel turned away, strengthened in his belief that mother love was the most beautiful thing earth possessed.

On further down the street he wandered when again that inner voice bade him stop and listen.

He heard a trembling voice praying, and on stepping to the window saw an old gray-haired mother on her knees, praying for her wayward son, and beseeching her Father to return her precious boy.

"Ah," said the angel, "I'm sure I have it now, but I am confident that mother's prayer will be answered, and I must wait to see him come home."

Only a few days of waiting brought an answer to mother's prayer, and one day a ragged, forlorn looking young man came up the street and turned in at the gate and on to the door of his home. As he knocked the door swung open and mother's arms were about his neck, and tears of joy flowed down her cheeks. She closed the door upon the scene, but a few hours later on looking in at the window, he saw a table set with all the fine white linen of the home, the silverware, the beautiful cut glass, and everything that she could find to adorn that table was there. Then he could see her take down jar after jar of jellies, preserves and canned fruit on which his name was written. She said, "John, I canned this for your home coming." Oh, the joy in that mother's face as she served that boy whose very countenance

showed dissipation was enough to convince the angel that mother love was the most beautiful thing that earth possessed. It did not take the dear heavenly Father long to give His smile of approval to the angel's decision.

Now, little mothers, with the precious ones playing at your feet or tugging at your dress as you try to perform the duties of the home through great disadvantages, may I ask if I have helped you some with this message? If I have, I'm so glad. Right now go and find those little ones and draw them to you and tell them that you'll try to be the best mother in the world. I don't mind if you let a few tears drop as you tell them, for right now they are dropping from the eyes of the writer and I'm asking God to strengthen and help you. Let us weep together for the motherhood of our land.

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REGIONAL S. S. CONVENTIONS

(Continued from page 9)

night added much emphasis to the theme. The institutes and workshops were the "talk" of the convention. The choir singing and other special music helped greatly to create a real convention atmosphere.

At this writing, 7 of the 10 scheduled Regionals have been conducted. The registration for the first 7 is 5,004, and the total attendance for all services in the conventions is 20,014. From all indications, the '59 Regionals will be "record-breaking."

To God first, and then to the hundreds of other people who have made these conventions so successful, we say *thanks*.

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MEMORABLE MOTHERS

(Continued from page 7)

riage left his wife and seven children. One month after his death, twins were born to Mrs. Moody. A daughter in describing her mother's reaction to the loss, wrote, "I never remember mother's hair any other way than white; it turned quickly and completely after father died."

WITH NINE fatherless children to care for, with poverty an everyday companion, this Northfield mother often knew what real struggle meant. How did she face it? Dwight L. Moody tells us himself of his mother's courage and faith: "Dad died when mother was forty-one. What a struggle she had with us; six besides myself, and then the twins were born after father's death. Only three books in the place and yet they were enough—the family Bible, the chatechism, and a book of family devotions. How the spruce log fire sparkled as we sat on the mat on the cold Sunday nights when church was impossible. I can hear mother now, solemnly adjuring us to walk in the ways of God, as she read from the big Bible to us. After father died, mother wept herself to sleep every night, sister said, and yet we younger ones who slept soundly in our blissful innocence, knew it not. She was always cheerful to us. Brave old mum! Her motto was, 'Give others the sunshine, tell Jesus the rest.'"

Through her loom work and working out in neighborhood homes, Mrs. Moody was able to provide the necessities for her children. More important than these necessities, however, she showed them by example that "man does not live by bread alone." Through an abiding faith in God and His goodness, she reared her nine children, one of whom made his influence for the cause of righteousness felt in his own and all succeeding generations.

One phase of the training received from his mother that made a definite impact on Dwight Moody was personal kindness and consideration for others. Those less fortunate than he always received his helping hand. One biographer has said of him, "His personal kindness and consideration for others was unlimited. He was always on the lookout for those smaller helpfulnesses to friends and neighbors which go so far."

At his mother's funeral in 1896 her famous son, Dwight, asked to say a few words. "If I can control myself I would like to say a few words. It's a great honor to be the son of such a mother. I have travelled a good deal but I never saw one who had such tact. She so

bound her children to her that it was great calamity to have to leave home. I cannot say half enough. That dear face! No sweeter on earth! . . . Here is her Bible; everything came from it. Widow Moody's light burned on that hill fifty-four years. God bless you mother, we love you still. Good-bye for a little while, mother!"

And so Betsey Moody passed on to her reward—no doubt, one of distinction. Her life story is a thrilling one, an inspiring one, and a noble one. She has taken place in history as one of the world's most memorable mothers.

WHAT MAKES OUR HOME WONDERFUL?

(Continued from page 13)

The distracted mother brought him to Dr. Bonnell for counseling help. After several sessions, the boy was drawn out of his shell, revealing his utter loneliness and craving for love. The parents, quickly appraised of the situation, took the boy into their heart and lavished their attention upon him. As a result, the lad was rescued from awful consequences, and the home was saved from an inevitable tragedy. How often children are taken for granted! How often it is assumed they are already adults! How quickly they gather the impression they are not wanted or needed! How many homes have suffered disintegration due to a lack of family loyalty or interest! Christian families should, by all means, find unified outlets of service and worship. Vocal and instrumental combinations should be pressed into practice and action. The total genius of the family should be developed to the fullest possible extent.

Family Responsibilities

In order completely to portray a "home wonderful" something must be said regarding family responsibilities. The relationship between the husband and the wife and the relationship of both to the children are exceedingly important. These will be discussed at length in later chapters.

Homes where anarchy prevails can never be wonderful. A sense of responsibility toward each other must prevail. Parents are to be examples. We owe our children more than money—we owe them the finest manhood and womanhood in our redeemed nature.

This then is our task, to make our homes so wonderful that a coming generation will treasure the inheritance of a happy, wholesome home life, filled with the sunshine of God's love.

JACK'S GIFT

(Continued from page 10)

and tell Mr. Conner," said Mother. Jack did not want to go. He walked very slowly carrying the flowers. He wanted to run home and not go to see Mr. Conner. Then he saw him working in his rock garden. Jack slowly went up to him. Mr. Conner frowned when he saw the flowers. Praying for help, Jack said in a small voice, "Mr. Conner, I'm sorry I took these flowers from you to give to my mother in her Mother's Day vase."

Mr. Conner stared for a minute. "All right this time, but don't do it again. Always ask me." Then he said, "Wait a minute, Jack. Let me give you some more."

Jack was happy again. He was glad God could see everything.

MOTHER—QUEEN OF THE MAY

(Continued from page 11)

full of love and meaning everywhere. A bronze plaque bearing her likeness has been placed upon her tombstone in the cemetery in Philadelphia where she is buried.

Anna Jarvis stated her objective in these simple words: "The wearing of the Mother's Day badge and the sending of a letter, gift or message of affection are small things in themselves, but they inspire noble simplicity, enable rich and poor alike to keep the day dedicated to the person whose name is the very first lisped by a child and the last whispered by a dying soldier on a battlefield."

YOUTH WANTS TO KNOW

(Continued from page 2)

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Route 3, Box 250
Donalsonville, Georgia

Leslie Hopkins (13)
Route 1
Cabool, Missouri

Miss Jewel Dean Taylor (18)
Route 1
Empire, Alabama

Miss Margaret Parrish (16)
General Delivery
Eloise, Florida

Mr. Gilbert Hopkins (10)
Route 1
Cabool, Missouri

Mr. Ronald Meyer (14)
Tyrone, Missouri

Miss Lila Evenson (16)
Route 1
Kooskia, Idaho



"That this may be a sign among you, that when your children ask their fathers in time to come, saying

What Mean Ye By These Stones?

Then ye shall answer them, these stones shall be for a memorial unto the children of Israel forever." Joshua 4:6-7.



Just as Joshua commanded the twelve men of Israel to build with perfect stones a monument to commemorate the passing over Jordan—

So, as our loved ones pass from our immediate presence over Jordan, should we select the most perfect, the most beautiful and the most lasting stone for the monuments we erect to commemorate their beautiful virtues and accomplishments.

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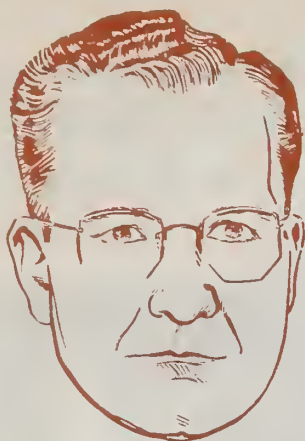
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The Voice of Sunday School

O. W. POLEN, Director

I Am A V.B.S. Director

By Mrs. G. D. Boatwright

ONE OF THE sternest challenges, and yet one of the grandest opportunities presented me in my church calendar year, is the Vacation Bible School. Closely knit with the work and aims of the Sunday School is the V.B.S., and, therefore, as director, I feel very much my responsibility toward Christ and the church. A good, conscientious Sunday School teacher realizes keenly the challenge confronting her every Sunday morning for 45 minutes along with her weekday planning. So one can understand in a measure the challenge facing the director and staff of a V.B.S., who are concerned with four hours daily for two weeks with numbers of pupils, many of whom are not regular Sunday School attendants. This in itself presents new problems, however, with all the problems, and the precision which must be worked into a Vacation Bible School, it is something which must not seem to be run by rigid monastic discipline, but rather by a warm, Christian manner with everyone working together toward a common goal, learning more about Christ. I repeat, it is possible to present rich Christian truths in

a spirit of Christian firmness and win the hearts of the students to Christ. On the other hand, if they detect a domineering, belligerent, short-tempered attitude in the teacher, all the teaching goes for naked nothing.

It has been suggested, and fittingly so, that the Vacation Bible School is an agent of the Sunday School. By hurried figuring, one can readily discover that almost as many hours, profitable hours, can be spent in two weeks of V.B.S. as is spent in an entire year of Sunday School sessions. I am not fostering the idea that the V.B.S. is a substitute for the Sunday School, or even equal to the program of an entire Sunday School year, for in Sunday School we notice a gradual assimilation of facts and attitudes, while in V.B.S. it is a somewhat more hurried schedule and is concluded in two weeks. Taken together, however, these two schools can assist one another, with the end result being little children eternally blessed. It has been proved in my work as director of Vacation Schools that many Sunday School students have been enrolled through the efforts of V.B.S. So allow me to call the Vacation Bible

School the little brother of the Sunday School! As its brother, it is not superior, but, of course, very closely related.

One of the first steps in organizing a V.B.S. after the selection of a director, is an adequate staff, for let no one think that one person can carry a V.B.S. of any size by himself. In this respect, again, it is very much like the organization of a successful Sunday School. An adequate number of secretaries, registrars, helpers and instructors must be enlisted. Much time could be spent dealing with the qualifications of these workers, but, in brief, they must be people of unquestioned Christian character, and with personalities pleasing enough to win the hearts of children, and yet firm enough to hold the attention of those same children. It is not an original thought with me, but nevertheless true, that there are some who can teach adults who aren't able to make the transition successfully in teaching children. Even in Vacation Bible Schools, there is quite a difference in ages, so proper consideration before choosing the instructors is imperative.

FOLLOWING MY selection of helpers for the "school term," I call a meeting, as soon as possible in the calendar year, to lay plans for the term study on the curriculum, materials to be bought, and to generally instill a spirit of enthusiasm in the hearts of these workers, for without prayer and enthusiasm, many times a school never gets a proper start, or as they say, "It never gets off the ground." I must admit that after my first endeavor, I began to see the greater value of careful

pre-planning, so no one would be in the dark as to the aims and purposes of our school. If the instructor doesn't have a proper perspective of the school, it naturally follows, the student won't derive much lasting good from the school.

A director should consider the size of his church in selecting and buying the materials for the V.B.S. so as not to spend excessively, but at the same time, having some basic supplies with which to work. Many churches have shied away from V.B.S. because of what they termed the terrible expense, but certainly there are many ways to keep the expenses in keeping with the church budget, and I would recommend a V.B.S. with only the Bible as a textbook, rather than not have one at all. In most cases, the cost of a school is not prohibitive, however, and after all what we spend here is a real investment in souls.

With the planning of the school itself, as director, it is my duty to get the attention of everyone present the first morning and have a well planned "opening exercise." The use of the word exercise is not meant to exclude genuine reverence and worship, for that is the first goal of V.B.S. If a director can create a desire to worship and reverence God, many of his "noise problems" are settled for the hours ahead in the classrooms. With this reverence of God, I attempt to foster a respect for our country and our Bible by a salute to each.

Very much as we expect our Sunday School Superintendent to extend a spirit of warmth to all visitors and furnish proper explanations as to classroom locations, so a V.B.S. director must be cordial and warm to all the new wide-eyed youngsters there for the first time, and must make them feel right at home and let them know what to expect for the rest of the morning. With the beginning of the class periods, I would recommend that where possible the director not be expected to teach, but rather continue his work of watching the machinery of the school, be ready to quell disturbances if they do arise, and just generally assist in the many facets of the work. One of these duties is to watch carefully over the children in the recess pe-

riods, seeing that no one is hurt, for one can readily see what effect a serious injury would have on a school of this kind.

WITH THE closing of the daily classroom sessions, the work of the director comes into focus again, in the conducting of the closing assembly session. The entire day's work can be brought to a worshipful climax with good planning and prayer. Using songs easily sung by all and a fitting little message can bring about wonderful results, and this is where much good in schools is lost. In many cases, we don't work toward or expect conversions, but I believe this can be a great closing to the days session, little hearts reaching out to ask Christ to become their Saviour.

The V.B.S., being an agent of the the Sunday School, can serve it best by furnishing it with the names and addresses of all the students and church connections, if any in the past, which, of course, furnishes the Sunday School a "redhot" list of prospective students. Many boys and girls are first introduced to the church by the V.B.S. and their interest in further study is aroused, new acquaintances are made, which they want to keep, and so the transition is easily made from V.B.S. to the Sunday School.

In connection with this, I have found that an "open house" at the close of the school is a means of getting many parents to come and see what the children have been doing with their time; and by coming they, too, get to see the inside of the church, get acquainted with its leaders, in addition to hearing their own youngsters joining with scores of others in singing inspiring choruses, reciting memory verses and enjoying their exhibition of handcraft. This generally gives the parents a favorable impression of the work of the whole enterprise. One of the greatest testimonials to V.B.S. comes from entire families who have been won to the Lord Jesus Christ and won for the church by the encouragement given from V.B.S. It is with a memory of experiences like this that makes me anticipate another glorious term of V.B.S. again this summer!

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BY O. W. POLEN, National Sunday School and Youth Director

Sunday School Average Weekly Attendance February, 1959 500 and Over

Greenville (Tremont Ave.), South Carolina	771
Middletown (Clayton St.), Ohio	624
400 — 499	
Atlanta (Hemphill Ave.), Georgia	486
Erwin, North Carolina	476
North Cleveland, Tennessee	460
Kannapolis, North Carolina	425
North Chattanooga, Tennessee	425
Belton, South Carolina	415
Hamilton (7th and Chestnut), Ohio	410
Detroit Tabernacle, Michigan	408
Cincinnati (12th and Elm Sts.), Ohio	408
300 — 399	
Charlotte, North Carolina	391
South Gastonia, North Carolina	382
Anderson (McDuffie), South Carolina	378
Wilmington, North Carolina	365
Alabama City, Alabama	358
Buford, Georgia	344
Jacksonville, Florida	340
North Rome, Georgia	340
West Gastonia, North Carolina	323
East Chattanooga, Tennessee	318
Griffin, Georgia	315
Biltmore, North Carolina	310
Orlando, Florida	306
South Cleveland, Tennessee	303
Rock Hill, South Carolina	302
Fairborn, Ohio	302
Pulaski, Virginia	300
200 — 299	
Home for Children (4th St.), Michigan	299
Daisy, Tennessee	297
Lenoir, North Carolina	294
Savannah (Anderson), Georgia	293
West Flint, Michigan	291
Lakeland, Florida	288
Lenoir City, Tennessee	281
Pontiac, Michigan	280
Atlanta (Riverside), Georgia	279
South Lebanon, Ohio	276
Whitwell, Tennessee	276
St. Louis (Grand Ave.), Missouri	272
Newport News, Virginia	269
Sulphur Springs, Florida	268
Augusta (Crawford Ave.), Georgia	268
Dallas, North Carolina	262
Dillon, South Carolina	261
Clearwater, Florida	260
Paris, Texas	258
Canton (9th and Gibbs), Ohio	256
Louisville (Highland Park), Kentucky	253
Nashville (Meridian St.), Tennessee	253
Tampa, Florida	252
South Rocky Mount, North Carolina	252
Ft. Lauderdale, Florida	250
East Laurinburg, North Carolina	247
Dayton (4th St.), Ohio	247
Dayton (Oakridge Dr.), Ohio	242
Ft. Mill, South Carolina	238
Somerset, Kentucky	238
Anniston, Alabama	235
Columbus (Freble Ave.), Ohio	234
Salisbury, Maryland	233
Tarpon Springs, Florida	229
Gastonia (Ranlo), North Carolina	229
Langley, South Carolina	229
Lumberton, North Carolina	227
Honea Path, South Carolina	226
Millford, Delaware	226
Birmingham (Pike Ave.), Alabama	225
Brooklyn, Maryland	225
Valdosta, Georgia	223
East Belmont, North Carolina	221
Goldsboro, North Carolina	220
Charleston (King St.), South Carolina	217
Columbia, South Carolina	217
Lowell, North Carolina	216
Van Dyke, Michigan	215
Vioco, Kentucky	214
West Danville, Virginia	214
Miami, Florida	213
Jesup, Georgia	212
Wilson, North Carolina	212
Greenville (Woodside Ave.), South Carolina	212

South Carolina	210
Lafollette, Tennessee	208
Pomona, California	208
Dallas, Texas	208
Chattanooga (East Ridge), Tennessee	208
North Birmingham, Alabama	205
Rossville, Georgia	205
Easton, Maryland	204
Mercersburg, Pennsylvania	204
Chattanooga (4th Ave.), Tennessee	204
Montgomery, Alabama	203
Akron (Market St.), Ohio	203
Greenwood, South Carolina	201
Knoxville (8th Ave.), Tennessee	200
125 — 199	
Birmingham (South Park), Alabama	199
Austin, Indiana	199
St. Louis (Gravols Ave.), Missouri	198
Radford, Virginia	197
Sanford, North Carolina	197
Baldwin Park, California	195
Norfolk, Virginia	195
Plant City, Florida	194
Lancaster, South Carolina	194
Lanes Avenue, Florida	193
West Lakeland, Florida	189
Rifle Range, Florida	188
Greenwood (South), South Carolina	188
Greer, South Carolina	188
Greenville (Park Place), South Carolina	187
Bartow, Florida	185
Columbus (29th St.), Georgia	185
Marlon, South Carolina	184
McColl, South Carolina	183
Mobile (Crichton), Alabama	182
Dressen, Kentucky	182
Walhalla No. 1, South Carolina	181
West Indianapolis, Indiana	181
Avondale Estates, Georgia	180
Combs, Kentucky	180
Willard, Ohio	180
West Knoxville, Tennessee	179
Perry, Florida	178
Eloise, Florida	177
Fayetteville, North Carolina	177
Macon (Napier Ave.), Georgia	176
Greenville, North Carolina	176
Wyandotte, Michigan	176
Lake City, Florida	172
Sanford, Florida	172
Ashland, Ohio	172
Anderson (Osborne Ave.), South Carolina	171
Winchester, Kentucky	171
Memphis (Rosamond Ave.), Tennessee	171
Seneca, South Carolina	169
Williamsbury, Pennsylvania	169
McClenny, Florida	168
York, South Carolina	166
Dayton, Tennessee	166
Brunswick, Georgia	165
Lawton, Oklahoma	165
Ft. Myers, Florida	164
Washington, D. C.	164
Lake Worth, Florida	163
Atlanta (Southside), Georgia	162
Mooresville, North Carolina	162
Clyde, South Carolina	161
Jackson, Mississippi	161
Louisville (Falth Temple), Kentucky	160
Huntsville, Alabama	159
Cleveland (55th St.), Ohio	159
West Baltimore, Maryland	159
Jackson, Tennessee	159
McKinnleyville, California	158
Fitzgerald, Georgia	157
Asheville, North Carolina	157
Columbus (Belvidere), Ohio	157
Athens, Tennessee	157
North Miami, Florida	156
Thomaston, Georgia	156
Lebanon, Pennsylvania	155
Benson, North Carolina	155
Bristol, Tennessee	155
West Miami, Florida	153
Mableton, Georgia	153
North Belmont, North Carolina	153
Valdese, North Carolina	153
Georgetown, South Carolina	152
Warrenville, South Carolina	152
Somerset, Pennsylvania	151
Sylacauga, Alabama	151
Talladega, Alabama	151

East Orlando, Florida	151
Tifton, Georgia	149
Hazlehurst, Georgia	149
New Summit, Arkansas	149
East Burlington, North Carolina	148
Lake City, South Carolina	148
Franklin, Ohio	148
Adamsville, Alabama	147
Naples, Florida	147
Demorest, Georgia	147
LaFrance, South Carolina	147
Springfield, Ohio	147
Lavonia, Georgia	146
Florence, South Carolina	145
Dalton, Georgia	144
Lebanon, Tennessee	144
Rands, North Carolina	144
Orangeburg, South Carolina	144
Dividing Ridge, Tennessee	144
Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina	143
Pelzer, South Carolina	143
Leadwood, Missouri	143
Chattanooga (Missionary Ridge), Tennessee	143
Cocoa, Florida	142
Ft. Pierce, Florida	142
West Fayetteville, North Carolina	142
Newport, Tennessee	141
Patetown, North Carolina	140
Findlay, Ohio	140
Bluefield, Virginia	140
Cleveland (Big Springs), Tennessee	140
Memphis (Park Ave.), Tennessee	140
Leatherwood, Kentucky	139
West Hollywood, Florida	139
Lawrenceville, Georgia	139
Bainbridge, Georgia	139
Pinsonfork, Kentucky	139
Lake Wales, Florida	138
Winter Garden, Florida	138
Cramerton, Georgia	138
Fresno (Harvey-Millbrooke), California	138
South Richmond, Virginia	138
Tallahassee, Florida	137
Parrott, Virginia	137
Roanoke, Virginia	137
Frostproof, Florida	136
Alma, Georgia	136
Calhoun, Georgia	136
Dyersburg, Tennessee	136
Statesville, North Carolina	135
Gaffney, South Carolina	135
Laurens, South Carolina	135
Torrance, California	135
Crisfield, Maryland	135
Kenosha, Wisconsin	135
Piedmont, Alabama	134
Wadesboro, North Carolina	134
Ninety Six, South Carolina	134
Hattiesburg, Mississippi	134
Hazelwood, North Carolina	133
Kings Mountain, North Carolina	133
Paw Creek, North Carolina	133
Johnson City, Tennessee	133
Tuscaloosa, Alabama	132
Greensboro, North Carolina	132
Rockingham, North Carolina	132
Okeechobee, Florida	131
Mountain View, North Carolina	131
St. Pauls, North Carolina	131
Smithfield, North Carolina	131
Blytheville, Arkansas	131
Chattanooga (Avondale), Tennessee	131
Oakdale, Alabama	130
Aiken, South Carolina	130
Woodruff, South Carolina	130
Joppa, Maryland	130
Alcoa, Tennessee	130
Memphis (Mississippi Blvd.), Tennessee	130
Northport, Alabama	129
Monroe, Georgia	129
Cincinnati (Hatmaker), Ohio	129
Baton Rouge, Louisiana	129
Soddy, Tennessee	128
Krafton, Alabama	128
Hickory, North Carolina	128
Princeton, North Carolina	128
Oakley, California	128
Battle Creek, Michigan	127
Louisville, Tennessee	127
Halesah, Florida	127
Manatee, Florida	127
Warner Robbins, Georgia	127
West Durham, North Carolina	127
South Rocky Mount, North Carolina	127
Porterville, California	127
Lexington, Kentucky	127
Sevierville, Tennessee	127

Solway, Tennessee	126
Conway, South Carolina	126
Hugo, Oklahoma	126
Mt. Olive, Tennessee	126
Middlesboro (Noetown)	126
Kentucky	126
Benton Harbor (Crystal Ave.)	126
Michigan	126
Atlanta (Grand Park), Georgia	126
Washington, North Carolina	126
Boonsboro, Maryland	126
Largo, Florida	125
San Pablo, California	125
Morgantown, Mississippi	125
Warren, Ohio	125
Benton, Illinois	125
Eldorado, Illinois	125
Summitt, Illinois	125

NATION'S TOP TEN IN HOME DEPARTMENT ATTENDANCE

Total Monthly Attendance for February	
Greenville (Tremont Ave.)	
South Carolina	6,002
Nashville (Meridian St.)	
Tennessee	1,704
North Cleveland, Tennessee	1,345
Kannapolis, North Carolina	1,175
Columbus (Frebis Ave.), Ohio	900
Atlanta (Hemphill Ave.)	
Georgia	725
Lumberton, North Carolina	675
Louisville (Portland)	
Kentucky	556
Birmingham (South Park)	
Alabama	474
Uhrichsville, Ohio	444

TEN STATES HIGHEST IN HOME DEPARTMENTS

South Carolina	44
Ohio	40
Alabama	32
North Carolina	25
Florida	23
Texas (SE)	23
Pennsylvania	19
Arkansas	19
Georgia	17
Kentucky	16

REPORT OF NEW SUNDAY SCHOOLS

Branch Sunday Schools organized	
since June 30, 1958	40
Branch Sunday Schools reported	
as of February 28, 1959	780
New Sunday Schools organized	
since June 30, 1958	51
Total Sunday Schools organized	
since June 30, 1958	91
(Branch and New)	

Y.P.E. Average Weekly Attendance

FEBRUARY, 1959	
200 and Over	
Middletown (Clayton St.)	
Ohio	313
Home for Children	301
Greenville (Tremont Ave.)	
South Carolina	216
Mercersburg, Pennsylvania	212
150 — 199	
Fairborn, Ohio	187
Columbus (29th St.), Georgia	186
Erwin, North Carolina	179
Goldsboro, North Carolina	177
Dayton (4th St.), Ohio	176
Pulaski, Virginia	172
Lenoir City, Tennessee	172
Cincinnati (12th and Elm Sts.)	
Ohio	167
Wilmington, North Carolina	164
Perry, Florida	157
Columbus (Belvidere), Ohio	153
Dayton (Oakridge Dr.), Ohio	152
Dallas, Texas	152
Detroit Tabernacle, Michigan	150
100 — 149	
Everts, Kentucky	149
Anniston, Alabama	147
Bonne Terre, Missouri	146
Leatherwood, Kentucky	145
Ft. Lauderdale, Florida	143
Pontiac, Michigan	143
Memphis (Park Ave.)	
Tennessee	141
Rossville, Georgia	140
Honea Path, South Carolina	140
South Lebanon, Ohio	140
Pomona, California	139
Jackson, Mississippi	139
Orlando, Florida	138
Saddletree, North Carolina	135
Brooklyn, Maryland	135
Mt. Olivet, Georgia	134
North Chattanooga	
Tennessee	134
Bartow, Florida	133

Zion Ridge, Alabama	131
Austin, Indiana	131
Atlanta (Hemphill Ave.)	
Georgia	130
Augusta (Crawford)	
Georgia	127
Tifton, Georgia	127
Columbus (Frebis Ave.), Ohio	126
Dallas, North Carolina	125
Grenada, Mississippi	125
Cleveland (55th St.), Ohio	125
Canton (9th and Gibbs), Ohio	124
Jacksonville, Florida	123
Jesup, Georgia	121
Radford, Virginia	121
St. Louis (Grand Ave.)	
Missouri	120
East Chattanooga, Tennessee	120
Graham, Texas	119
Lakeland, Florida	118
Newport News, Virginia	117
Whitwell, Tennessee	117
Byrd's Chapel, Mississippi	116
Miami, Florida	115
Louisville (Portland)	
Kentucky	114
Parrott, Virginia	114
West Rome, Georgia	113
Russell Springs, Kentucky	113
Battle Creek, Michigan	113
Milford, Delaware	113
Dressen, Kentucky	112
Sulphur Springs, Florida	109
Savannah (Anderson)	
Georgia	109
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SPIRITUAL RESULTS AMONG OUR YOUTH

February, 1959	
Saved	3,261
Sanctified	1,418
Filled With Holy Ghost	1,052
Added to the Church	1,106
Since June 30, 1958	
Saved	21,804
Sanctified	8,710
Filled With Holy Ghost	6,649
Added to the Church	6,418
Report of New Y.P.E.'s	
New Y.P.E.'s organized	
since June 30, 1958	80

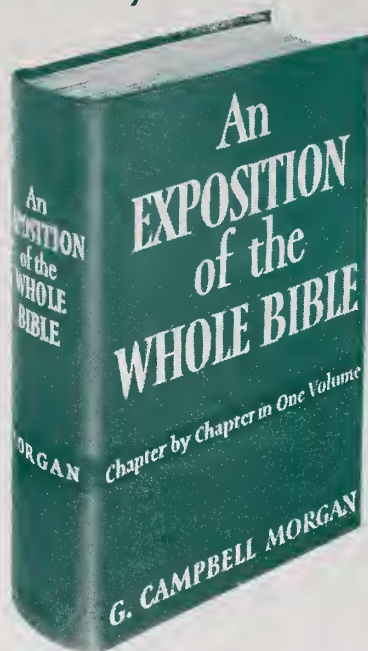
CORRECTION

The following Illinois Sunday Schools and Y.P.E.'s should have been listed in the February, 1959 issue of the **Lighted Pathway** as indicated:

Sunday Schools	
Eldorado, Illinois	178
Benton, Illinois	167
Summit, Illinois	141
Y.P.E.'s	
Benton, Illinois	85
Lawrenceville, Illinois	79
Urbana, Illinois	78
Rochelle, Illinois	76

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JUNE, 1959

The **LIGHTED**

Pathway

DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR



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YOUTH WANTS TO KNOW

By Avis Swiger

WITH THE PASSING of Alda B. Harrison, you lost one of the best friends you ever had. She had lived eighty years to serve her Master and to work for you, the youth of today. She will be greatly missed by the Church as well as her personal friends and family. The best thing you can do to honor her memory is to live for God as she has so often admonished you in the pages of this magazine.

I am always glad to receive personal letters from you and to answer them in that way, also. If you have a problem that you need help with, don't hesitate to write me and I will endeavor to help you to the best of my ability. God will always help you, but sometimes we need a little guidance to know how to receive His help, don't we?

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Milwaukee 4, Wisconsin

Miss Ruth Ann Benson (8)
802 South 18th St.
Milwaukee 4, Wisconsin

Miss Sylvia Lou King (19)
General Delivery
Memphis, Texas

Miss Estelle Radford
Metter, Georgia

Miss Mary Hunkapillar (20)
2901 Seeuers
Dallas, Texas

Miss Rose Gregg
327 Gilpin Apt. X
Dallas, Texas

Mrs. Thelma H. Thomas (44-Widow)
1 Still Street
Lancaster, South Carolina

Miss Joan Atherton (17½)
West Main Street
Saltville, Virginia

Miss Sandra Clements (11)
Empire, Alabama

Miss Joan May (13)
Empire, Alabama

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The LIGHTED Pathway

DEDICATED TO THE YOUTH OF CHRISTIANITY

Vol. 30 JUNE No. 6

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Subscription Rates

Single Subscriptions, per year . . . \$1.50
Rolls of 10 1.00
Single Copies15

Published monthly at the Church of God Publishing House, Cleveland, Tenn. All materials intended for publication in The LIGHTED PATHWAY should be addressed to Lewis J. Willis, Editor. All inquiries concerning subscriptions should be addressed to Bookkeeping Department, Church of God Publishing House, Cleveland, Tennessee.

ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL
MATTER AT POST OFFICE
CLEVELAND, TENNESSEE

Editorial:

At Home With Christ

WORDS ARE feeble instruments to adequately portray a person such as Mrs. Alda B. Harrison. For more than fourscore years she blessed the world with her gracious and noble life. It would be difficult to determine her most auspicious vocation, whether an effective editor, a devoted wife, an unusual mother or a consecrated lay worker. She excelled in them all. First and foremost, she was a devout Christian.

While just a girl, Mrs. Harrison accepted Christ as her Lord and the two of them were intimate associates henceforth. When she was twenty-two years of age, she became the wife of a gospel preacher. Her work as a minister's wife was characterized by a kind but indomitable spirit. She was possessed of adventure-some faith and pressed forward for Christ and His kingdom. When her husband felt they should move to a smaller church where their services were more urgently needed, she would agree. Thus was her experience of helping build one pastorate until it was healthy and thriving and then moving to another one.

To adequately recount the busy life of Mrs. Harrison during those first fifty years would require a rather large column. She and her husband laboured in pastorates from Ohio to California and South to Tennessee. Whether as the minister's wife or the lay worker, she was exceptionally active and decidedly effective. Amidst her varied duties, however, she did not neglect her family. She reared three fine children—a son and two daughters—in the “nurture and admonition of the Lord.” During her final illness, Mrs. Harrison's daughter paid her the ultimate compliment. She said, “Mother taught me how to trust God.”

When she was about fifty years of age, Alda B. Harrison founded *The Lighted Pathway*. Perhaps she felt as Daniel Webster when he said, “If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust. But if we work upon immortal minds, if we imbue them with high principles, with the just fear of God and love of their fellowmen, we engrave on those tables something which no time can efface, but which will brighten all eternity.” Thus, she gave to the Church of God a magazine to counsel and guide its youth toward vibrant, meaningful lives.

The following are her own words as she describes the earliest days of *The Lighted Pathway*. “It was in Johnson City (Tennessee) that God spoke to me about *The Lighted Pathway* and gave me its name. I immediately began to seek Him for guidance. The first copies of *The Lighted Pathway* had only eight pages. In the beginning I had no money to pay the publishing house or for mailing expenses. I had no one but God to instruct me, but God and I had a good time together. He furnished the money to pay when the time

came. . . . In three or four months the paper had grown to a sixteen-page paper. God was moving in our direction and others were being moved by the need.”

Those early years were very difficult. Success did not come immediately. Rather, there were times when it seemed doubtful if the infant magazine could survive. Through the perseverance and faith of Mrs. Harrison, it did survive, however, and in 1937 was accepted as the official youth magazine of the Church of God. Supported by the youth organization, the circulation within the next two years increased from 6,000 to 22,000. Continuous progress has characterized the magazine since that time.

From the young person in the great city and the one on the isolated farm; from the missionaries abroad and the servicemen in far-flung battle stations; from the minister and from the layman, the testimony is the same. *The Lighted Pathway* has been a perpetual source of inspiration, instruction and encouragement. True to its name, for almost thirty years it has been lighting pathways the world over. All of this is a tribute to the faith and fortitude of its founder, Mrs. Alda B. Harrison.

DURING MY SEVEN years as editor of *The Lighted Pathway*, it has been a choice experience to be associated with Mrs. Harrison. We found mutual joy in discussing the mission of *The Lighted Pathway* and the methods by which the mission could best be achieved. Our prayers together were times of deep spiritual enrichment. Although enfeebled by the years, she remained indomitable in spirit. She always looked forward to other exploits for Christ. It was a privilege and honor to be called one of “her boys.”

Even during her last days when she found it impossible to talk, Mrs. Harrison maintained her courageous spirit. She would flash her “victory” smile and it was evident she was still “walking hand in hand with Jesus.” When I visited her, she was not so interested in her own condition as she was in how the magazine was progressing or how the Sunday School work was getting along. Her interest was still in the work of God.

On April 9, 1959, Alda B. Harrison went to be with Jesus. She was very tired and God received her unto Himself for the eternal rest. “. . . Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them,” Revelation 14:13.

Although I did not deserve such a high honor, it was the wish of Mrs. Harrison that I give the funeral sermon. It seemed fitting to share with the congregation her choice Scripture. “Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also,” John 14:1-3. So it is, now Mrs. Harrison is with her Lord. We will miss her very much, but will continue to live as she taught us and carry on the work which she began.



The Gift

COMING home! After three years of service overseas with not a single furlough, Dick, now Captain Richard Carlton, was to come home.

"Will he bring me something?" asked Buddy, who barely remembered the big brother that had been away so long.

"Won't it be enough to have your brother back after he has been away so long?" asked Mrs. Carlton. "He'll not be able to carry much baggage."

The minister and his family could hardly wait for the soldier



By Etta W. Schlichter

"I stumbled on one of those places where archaeologists had been at work,..."

Illustrated by Chloe S. Stewart

for Father

son to return. And when he did come, could they believe that this tall, serious-looking young man in a captain's uniform could be the rollicking, fun-loving Dick that had gone away?

In his haste to get home, Captain Richard had left his baggage at the station to be sent later. But there was something in his pockets. Buddy soon found that out as he climbed upon his big brother's knee and put his hand in the pocket he was told to peep into. There was a wonderful watch that wound up with a spring and would tell the time if you set it right.

There was a lovely cameo for Mother in another pocket and a pin for Ethel. Richard looked gravely at his father before he drew out the last thing and handed it to him.

The father opened the gift with interest, but shook his head. It was a small metal article, probably of copper, but so tarnished it was hard to tell. That it was something of value he was sure, or Dick would never have carried it home. "What is it?" he asked.

"Notice how it is made and try to guess," said Dick.

MR. CARLTON turned the trinket this way and that in his hand and studied it carefully, but could get no light as to what it might be. It was a hollow ball with an opening in the top and a little projection with a hole at each side.

"If this tiny bowl were flat on the bottom so it could be set on a table," said Mr. Carlton, "I'd think it might be an oil lamp, perhaps just to give a ray of light for a bedroom. Those antique lamps were often open, with a wick dropped in. But this would topple

over. And I can't make out what these holes at the sides could be for. Yet it seems to me there is something in the back of my mind that ought to suggest its use. Where did you get it?"

"It was in one of those places in the Near East," said Richard. "We were stationed where there was not much going on at the time and when I was off duty, I roamed around to see what I could see. I stumbled on one of those places where archaeologists had been at work, a good many years ago, I imagine. There was nothing but rubbish, but I thought I might find something interesting. Anyway, it would relieve the boredom to search. I had to do something. I had almost given up looking when I happened to kick a piece of brick aside and saw the end of this sticking out of the ground. It was imbedded in the hard earth, but I managed to get it out, but when I cleaned it off, I had no idea what it might be. None of the fellows could help me out. I kept it in my pocket, though, and then one day I ran across a fellow that was interested in archaeology. You should have seen his eyes pop open when I showed it to him. He fairly shouted, 'A foot lamp! Why, man, where did you get it? What'll you take for it?'"

"When I said I wouldn't part with it, he said there had been a good many in museums, but for a long while nobody could guess what they were for. As you noticed, though it looked like it might have been a tiny lamp, you couldn't set it on anything, and it hadn't a handle to carry it by, so they just had to give it up till somebody discovered that the two holes were for a strap to be put through. The little bowl could be set on the

foot between the big toe and the next one and bound to the foot by the strap. A wick placed in the bowl when it was filled with oil could be lighted and send a ray of light along a path when one had to walk in the dark."

"Doesn't that make you think of something, Father?"

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Carlton. "A lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.' 'A light unto my path' has always been perfectly clear, but how this illuminates the 'lamp unto my feet'! People of the day when the Psalmist wrote, 'Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path' would understand the figure at once. They wore lamps on their own feet."

RICHARD drew from his pocket the Bible his father had given him when he went away. He opened it to the flyleaf. There, in his father's hand was written, "Read Psalm 119:105."

"I didn't think so seriously of it at first," he confessed, "but I read some every day because I had promised you. But, you know, there are times out there when you've got to think, and you don't know how many times that verse has helped me."

"Do you mind telling us of any of the times?" asked the father gently, as the others listened in silence.

"There were so many times," answered Richard. "Sometime I'll tell you more. Occasionally when things were so dull we could hardly stand it, the boys would get leave and go out for a good time. I was tempted more than once to go along, just to get the war off my nerves. Then, I don't know how, but the words would flash into my

(Continued on page 22)



C. R. Spain on the left; Vessie D. Hargrave on the right; Lee Watson reclining

Adventuring for Christ on the Rio Coco

A THRILLING experience was in store for Brother Vessie D. Hargrave, Lee Watson, and me as we left Managua, the capital of Nicaragua, for Puerto Cabezas, Nicaragua. Brother Pedro Abreu, the overseer of Nicaragua who accompanied us had purchased a 35 H. P. outboard motor for the 135 mile trip up the Rio Coco. We packed our personal items in three small nylon bags so we could take the motor on the plane with us.

The small passenger plane made two stops—Sierra and Bonanza, gold mining villages situated in the interior. When we arrived at Puerto Cabezas, Brother Abreu made arrangements with the owner of a private car to transport us 125 miles to Lemus. Usually, when traveling alone, Brother Abreu hitchhikes or rides with one of the lumber truck drivers. Because of the motor and the size of our party

it was necessary to hire conveyance.

The only gravel road from Puerto Cabezas to Lemus belongs to the Lumber Company and their trucks have the right-of-way at all times. When meeting a truck we had to leave the road completely.

After several hours, when we arrived at Lemus, three natives had paddled a 39-foot hand made dugout down the river to meet us. They travelled three days and had been waiting one day for our coming. Translated in English, their names are Emil, Arnold, and Fred. Emil and Arnold remained with us for the entire trip and anything they could do for our comfort seemed to be their greatest delight.

After we had attached the motor and loaded the supplies and a drum of gasoline, our trustworthy dugout glided into the swift waters of the beautiful Rio Coco. Arnold stood on the bow and served

as pilot, flashing the necessary signals back to Emil as he operated the motor. These men, Church of God members, were at home on the river because it is their chief means of travel. They know every bend and undertow of the current. If there were any fears in our hearts, they vanished as these two displayed their abilities.

As night began to approach, Emil turned the long dugout toward shore. At the village of S. Jerorimo the natives came to greet and to see us. A service was planned for the evening and the large crowd met in the village school building. (Many of the villages have school buildings erected by the government. Teachers visit each village and spend a few weeks teaching the children to read and write). Mr. Muller, a native, who was in charge of the school, gladly consented for the service to be conducted. The crowd was large, but



The local church building and congregation at Krassa

By C. R. Spain

Foreign Missions Representative

Krassa, the location of another church.)

Our plans were to pass Krassa and visit the village of Asam to invite the people to attend the meeting at Krassa. This was the farthest point of our journey. We received an enthusiastic welcome in Asam because Church of God native workers have been conducting open air meetings in the village for some time. From hut to hut we walked inviting people to come down to Krassa for the evening service.

It was in one of these huts that I listened to one of the most touching testimonies I have ever heard. One of the men, head of a family, told us through our interpreter how indebted he was to the Church of God. I asked him to tell me why he felt so indebted. Then with a simple childlike faith he stated his reasons. His baby boy had died two years ago and he did not know where he had gone. This troubled him until the Church of God came and told him where the baby boy was and how he could go to him some day. Then he called his little girl and showed her to us. She had fallen from a tree and had broken her back. God healed her when they prayed and now she was well. At the close of the testimony he was smiling and God's glory seemed to be radiating from his countenance. Tears were in our eyes. Here before us stood a striking example of faith and gratitude, glorifying the God he loved.

OUR CHURCH in Krassa was far too small to entertain the crowd. This church building was erected by the youth of Michigan and when they were informed of my interest* in their

*Don Aultman was Sunday School and Youth Director and Rev. Spain was Overseer during this youth project.

(Continued on page 21)

there was not much response because of the need of instruction and the lack of understanding. It was necessary to speak through two interpreters to reach the people.

After the service our group slept in the schoolhouse. The people brought us some delicious fruit. Although they could not fully understand the gospel, they were friendly and wanted us to stay longer.

The next day began early for us. The Mullers invited our party for breakfast, which consisted of fried bananas, rice beans, eggs and coffee. After the meal they warmly expressed their appreciation for our visit and we bade them good-bye. As the sun rose on the jungle, we continued up the river.

THE SCENERY was lovely. Parrots screamed loudly as they flew overhead. Off in the distance we could see their brilliant-colored plumage glittering in the sun as they perched in the towering trees watching us pass. A tribe of monkeys sat in the trees, and no doubt wondered at the strange sound of the motor as we traveled to the next village.

The current became more swift and the dugout pulled to the bank.

Emil informed us that the boat could not pass through the rapids with the load it was carrying. There were 14 people aboard. All but two got off and walked along the steep bank. Arnold went ahead swinging his long machete, to clear the grass and bush, and to scare away any insects or animals that were dangerous.

As we walked the bank we watched the boat struggle in the rapids. At times it stood still as the spray and waves pitched high. The motor roared full blast while the swift current seemed to refuse passage. The men assisted the motor with a long pole, from boulder to boulder, until they passed the danger and reached calm water. We reloaded and our crew continued on our adventure.

Tanisquipula appeared on the horizon and, as we approached, the banks were lined with people waving to us. In their village there is an active Church of God. Sister Morchita Salazar, the local pastor, welcomed us. Sister Morchita is from Managua and her service here is at a great sacrifice. She had prepared a splendid meal that refreshed us on our short stop. (Circumstances required our visit to be brief as we were scheduled to conduct a service that night in

EARLY ONE Friday morning two carloads of members of the Lee College Pioneers for Christ Club headed for the Churches of God on the Rocky Hill District in the great state of Mississippi. These members went with one purpose in mind—to share their experiences in personal soul-winning with other Christians, especially with those who might not yet have begun to witness for Christ.

A stiff schedule awaited the club on arrival. Meridian, Mississippi, where we held our first tract distributing brigade, was our starting point. Then we were off to Union, Mississippi, where we were welcomed with wonderful Mississippi hospitality.

After being fed a sumptuous meal, we arrived at the Reids Chapel Church of God near Sebastopol for a preinvasion rally. We were honored to have with us the Overseer of the Churches of God in Mississippi, Rev. Wade H. Horton and his wife, Sister Horton, who gave us their wholehearted support in this endeavor of faith. The service was wonderful—the singing, spirit-filled; the testimonies, inspiring; and the sermon, by Bill Wooten, on personal soul-winning—stirring and reminding us of our personal responsibility to tell others of salvation.

Saturday morning we “got down to business” training others how to witness for the Lord. After prayer at the Reids Chapel church, we, with members of the church, split into two groups, one going to Union and the other to Sebastopol, to hold tract brigades. The citizens of these towns received us well. We gave praise to the Lord on learning that, as a result of the Union tract brigade, a man about fifty years old was saved on the street. When one of the students asked him to pray by himself, he prayed the Lord's Prayer. He completed his salvation by testifying to Rev. W. L. Owens, pastor of the Reids Chapel Church of God, in obedience to this exhortation of Paul: “If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, . . . thou shalt be saved” (Romans 10:9).

The house-to-house witnessing

“Operation Widespread”

“invasion” in the Reids Chapel area started soon after lunch. We went, two by two, witnessing of the saving grace of Jesus to the homes nearby. One of the three souls saved was a backslider who had attended the local church but who seemed to be untouchable by the gospel. Christ had been dealing with his heart, however, for when two of our students knocked on the door and asked him if he wanted to accept Jesus Christ, tears started streaming down his cheeks. There in the doorway of his home he accepted the Lord as his personal Saviour. We came upon many people who needed spiritual encouragement and guidance. Our hearts were deeply stirred when we saw the hunger that these people manifested for the gospel.

Some of our students dealt with Choctaw Indians from the reservation nearby. We realized that here was a needy field, ready to be sown and reaped as a great harvest for the Lord.

Next we conducted two street services, one in Sebastopol and one in Union. In Sebastopol the people gathered around to listen to the singing, the testimonies, and the Word of God. Others in their cars stopped in the middle of the street to listen to the service; and well they might, for God was near and His presence was felt in a wonderful way. After the service we passed out tracts and a young lady accepted Jesus as her Saviour.

AT Union the people again listened eagerly to God's Word. They seemed to be hungry to listen to our testimonies and to know more about the Lord. We were especially blessed when a

young man from the local church, Willard Gardner, stood up and gave a personal testimony of his salvation to his home-town people. It is easy to go to a place where no one knows you personally and witness for Jesus. But it really takes grace to stand up before people whom you have known all your life and boldly proclaim the name of Jesus from the street corners.

The Saturday night post-invasion rally was called “Mississippi Night.” Betty Fredrick, Bob Lyons, Wallace White, and Lenzy Evans, all Lee College students from Mississippi, were present and gave their testimonies. Milton Hay gave follow-up instructions to the members who had participated in the “invasion.” Since ninety-five per cent of the work of getting and keeping new converts depends upon the follow-up efforts, these instructions were most important. The service ended with an awakening and inspiring message by Bob Lyons.

This was an eventful day—truly a day of service to the Lord. It was the most blessed day of our lives—witnessing, winning souls, instructing others, and enjoying blessings that can only be received when we are “about the Father's business.”

Sunday morning, sadly saying goody-by to our wonderful new friends whose unselfish, devoted kindnesses to us we appreciated so much and, separating into three groups, we went to three other churches on the district to conduct preinvasion services and invasions.

During these invasions, participated in by members from Hudson Chapel, Sister Alford, pastor; Philadelphia, Sister Gardner, pastor; and Oak Ridge, Brother J. D.

By Martha Ann Smith

Child Evangelism Group Leader

Statum, pastor, two souls accepted Jesus. One was a Choctaw Indian man of about forty-five years of age. The Indian met two of our workers at the door of his home and greeted them with a welcoming smile. He invited them in and they began to talk to him about the way of salvation. The Lord seemed to have prepared his heart for the Word of God. After expressing a desire to accept Christ, the Indian knelt down to pray with the students. One of the students prayed aloud for the man's soul. Then he asked the Indian if he would pray alone. The Indian said "no." The student then asked him if he would pray to Christ in his own language. The answer was again negative. The student next asked if he would pray silently. The Indian assented by bowing his head in his hands and praying with his heart. While he was praying, the Spirit of the Lord filled the room and the Holy Ghost spoke several times. The students knew that God was at work because His presence was so very near. Finally, having not uttered a sound for nearly ten minutes, the Indian rose from his knees and his face was wreathed in a beautiful smile as he told the students that the Lord had saved his soul.

After these wonderful experiences, we left the Rocky Hill District and turned southward toward Jackson, Mississippi, for the last services of the trip. Arriving at 5:30 Sunday afternoon, we all met in the Bailey Avenue Church to prepare for a tract brigade in downtown Jackson. Two young girls, who had come to see what it was all about, were seated in the back of the church. Some of the girl students began talking to them about their souls. The Lord performed two more miracles as they knelt down to give their hearts to Him. They immediately joined us in our tract brigade downtown as new witnesses for the Lord. In doing this, they were strengthening their own salvation. We watched them with amusement and awe as they chased people down the street to give them tracts. We wished that ALL Christians had that same zeal to witness for Christ!

Brother Kennedy, the pastor, and the members gave us a hearty welcome in the night service. The Lord moved in a mighty way as Terry Beaver preached a wonderful soul-winning message, and two more souls were added to the Lord.

ON OUR way back, we thought upon all the events that had happened in the last few days. The Lord had certainly blessed this trip, our first of its kind outside the state of Tennessee. In sixteen services and activities the Lord had saved eleven souls and possibly even more as a result of this endeavor. Over three thousand tracts were distributed on the streets of various towns and cities.



Pioneers for Christ Club president, Terry Beaver, is shown in downtown Jackson, Mississippi, where the last of four tract brigades was held. Two young girls who had just been saved in the Jackson Church took part in this brigade.



Bill Waaten, PFC group leader for pre-invasion youth rallies and invasions, tells the wonderful story of Christ in a street service conducted in Sebastopol, Mississippi. A young lady accepted the Lord after this service.



Members of the Lee College Pioneers for Christ Club "load up" in preparation for their departure to conduct "OPERATION WIDESPREAD" in the state of Mississippi—the most far reaching activity undertaken by the club to date.



Janie Smith, PFC group leader for house-to-house witnessing, trains Faye Kirdby, member of the Philadelphia Church of God, pastored by Sister Ovie Gardner, in the art of winning souls to Christ by witnessing to them personally.



A Letter About "Gussie"



Dear Editor,

I will be most grateful to you if you will take a small space in the *Lighted Pathway* to write a note about a very brave little boy—Augusta Wells, better known as "Gussie."

Gussie has been a faithful attendant of our church here ever since my husband became the pastor. He is a very earnest and sincere worker to be only eleven years old.

Last October we decided to have a contest for the children in our church. We had heard that the Children's Home was going to be able to get a station wagon for the children from coupons sent in from the churches, so we thought it would be a good idea to have a "coupon contest." All the children were interested and excited, but I think Gussie was more determined than any of them. He thought it wonderful that the children could really get a station wagon with coupons, and too, we had promised to crown the girl and boy bringing the most coupons King and Queen of the Sun Church of God; so naturally he wanted to win.

Then, on October 21, about two weeks after the contest began, Gussie was in a very bad automobile accident. His hip was broken, his jaw fractured, and his face cut badly. Worst of all, though, were the burns. Both his arms and legs were burned badly, third degree. Since that time he has been in the St. Tammany Hospital in Covington until recently when he was transferred to the Hotel Dieu in New Orleans where he is beginning to improve.

During the early part of his illness, we were afraid of losing him, so we all did everything we could to make him happy so he would not have time to think about himself. All the nurses were kind and were of great help, too, especially one elderly nurse, Mrs. Davis, in the baby ward. She was very much concerned about Gussie and asked him one day what she could do that would make him happy. He answered her almost in a whisper, "I would like for you to bring me some coupons. Then the little orphan children can get a station wagon and I will get to be the King of the Sun Church of God."

Mrs. Davis went to work immediately. Coupons came from everywhere—from patients in the hospitals, from nurses, and even from people out of town. By the end of the contest we had 10,270 coupons with most of them coming for Gussie.

When we told him he was the winner he was very happy. He said, "Aunt Madie, when you send the coupons to the orphan children, tell them I worked to get them the station wagon, too."

Everyone was very touched by this and I promised him I would. I thought the best way to let them know was through the *Lighted Pathway*.

Sincerely,

MRS. JOHN H. JENKINS

IS NANCY worse, Mom?" Tad stirred and sat up in his bunk against the cabin wall.

His mother nodded; tears were running down her cheeks. Tad could see them glisten in the firelight. "I've used almost all the bear grease and camphor. I need more to loosen up her chest."

Nancy was fighting for breath. Tad piled wood on the fire until the cabin was warm and bright with the flame. He poured water from a kettle into a basin and crumbled strong smelling herbs into the water. As his mother rubbed Nancy's chest, he held the basin with the steam under Nancy's nose.

"Good! She sneezed!" exclaimed Tad.

"She's breathing easier," whispered Mother. "You're a good help, Tad."

"Pa told me to take care of you when he left to enter the army," answered Tad.

"You've done well, son. If only your father were here now to go over the mountain to Mrs. Judd's to get some grease!"

"I'll go." Tad felt weak, but he stared straight ahead, thinking of the verse in the big Bible on the mantle: "Fear not, nor be dismayed, for I am with thee, whithersoever thou goest." He could still hear his father reading that verse and looking into his eyes when he said the words.

"The wolves are bad now and it's dark without a moon!" Tad's mother said, shaking her head.

"Swift and I will go!"

"It's a good three miles and rough going!" Mother worried. Nancy wheezed, fighting for breath. "Nothing'll save her but the grease. Best go!" Mother admitted finally.

Praying silently, Tad picked up his musket. He ran to the leanto for his pony Swift. With the sweet hay odor in his nostrils, Tad petted the shaggy side in the dark. "Swift, we gotta hurry over the mountain to Judd's."

In the stillness there was a sharp cry. "Panther, not far away! Come Swift." Tad urged the animal as he heard his mother call from the cabin door. He picked his way through the darkness to the trail.

A ZIG-ZAG of lightning showed the craggy ravines and hollows of the wild Tennessee mountains of revolutionary times. Then the rain poured. Dripping wet, Tad said to the pony, "Wind cuts when you're soaked. We'll toast at the fire when we get home."

Just then Swift's front feet slid. A shower of rocks tumbled down and Tad's heart beat faster; his throat tightened. "Creek's running high! We'll have to swim it!" he grunted.

A flash of lightning showed the crossing log washed away. "Swim for it, Swift!" urged Tad as Swift stopped at the edge of the roaring water. Tad grasped the pony's mane. Soon the animal's feet no longer hit bottom. "It's sweeping us downstream! Up this way, Swift!"

In spite of Tad's efforts, the water dragged them downstream and washed Tad off Swift's back and against a rock. "Make for shore, Swift!" he gasped.

Tad's Midnight Ride



By Esther Miller Payler

In the mud of the bank, it was hard finding the trail again. "Gotta hurry, Swift! Nancy needs the grease!"

After a long time it seemed to Tad, he was riding through the woods again. "Rain's stopped! It's clearer! We can hurry!"

Suddenly the pony jerked and shivered. Tad almost went headlong over the pony's head. "Panther!" he breathed, seeing two balls of fire in the tree just ahead. Aiming between the flaming balls, he fired. With a screech and a splintering of wood, a heavy body fell. Tad prayed and fired again. Leaping from the pony's back, he sank his hunting knife into the wounded cat, which was ready to spring.

"Wish I could've showed Pa my first panther," Tad said aloud. "Wolves may get him now 'fore I can come back for his hide," he reasoned as he heard the distant baying of wolves.

At Judd's cabin, Mrs. Judd not only gave Tad the grease, but some herbs. "You're a brave youngun!"

On the road again, Tad whispered, "Swift, go like you never did 'fore!" The wolves sounded nearer, but Tad finally made it home.

"You saved Nancy's life," his mother said as she rubbed the grease on Nancy's chest and watched the child fall asleep, breathing easier.

"I killed a panther! I want to go back for the hide now. I'm sure Nancy's all right!" said Tad.

"Wonderful. Let's give God thanks together," his mother said as she grasped Tad's hand.

When they arose from their knees, his mother whispered, "I'm mighty proud of such a son and your Pa'll be proud too!"

Tad said aloud, "Fear not, nor be dismayed, for I am with thee, whithersoever thou goest."



Busy on a Youth Week Project

THIS WAS the most outstanding Youth Week I have ever attended," stated one of the many young people who attended youth services at the Church, April 13-19.

The chain of events began when the church council along with our pastor not only decided to observe Youth Week, but to turn over the church's entire function to the youth. The council and pastor selected a youth pastor, assistant youth pastor, and youth council. These in turn selected various committees to handle programing, publicity, welcoming and ushers. The entire Youth Week was patterned specifically after instructions packaged by the National Sunday School and Youth Department. These instructions were so carefully planned that all that was needed was a very prayerful group of young people to carry them out.

After several meetings of the entire personnel, things began to take shape. Each Council member was assigned a particular night to direct service. Each service was moderated by the youth pastor who spoke at the Sunday morning worship service. The assistant pastor

Seated left to right: H. H. Echols, Assistant Pastor; Milton Hoy, Pastor. Standing left to right: James Byrd, James Wales, Philip Conn, Kenneth Stevens, Lorry Burt, Joy Sherlin, Reginold McCorn, Norman Jordan—all constitute the Church Council for Youth Week.

National Youth Week

Observance at

North Cleveland, Tennessee

By Jim Baldree

delivered the Sunday evening evangelistic message.

A beautiful sign publicizing the week was placed atop (or strung across) one of our most traveled thoroughfares. Much use was made of a local radio station news program during which a nightly schedule of the meetings was given in advance. A feature story of our proceedings was run in our local newspaper. Even in the early planning stages of Youth Week, we could not help but sense the feeling of being "On the Alert." On Sunday morning, April 12, 1959, the Youth Week personnel, some thirty strong, were presented to the church for their pledge of support.

SCHEDULE OF YOUTH WEEK

Monday night, April 13, our initial program was presented, entitled "On the Alert to Enlist." A

timely message concerning youth was heard, and a wonderful altar service followed.

Tuesday night, April 14, the theme was "On the Alert to Stay With Your Company" expressing the need of loyalty. A very soul-searching message was delivered and again God met with us in our altars.

Wednesday night, April 15, "On the Alert for Mine-Infested Territory" was the theme. A panel of experts were asked questions by the audience, and the stirring and enlightening answers given made each one vow to himself and God that his life would become a steady beacon to lead others to Him.

Thursday night, April 16, we were "On the Alert to Recruit." Those who attended this vital program were grouped into battalions and

(Continued on page 22)





District Youth Banquet

at

Fitzgerald, Georgia

By L. A. Yarbrough

On Friday evening, February 6, the pastors of the Fitzgerald District sponsored a "Fitzgerald District Youth Banquet" at the Community Center in Fitzgerald. The banquet was given in honor of the unmarried young people between the ages of 13 to 35. There were an estimated 200 present. Everyone registered as he came into the building.

After the program had been called to order by Rev. Eddie Green, district youth director and pastor of the Cordele church, he led the congregation in "Amazing Grace." District Overseer, Rev. H. M. Duck, and Rev. Green gave the welcome address and Rev. Earl Powell, pastor at Pitts, gave the invocation.

State Youth Director, Rev. W. C. Swilley, Jr., led the group in a program of choruses entitled "The Youth Sings." The Preacher's Quartet, consisting of four of the pastors from the district, also sang.

The next item was an exciting one. Rev. Green had Sister Swilley to come forward to draw eight names out of the registration box and the ones whose names were drawn participated in the "Name That Tune" contest. Rev. Paul Fowler, pastor at Ocilla, played the tunes while the contestants stood to their feet to name them. Miss Jessie Ann Stokes, a visitor from Warner Robins was the winner of this contest.

After this exciting contest the Fitzgerald Quartet sang several gospel songs which proved a blessing to all present. Rev. Milton Smith, pastor at Central Grove, then led the "Youth Testifies" which were heart thrilling testimonies given by Christian young people from all over the district.

After special singing by Brother and Sister Swilley, came the "District Talent Contest," in which there were representatives, from all eight churches on the district. The contestants sang solos and duets, recited poetry, quoted scriptures, and one church had a band present. The judges decided that the winner of this contest was Miss Linda Parsons of Fitzgerald, who sang and played the piano, "Maybe It's You and Then Maybe It's Me." She was named "District Youth Valentine" and received a box of Valentine candy.

Next on the program was the "Know Your Bible" contest. There were also representatives from all the churches in this contest. The questions asked were taken from the first ten chapters of the Acts of the Apostles. Aubrey Maye of Fitzgerald emerged as winner. He was also named "District Youth Valentine" and received a box of Valentine candy.

From the exciting part of the service our minds turned to a more

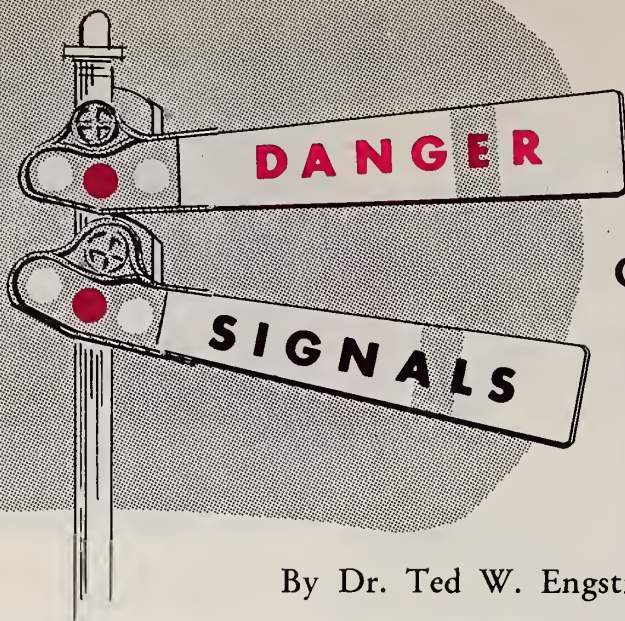
serious mood as the speaker of the evening, Rev. W. C. Swilley, Jr., Georgia State Sunday School and Youth Director, delivered an interesting message entitled "Do You Have A Disease and Is It Contagious?" He took some of the modern day physical diseases and applied them to spiritual diseases that most of the youth of today have.

After this inspiring message came a time of Christian fellowship as the refreshments were served.

At the close of the service the district banners were awarded. The Eastman Church of God was awarded the District Sunday School Banner with a 50 per cent increase over last month. Rev. J. W. Chancey is pastor of the Eastman church. The Fitzgerald Church of God was awarded the District Y.P.E. Banner with an increase of 70 per cent over last month.

Serving as judges of the contests were Rev. M. E. Orr, pastor at Ashburn; Rev. Dove, pastor at Milan; Rev. Paul Fowler, pastor at Ocilla; Rev. H. M. Duck, pastor at Fitzgerald; Rev. Milton Smith, pastor at Central Grove; Rev. J. W. Chancey, pastor at Eastman; and Rev. Earl Powell, pastor at Pitts.

Pray for the youth of the Fitzgerald District that they will move forward in faith for the Lord and His wonderful cause.



on your dates

By Dr. Ted W. Engstrom *President of Youth for Christ International*

WHETHER YOUR date-book is full or not, you will still agree with me that dating is here to stay. Dating is more than a social pastime for teen-agers: it's an important part of your life. Your dates today are helping to prepare you for adult responsibilities tomorrow, like courtship, marriage, and parenthood. You may not realize it, but every fellow or girl you date is helping you decide what kind of mate you want for the rest of your life!

Or, maybe you've quit "playing the field" and, like many teen-agers, you're going steady. "Going steady" means different things to different young people, I've discovered, so I can't give a blunt "yes" or "no" answer to that oft-repeated question, "Is it wrong to go steady?" But whether your dates are with that same terrific guy or gal every week, or whether you "take 'em or leave 'em," you've got to watch out for the danger signals on your dates.

Dating is delightful (and sometimes delirious!), because God made it that way. *But it's also dangerous!* If you're a normal, red-blooded teen-ager, you have certain physical drives down inside that can make you or break you, depending on how you handle the controls. I'm talking, of course, about sex, which, whether we admit it or not, is pretty well the cause of such wonderful things as love and mar-

riage. Love has its spiritual side, too, ("Love is of God," says the Bible) but your interest in the opposite sex right now is primarily due to certain changes going on in your body, changes that are getting you ready for adulthood. That's why I say that *dating can be dangerous*, because this period of transition is also a time of *temptation*, and too many fellows and girls have run through the red lights instead of putting on the brakes. The results are sin, shame, and a future pretty well wrecked. Nearly half of the unwed mothers in the United States are teen-agers, and the number of girls graduating from our high schools "in absentia" is on the increase.

Before I list these danger signals, let's be clear on this: the fellow is just as much to blame as the girl, *and maybe more*. I know it "takes two to tango," but one of the two has to start the music, and nine times out of ten it's the fellow. These danger signals apply to guys as well as gals, and any self-respecting fellow ought to know when to put on the brakes to avoid a life-smashing collision with sin. A girl is so made that she responds quickly to sexual stimuli (like heavy petting) and the boy who deliberately leads her in that direction is asking for trouble. Pay attention to these danger signals and you'll not get detoured into sin.

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1. "*I'll permit it.*" This is the first red light to watch out for, because *love is never permitted, it's always given*. Even if you do permit a good-night kiss, and it's okay with Mom and Dad and your conscience, you still can't afford to give things away cheap that God meant to be precious and satisfying. Any date who requires you to lower your personal standards and "permit" selfish gratification ought to be erased from your little black book. Kisses are not permitted, they're given; and the kind of physical affection that belongs to marriage is never "permitted" beforehand. Real love is a two-way street with both of you happily going in the same direction. Any other arrangement leads to a moral smash-up.

2. "*We can always stop when we please.*" The teen-ager who says this just doesn't understand his own physical make-up! The sex drives in your body are different from the other drives, like hunger and thirst, because sex affects every part of your personality, and once the wheels start turning, it gets harder and harder to put on the brakes. Your mind may scream "Stop!" but once your body gets aroused, it's not easy to quit. The only safe policy is this: *never get started at all*. Playing with sex is always a down-hill proposition, and



Illustrated by Chloe Selden Stewart

the longer you do it, the faster things move until only a collision can stop you—and then it's too late.

3. *"I'm glad nobody's around!"*
It's a pretty safe rule that teenagers should do nothing on their dates that they wouldn't do if Mom and Dad were with them. Perhaps your parents wouldn't hit the ceiling if you indulged in a good-night kiss and some hand-holding, but beyond that—well, you know the answer. If during a date it suddenly hits you, "Boy, I'm glad nobody's around!" then you've had a danger signal and it's time to stop. You can fill your parents' heart with pride by what you do, or you can break their hearts, too. If you and your date start thinking up excuses to get alone, then beware. It's a danger signal! And don't forget that you'll never find a spot where God can't sit in on your date and watch what you're doing!

4. *"What about tomorrow?"*
If you find yourself worrying about the consequences tomorrow, then there's something wrong. Real love can be shared over and over again, and it gets more wonderful all the time. Real love doesn't worry about tomorrow. But the teen-ager who plays with sin is always asking the question, "What's going to happen?" The girl who permits a few moments of pleasure today is only auctioning off tomorrow's happiness at the lowest possible price. Many a teen-ager is wearing the devil's price tag: "Slightly soiled, greatly reduced in price." It's the old mistake of sacrificing the permanent on the altar of the immediate. So, if you catch yourself asking, "Will I be sorry for this tomorrow?" you've seen a danger signal and you'd better do something about it. Chances are you're degrading and debasing this wonderful thing called sex, and you can't play with fire without getting burned.

How can teen-agers today escape this kind of sin, when sex is exploited on TV, in books and magazines, and almost everywhere they go? How can you keep clean when the very atmosphere around is pol-

(Continued on page 22)

SILVER SHIELD

SUNDAY SCHOOLS

By O. W. Polen
National Sunday School and
Youth Director



A FEATURE WHICH has done much to improve the quality and effectiveness of our Sunday Schools and Y.P.E.'s - is the standardization plan.

The Sunday School Standardization Plan was introduced approximately seven years ago, and the Y.P.E. Standardization Plan was introduced approximately three years ago. Those which are striving to become fully standardized are now experiencing progress and growth.

The highest standardization classification attainable is the SILVER SHIELD classification. It is a great accomplishment to attain the Silver Shield rating, and it is still another great accomplishment to retain it once it has been reached.

Standardization grading time is JANUARY 1 and JULY 1 of each year. Classification of Sunday Schools and Y.P.E.'s is made by the state directors.

THE NATIONAL DEPARTMENT WISHES TO RECOGNIZE AND HEARTILY COMMEND THE FOLLOWING SUNDAY SCHOOLS AND Y.P.E.'s AND THEIR LEADERS FOR HAVING ATTAINED THE HIGHEST STANDARDIZATION RANK POSSIBLE—THE SILVER SHIELD CLASSIFICATION.

	CHURCH	PASTOR	SUPERINTENDENT
ALABAMA	Alexander City Bay Minette Fayette Fayetteville Jasper Masseyline North Blrmingham Renfro Sumiton Sylacauga	W. W. Parker C. R. Turner R. E. Melvin Earl L. Ivey C. C. Dunnivant L. B. Fendley A. N. Lee Jesse Mitchell J. E. Dement L. J. Weeks	Emilda Freeman G. W. Perkins Comer Bobo Mason Willis James Vintson Lewis Ballard David Rhoades J. C. Willingham Homer McMurray B. A. Pitts
ARKANSAS	Nettleton New Summitt Pine Bluff	C. E. Sturch John Best T. K. Shoemaker	Wallace Carter William Broadway Jack Berry
CALIFORNIA	Baldwin Park Corona Clovis East Los Angeles Salida San Bernardino Westminster	John D. Nichols Robert Graham George Akin S. L. Bunch Carl Stahl Hilton Vall Dale Davis	H. C. Williams Ray Clay Marvin Olenberger Elmer E. Welch Roy E. Fletcher J. R. Tunnell Durwood Collins
FLORIDA	Alva Clearwater Clewiston Land O' Lakes Manatee	R. H. Anderson H. L. Chesser James Manning R. F. Kirkland E. L. Newton	Eustis Whidden C. O. Johnson F. M. Postell A. P. Baldree Ozzie Williams
GEORGIA	Atlanta (Hemphill) Demorest Rome, North	Earl Pauk, Jr. T. E. Hogan Paul Stover	Lee Watson Lewis Taylor A. R. Howell
ILLINOIS	Clinton Logan	C. M. Newton Glen Kramer	Earl Molt Edward Joplin
MARYLAND- DELAWARE	Hagerstown, Maryland	Thomas Culp	William O. Wise
MICHIGAN	Pontiac Muskegon	Harold Douglas N. A. Jordan	Bob King Burelgh O'Barr
MISSISSIPPI	Grenada Leaf Jackson	H. P. Ford, Jr. R. G. Hathorn M. H. Kennedy	F. C. Mullen Colen Brown Earl Errington
MISSOURI	North St. Joseph St. Louis, Grand Ave.	A. V. Holdman Wayne Heil	Kensel Miller James Tucker
NORTH CAROLINA	Parkwood (Charlotte) Valdese	S. A. Luke H. L. Helms	W. G. Squires W. L. LeQuire
OHIO	Fairborn Middletown (Clayton St.)	Ancil Carter H. C. Jenkins	Vester Clevenger Thornton McClain
OREGON	Albany	Jesse L. Smith	Harold Cook
PENNSYLVANIA	Williamsburg	D. N. Lykens	Cloyd Lykens
SOUTH CAROLINA	Anderson, Homeland Park Dillon Georgetown Greenville, Tremont Avenue Greenville, Woodside Avenue Laurens Pickens Ware Shoals York	D. M. Cobb Clyde C. Cox E. W. Hunter John D. Smith T. O. Dennis Ferrals Moore James Wiley G. C. Spencer B. S. Myers	Nora Alewine Alfred Bellamy J. A. Herrington Everette E. Sides Melford Gray Harley Ford R. L. Foster Ben Rogers Henry Burns
TENNESSEE	Dayton Erwin Greenway Nashville (Meridian St.)	C. M. Newman Ted Moore C. H. Webb Marshal Roberson	Elmer Thurman R. L. Edney Albert Mahan Hoyte Elliott
TEXAS (NW)	Mineral Wells	W. E. Mitchell	

SUNDAY SCHOOL AND Y.P.E.'s

CHURCH	PASTOR	SUPERINTENDENT	
Paris	G. M. Gilbert	Marcus Moore	TEXAS (SE)
Bastian	M. E. Porter	Garland Dillow	VIRGINIA
Boston (South)	S. B. McCane	W. R. Snead	
Danville (West)	H. A. Stone	Thomas Evans	
Dunfords town	L. S. Haymore	D. J. Sizemore	
Monroe	S. T. Sellick	James Hughes	
Portsmouth	S. I. Parsons	V. L. Ivey	
Staunton	Herbert Williams	J. R. Collins	
Timberville	Harrison L. Miller	Ray H. May	
Medicine Hat, Alberta	Stan Skagen	Gordon Meier	WESTERN CANADA
Buckhannon	Ivan Morgan	Clayton Baughman	WEST VIRGINIA
Garrison	J. M. Kile	John H. Day	
Oak Hill	Paul F. Barker	Roy Smith	
Wheeling	Caroline Bachman	Lee Rushforth	



YOUNG PEOPLE'S ENDEAVORS

CHURCH	PASTOR	PRESIDENT	
Alexander City	W. W. Parker	Gloria McClellan	ALABAMA
Cody	Lewellyn Harris	Mrs. Arlie Newman	
Docena	H. E. Lambert	Mrs. Lucille Tram-	
Fayette	R. E. Melvin	mell	
Jasper	C. C. Dunnivant	Mrs. Lancey Plyler	
Mountain View	Fred Swank	Theodore Cagle	
Talladega	C. H. Shaw	Mrs. Owen Norris	
Mt. Olive	Howard Adams	Mary Waltes	
Marked Tree	R. E. Pedigo	Ruth Tharp	ARKANSAS
Pine Bluff	T. K. Shoemaker	Mrs. R. E. Pedigo	
Fairfield	Lemuel Johnson	Joe Davis	
Salida	Carl Stahl	Sophia Huffman	CALIFORNIA
Westminster	Dale Davis	Marie Satterwhite	
Alva	R. H. Anderson	Frank Fedd, Jr.	
Avondale Estates	Jim O. McClain	Mrs. Kenneth	FLORIDA
Clinton	C. M. Newton	Danleis	
Johnston City	Alfred Trail	Franklin Weaver	GEORGIA
Logan	Glen Kramer	Edna Harris	ILLINOIS
Maplewood	James Guynn	Nellie Campbell	
Summit	Wayne Proctor	Loretta Summers	
Federalsburg, Maryland	Lloyd D. Abbott	Mrs. Kenneth	MARYLAND- DELAWARE
Grenada	H. P. Ford, Jr.	Bandy	
Biloxi	C. H. Matthews	Joyce Bouschard	
Leaf	R. G. Hathorn	Melvin Marine	MISSISSIPPI
Kansas City	John M. Holloway	Mrs. H. P. Ford, Jr.	
North St. Joseph	A. V. Holdman	L. B. Morrison	MISSOURI
Poplar Bluff	Golden Griffin	Mack E. Goff	
Franklin	John K. Wolfe	Lant B. Staton	OHIO
Middletown (Clayton St.)	H. C. Jenkins	Mable Holdman	
North Ridgeville	Charles Bergler	Robert W. Haynes	
Albany	Jesse L. Smith	Pearl Wolfe	
Spruce	John Stiffler	Kelly Tibson	
Unlontown	Florence Barks	Louise Smith	OREGON
York	B. S. Myers	Sharon Mundt	
McMinnville	Harry Mushegan	Mrs. Sarah Stiffler	PENNSYLVANIA
Mineral Wells	W. E. Mitchell	J. K. Morgan	
Brownfield	Curtis Drake	W. C. Campbell	SOUTH CAROLINA
Dunfords town	L. S. Haymore	Robbie Hitchcock	TENNESSEE
Honaker	Ronald Hager		TEXAS (NW)
Monroe	S. T. Sellick	Juanita White	VIRGINIA
		Mrs. Ronald Hager	
		Mrs. S. T. Sellick	

The next standardization grading period is January 1, 1960. There is yet time for your Sunday School or Y.P.E. to attain this rank in order to be in the next Silver Shield listing to appear in the LIGHTED PATHWAY.

Detailed information on the Sunday School and Y.P.E. Standardization Plans will be furnished upon request by the National Sunday School and Youth Department.

**"BE WISE AND
STANDARDIZE"**

COMMENCEMENT TIME PRAISE

Again new hosts of Christian youth
Go forth beneath all skies.
God be praised because they know
Thou art the One all-wise

God be praised because they go
With earnest prayers to Thee
To lead them where they all may serve
Mankind most helpfully.

Teachers, preachers, nurses kind;
Musicians, fliers skilled,
And many with techniques complex
Who mighty things will build.

God be praised that they will seek
Thyself in every task.
Increase their skills from year to year;
Their faith, we fervent ask.

Poetry

AGAINST HIS INCLINATION

Dad tried his best, when I was young,
To fix it in my mind,
That "as the tiny twig is bent
So is the tree inclined";
And when he'd lay me 'cross his knee
On punishment intent,
I used to cry, "Say, Dad, look out,
Or I'll grow up all bent."

But years have come and years have gone,
With many a care and trouble,
With many a load that for a time
Has bent me nearly double;
But always I've spring back again
Before it was too late—
For, though he made me bend a bit,
'Twas Dad who made me straight!

By Norman C. Schlichter

DOESN'T HE LOVE US MORE THAN THESE

I feel the warmth of God's wondrous love
In the soothing sunshine from above;
I feel the joy that He sends to me,
As birds sing high in the old pine tree.

I feel a peace that He'd have me know
As the gentle breezes round me blow;
And I see the beauty of His face,
As the fleecy clouds float into place.

I know that His eyes run to and fro
Throughout the whole earth down here below;
That He watches all with tender care;
Each little flow'r on the hillside there.

He gives the birds a haven of rest
Within their own little hidden nest;
He loves His flow'rs, His birds and His trees,
But doesn't He love us more than these?

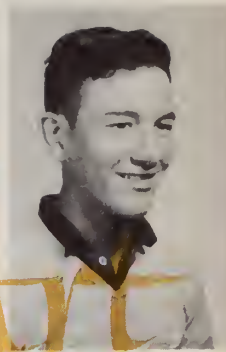
He knows when we need His tender care;
He bends an ear to our ev'ry prayer;
He knows when the way grows hard and rough;
He knows when His child has had enough.

He sees the little sparrows that fall;
He hears when the flowers for the raindrops call
Nature depends on His constant care;
Then why should we evermore despair?

By Hope Evangeline

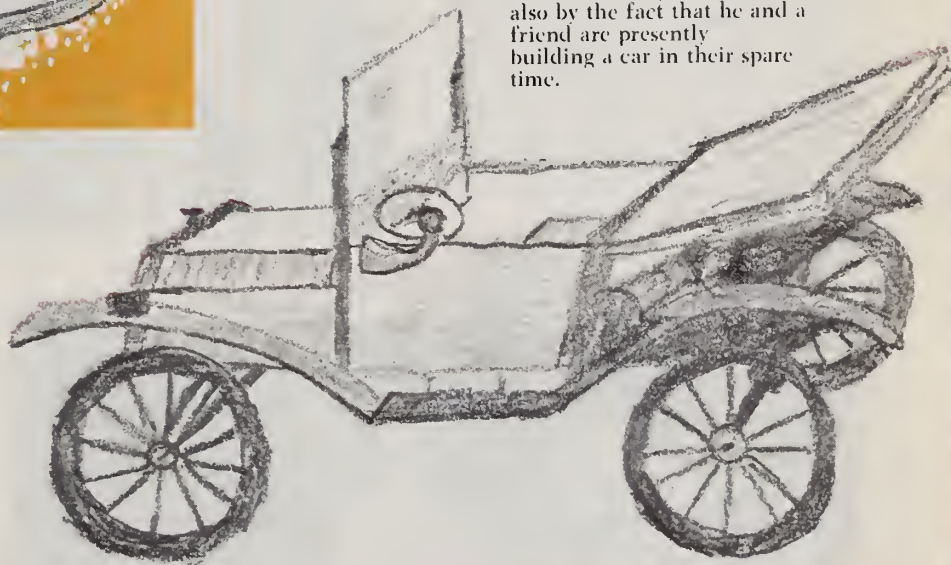
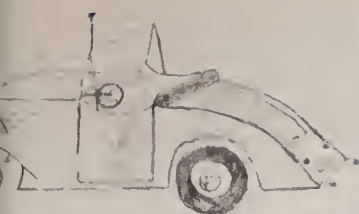
By Wallace Dunbar Vincent

Jimmie McGee



Art

Folk music and folk art are forms of creative expression peculiar to Tennessee and some other states. Young McGee's creativeness is consonant with this dictum. He is only 14 years old and has won several contests with his singing and guitar playing. There is a close parallel, as often is the case with artists, between the subjects he has chosen to draw and his hobbies. His interests in cars (see reproductions) is not only attested by his drawings but also by the fact that he and a friend are presently building a car in their spare time.



art book review

HOW TO USE CREATIVE PERSPECTIVE

by Ernest W. Watson, Reinhold Publishing Corporation, New York. \$7.50. Here is a book on perspective that eclipses many other books on the subject. This book helps dissolve the fears one might have of this complicated subject. Simple objects with simple diagrams have been chosen to show how to make perspective drawings and why. More complicated objects and diagrams are included for the more ambitious student. The knowledge one gains from this book makes an excellent foundation upon which a career of art can be built or it can effect an advancement in an already established profession.

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Variety Page

PENNY CHAMP!

In March, 1959, our Junior Y.P.E., Norris City, Illinois, conducted a "Pennies for Orphans Contest," climaxed by the crowning of the Penny Champ—the junior who brought the most money during the four weeks. Wearing the crown in the front row is 8-year-old Gayle Greer, who won the title of Penny Champ. She is the daughter of Brother and Sister Wayne Greer. Others in the picture, front row, left to right: David Hoskins, Gayle Greer, Mark Hamilton, Kent Hamilton, Ken McKenzie, and Virginia Shepherd; back row, left to right: Jimmy Crouch, Tommy Johnson, Joy Hesterly, Nancy Shepherd, Pat McCormick. Others not pictured are Tonna Foster, Steven Jones and Gregg Thomas.

Gayle brought in \$18.00 and the total from all the juniors was \$32.41. Thanks to members and friends of the church. Since our Y.P.E. is small, we were especially happy to be able to send this amount to our Church of God Orphanage at Sevierville as a special Easter gift. Our faithful pastor is Rev. E. W. Thomas.



COLUMBIA, Miss.—We have recently concluded a successful contest in our Y.P.E. at the Columbia, Mississippi, Church of God. The contest continued for 5 weeks with an average attendance of 63. Four junior girls were competing for "Miss Junior Y.P.E." Sixty-five new people attended our Y.P.E. during the contest due to the efforts of these girls. Glenda Lomas (standing) was crowned winner after raising a total of \$59.27; left to right, Georgianna Holmes, \$42.35; Linda Lowery, \$32.23 and Beverly Cooper, \$39.20, making a total of \$173.05. All 4 girls are active in Sunday School and Y.P.E. We are proud of these young ladies.

Our Y.P.E. is growing and moving forward with the combined efforts of our vice-president, Mrs. Glen Lomas; secretary-treasurer, Shirley Ethel McNabb; program committee, Janet Cook, Mrs. Wilda Holmes and Willard H. Bowles.—Mrs. Walter Atkinson, president.

ADVENTURING FOR CHRIST

(Continued from page 7)

behalf they expressed their appreciation very strongly. We enjoyed a wonderful service.

At the close of the meeting the people began to gather in the back of the church. The commotion was because some "used Sunday School cards and literature" were to be given out. Eagerly they reached, both young and old, until the last piece was distributed. Then they moved into the churchyard and lit their torches so they could see. As we left the church and walked into the yard there were nine torches blazing and around each was a group of people happily looking at the pictures and trying to understand the print. My heart was touched as I compared them and their attitude to the people of my homeland. That night our party of four slept in the church, and upon rising the next morning, I purposely looked but could not find a piece of discarded literature anywhere.

On Wednesday morning we returned to Tanisquipula. Since the trip was only a few miles by boat, we had most of the day to relax. Emil and Arnold took us fishing, and then we bathed and washed our clothes in the river. While our clothes dried in the tropical sun, we enjoyed a most delightful swim.

The untiring efforts of. Sister Morchita were visible in the evening service. The congregation was large and we observed that the people were acquainted with the gospel. Mr. Fagot, who serves as judge in the village and whose wife is a member of the Church of God, interpreted the message from English directly to the Indian dialect. This was a wonderful advantage because it made the preaching more effective. According to Brother Watson's count, fifty came forth to find the Lord. Tears of sorrow flowed freely as they repented. Shouts of victory filled the church as they believed and accepted Christ. This service will long be remembered because much of the accomplishment was eternal.

Never have I seen a more grateful people. Many of them followed

us to the parsonage. On into the night they stood on the porch and about the room until we removed our shoes, got into our hammock or the canvas cots and went to sleep.

AT FOUR o'clock in the morning we arose to begin the long trip back down the river to Huaspan, the place from which our plane would leave. Many of the people were up to see us off. No visitor was allowed to carry a package to the boat. The natives did this to show their appreciation for our visit. They burned torches to aid us as we descended the high and very dangerous bank. When the loading was completed the long dugout moved into Rio Coco. The early morning hour was dark and our boat was soon enveloped with the blanket of night as there was no light on board. Looking back to the bark we could see the light of each torch and hear them calling good-bye in their native tongue.

Swiftly the boat moved down the river, propelled by both the motor and the strong current, through the inky darkness of the night. I was alone with my thoughts. Silhouetted on the bow was Arnold, faithful at this post of duty; at the control was Emil. Both are experienced river men, but besides these two, in whom we put our trust, I felt a wonderful sensation! The presence of God, our Christ, who walked on the water, was overshadowing us. There was nothing to fear!

It was a long tiresome trip to Huaspan. We stopped along the way to leave passengers at the various villages. When the rain would descend in torrents, we had very little covering to protect us. Immediately after the showers the sun would shine and we would soon be dry.

Huaspan was a welcome sight.

The hot tropical sun beat down on the lifeless native village. Brother Hargrave and Brother Abreu hurried to the airport—a tin building and a single gravel landing strip. They found that the passenger plane had gone; however, a freighter would be leaving in about two hours for Bonanza. We would have to wait at Bonanza until the freighter made an additional trip to Puerto Cabezas and then return in two hours. Though all of this was inconvenient, it was still a way back to Managua and we agreed.

The freighter loaded with five preachers and many bags of rice was air-borne. The interior of the plane resembled the interior of a large moving van. Noise and vibration were terrific as there was no insulation. As the freighter gained altitude to cross the mountain range and as I looked down from the window, I could see the Rio Coco resembling a silver ribbon on green velvet continuing her way to the sea. Would I ever return? Would I ever again ride her crest, view her scenery, visit her people? Perhaps not physically, but in my heart I would never forget her, for I knew, many would be the times in my heart I would go again adventuring for Christ on the Rio Coco.

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A GIFT FOR FATHER

(Continued from page 5)

mind, 'Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?' I've heard you preach on that text. And there was 'Wine is a mocker,' and 'At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.' You said once that a person who never took the first glass could never have an appetite for drink that he couldn't resist. Do you remember?" The father, deeply moved, nodded.

"But there were other things besides temptations," continued Richard. "You know, Father, I can't believe there's any normal person that's not afraid on the eve of battle. It's something you've got to get over. I won't tell you what I've seen. But I confess that when I first heard bombs bursting, I was scared into nervous chills. Then I found this and committed it to memory: 'He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shall thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler. Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day.' Those promises took away my fear."

"His truth," said Mr. Carlton, "then really became your shield and buckler."

"Yes," said Richard, "and many times, the light unto my path." He closed the Bible and put it in his pocket. "I'll keep this," he said, "but you may have the little foot lamp for your own."

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NORTH CLEVELAND YOUTH

(Continued from page 12)

were assigned a number of families to visit. Many new experiences were witnessed by each group, and it is our sincere prayer that much good was accomplished and many souls won because of these visits. Delicious refreshments were served to all who participated after letters had been prepared for mailing to all persons on the church mailing list.

Friday night, April 17, all youth were alerted "For Overseas Duty," (Missions). Those in attendance were thrilled to hear of the work of our missionaries, and we were told the location of each missionary. The message was delivered by a soon-to-be missionary, and God's smile was truly upon this service.

Saturday night, April 18, "On the Alert for Special Duty," (Vocations). A panel of our youth were assigned several vocations in which to secure interviews that would be of help to them. The questions asked and the answers received were studied by the panel, and these same questions were in turn asked of the panel by a moderator. This was a most interesting program to the youth. A film, "Choosing Your Life's Work," climaxed the service.

Any church would have been honored to have heard the outstanding messages delivered by the youth pastor and assistant pastor on Sunday morning and Sunday night respectively. They were most uplifting and challenging.

Surely this Youth Week will long be remembered, not only for the work we did together and the fun we enjoyed, but for the challenge that was given to each of us. What we are to do for lost youth, we must do quickly. May God grant unto us the fervor, the strength, and the faith needed to stand.

DANGER SIGNALS

(Continued from page 15)

luted? The Bible gives a three-fold secret of victory:

Observation: "Watch ye and pray, lest ye enter into temptation. The spirit truly is ready, but the flesh is weak" (Mark 14:38) is what Jesus commands. Keep your eyes open, and when you see temptation

around the corner, make tracks! "Flee youthful lusts!" Paul warned young Timothy in 2 Timothy 2:22.

Amputation: "And if thy hand offend thee (cause you to stumble), cut it off!" says Jesus in Mark 9:43. What He means is, be drastic when you deal with sin. If some friend, some favorite magazine or occupation, causes you to fall into sin, then cut it out of your life immediately. If you don't kill sin, it will kill you. This may mean saying "no" to certain dates, or refusing to go to certain places; but it's the only way to keep clean.

Dedication: "For to me to live is Christ." I firmly believe that no teen-ager can get through his teen years unscathed without the power of Jesus Christ in his life. Christ will give you victory over temptation and your life will have a new thrill when He's in control. It isn't enough to make resolutions or have good intentions: you need a power within you to keep you clean. Give your heart and life to Christ today and that power is yours. Spend time daily in the Word of God and you'll find new strength and victory. "Thy Word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee."

So, teen-ager, when you're on that next date, don't just look at the stars in the sky or even the stars in your date's eyes. Keep your eyes open for these danger signals. You'll have a lot more fun today—and you'll be glad you did tomorrow.

YOUTH WANTS TO KNOW (Continued from page 2)

Miss Pauline Fugate (16)
Carriers Mills, Illinois
Mr. Jesse Campbell (22)
Stopover, Kentucky
Miss Patricia Martin (14)
Floyd County
Martin, Kentucky
Miss Jenny Jenkins (12)
Floyd County
Martin, Kentucky
Mrs. Flossie Cupp (52-Widow)
Route 1, Box 27
Williamsburg, Kentucky
Miss Carol Clark (15)
Empire, Alabama
Miss Jean Reynolds (17)
Carriers Mills, Illinois

S.S. AND YOUTH STATISTICS

(Continued from page 27)

Baldwin, Georgia	115
Dunlap, Tennessee	115
Jonben, West Virginia	115
Parrott, Virginia	114
Ravenna, Kentucky	114
Hartwell, Georgia	113
Nicholls, Georgia	113
Saddle Tree, North Carolina	113
Canton (9th and Gibbs), Ohio	113
Macon (Napier), Georgia	112
Hamilton (Paducah), Ohio	112
Williamsburg, Pennsylvania	112
Lakeland, Florida	111
Orlando, Florida	111
Wilmington, North Carolina	110
Indian Valley, Virginia	110
North Cleveland, Tennessee	109
Monroe (4th St.), Michigan	109
West Anniston, Alabama	108
Mt. Olivet, Georgia	107
Tuscaloosa, Alabama	107
Wagner, Oklahoma	105
Hialeah, Florida	104
Columbus (Freble Ave.)	103
Ohio	103
Ashburn, Georgia	102
Douglas, Georgia	102
Leimon, South Dakota	102
Talladega, Alabama	102
Lake City, Florida	101
Plant City, Florida	101
Morgantown, Mississippi	101
Chase, Maryland	101
Iowa Park, Texas	101
Dallas, Texas	100
Seagraves, Texas	100

75 — 99

Mt. Holly, North Carolina	99
Huntington, West Virginia	99
Tallula, Mississippi	99
New Summit, Arkansas	99
Paris, Texas	98
Northport, Alabama	97
Crumbley's Chapel, Alabama	97
Rifle Range, Florida	97
Washington, North Carolina	97
Georgetown, South Carolina	97
Langleigh, South Carolina	97
North Chattanooga, Tennessee	97
Natchez, Mississippi	96
Miami, Florida	95
Dillon, South Carolina	95
Jackson, Tennessee	95
North Nashville, Tennessee	95
West Huntington, West Virginia	95
Leatherwood, Kentucky	95
Lawrenceville, Illinois	95
Washington, D. C.	95
Lubbock, Texas	95
East Lumberton, North Carolina	94
Pulaski, Virginia	94
Birmingham (South Park)	93
Alabama	93
Woodruff, South Carolina	93
South Cleveland, Tennessee	93
Hastons Chapel, Tennessee	93
Houston No. 1, Texas	93
Tifton, Georgia	92
Patetown, North Carolina	92
Charleston (King St.)	92
South Carolina	92
Lake Wales, Florida	91
Tarpon Springs, Florida	91
Daisy, Tennessee	91
Tribbey, Kentucky	91
Graham, Texas	91
Couches Fork, Kentucky	91
Coaldale, Alabama	90
Oakview, Georgia	90
Kannapolis, North Carolina	90
New Orleans (Spain St.)	90
Louisiana	90
Plainview, Texas	90
Vanceburg, Kentucky	90
Black Water, Arkansas	90
Birmingham (Pike Ave.)	89
Alabama	89
Summerville, Georgia	89
Ludville, Georgia	89
Fair Play, South Carolina	89
Inman, South Carolina	89
Crisfield, Maryland	89
Ware Shoals, South Carolina	88
Hamilton (Kenworth), Ohio	88
St. Louis (Gravols Ave.)	88
Missouri	88
Troutmans, North Carolina	87
Carson Springs, Tennessee	87
Sevierville, Tennessee	87

Mallory, West Virginia	87
Van Kyke, Michigan	87
Cincinnati (Hatmaker), Ohio	87
Willard, Ohio	87
Narragansett, Illinois	87
Fort Lauderdale, Florida	86
West Fayetteville	86
North Carolina	86
Laurels, Tennessee	86
Oxford, Ohio	86
Winchester, Kentucky	86
East Orlando, Florida	85
Lake Placid, Florida	85
Hester Town, North Carolina	85
Busby, Tennessee	85
Chattanooga (Missionary Ridge)	85
Tennessee	85
Petersburg, West Virginia	85
Goodwill, Mississippi	85
Greenville, Mississippi	85
Mobile (Crichton)	85
Alabama	84
Conway, South Carolina	84
Charleston, West Virginia	84
Sumiton, Alabama	83
Lipscomb, Alabama	83
Farmville, North Carolina	83
Oak Grove, Tennessee	83
Sparta, Tennessee	83
Findlay, Ohio	83
Hugo, Oklahoma	83
Bernard, Kentucky	83
New Bern, North Carolina	82
Princeton, North Carolina	82
Conkintown, West Virginia	82
Logan, West Virginia	82
St. Louis (Northside), Missouri	82
Burdette, Arkansas	82
Johnson, Oklahoma	82
Bristol, Tennessee	81
Parkersburg, West Virginia	81
Dulac, Louisiana	81
Combs, Kentucky	81
Bradford, Alabama	80
Augusta (Crawford Ave.)	80
Georgia	80
Fayetteville, Alabama	79
West Hollywood, Florida	79
Delbarton, West Virginia	79
Ferndale, Michigan	79
Front Royal, Virginia	79
Vicksburg, Missouri	79
Lawton, Oklahoma	79
Eastman, Georgia	78
Battle Creek, Michigan	78
Cincinnati (McMicken), Ohio	78
Phoenix (44th St.), Arizona	78
Harlan, Kentucky	78
Trafford, Alabama	77
Hamer, South Carolina	77
Milo, Tennessee	77
Salem, West Virginia	77
Marlington, West Virginia	77
Farmington, Michigan	77
Flint (Oak Park), Michigan	77
Shelby, Ohio	77
Hagerstown, Maryland	77
Fort Worth (Riverside), Texas	77
Kenosha, Wisconsin	77
Pendley's Chapel, Alabama	76
Empire, Alabama	76
North Birmingham, Alabama	76
Albany (8th Ave.), Georgia	76
Savannah (Westside), Georgia	76
Pax, West Virginia	76
Cincinnati (Eastern), Ohio	76
Maplewood, Illinois	76
Big Spring, Texas	76
Sneedview, Alabama	75
Glenwood, Georgia	75
Benson, North Carolina	75
Brevard, North Carolina	75
Middletown (Rufus), Ohio	75
West Baltimore, Maryland	75

SPIRITUAL RESULTS AMONG OUR YOUTH

Saved	3,892
Sanctified	1,482
Filled With Holy Ghost	1,213
Added to the Church	1,155

Saved	25,696
Sanctified	10,192
Filled With Holy Ghost	7,862
Added to the Church	7,573

Report of New Y.P.E.'s
New Y.P.E.'s organized
since June 30, 1958 95



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The Voice of Sunday School

O. W. POLEN, Director

I Am A Cradle Roll Superintendent

By Naomi Deans

Parkwood Avenue Church of God, Charlotte, N. C.



WHAT IS THE CRADLE ROLL DEPARTMENT?

THE AIM and purpose of this department of the Sunday School is to help parents as well as the babies feel the intent of the church in their welfare, and to win unsaved parents to Christ. The foundation of the Sunday School is the Cradle Roll Department; however, this department is home-centered and functions almost entirely outside the Sunday School. Its membership is made up primarily of newborn babies, and ordinarily they remain in this department until the age of two. However, if there are no provisions made for a Nursery Department, they should remain on the Cradle Roll until the age of four when they can be promoted to the Beginner's Department.

The Cradle Roll Department is

a means of introducing a child to the Sunday School and is many times the means of winning the parents to the church. Ordinarily it is easier to win unsaved mothers and dads when there is a new baby in the home. It is a great opportunity and an open door for the Sunday School. Once a child is enrolled in the Cradle Roll Department it is much easier to keep him in the Sunday School and to win him for Christ. As a child grows up and learns he has been enrolled in a Sunday School, he will realize the importance of having a church-home and centering his life around the church.

The Cradle Roll Department is another outlet for Christian service, and is an effective means to win the lost. If the Cradle Roll gets the baby, then the baby will get the parents.

HOW IMPORTANT IS THE CRADLE ROLL DEPARTMENT?

THE IMPORTANCE of early training is stressed in many incidents in the Bible. Deuteronomy 6:6-7 says, "And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart: And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children." Also Proverbs 22:6 says, "Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it." Nowhere could your child receive better training for a Christian life than in the Cradle Roll Department of the Sunday School. Christ also taught the importance of the training of children. "And they brought young children to him that he should touch them; and his disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased and said unto them, Suffer the little

children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein. And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them" (Mark 10:13-16). If we are to be Christlike, we must follow His example in teaching children.

Child psychologists tell us the beginnings of personality are evident by the time a baby is six months old, and sometimes earlier, and that many of his basic tendencies are settled before he enters school. Therefore, no time is too soon to begin religious training, since character traits are developed at an early age. This department is important to the church, for it closes the gap between the home and the church.

THE IMPORTANCE OF A CRADLE ROLL DEPARTMENT SUPERINTENDENT

I FEEL that it is important that each church have a Cradle Roll Department superintendent. I realize that many of our churches are not large enough, perhaps to have a superintendent for each department, but there should be someone who is responsible for the Cradle Roll Department. In the smaller Sunday Schools the same person could serve as superintendent of the other departments of the School up through the Primary Department.

Many times the regular Superintendent's time is taken up with the duties of the Sunday School as a whole, and he cannot give proper time and attention to the Cradle Roll Department; therefore, it is important that each Sunday School have a superintendent for this department in order that the children of our Sunday School receive proper attention and training through the church.

THE DUTIES OF A CRADLE ROLL DEPARTMENT SUPERINTENDENT

FIRST OF all she should assume the responsibility and over-all supervision of the department. The superintendent

should visit each member of the Cradle Roll at least once a year. Where the department is small, she may be able to visit each member more often. If the department is very large, there should be visitors assigned to various districts in order that the visitation program of the department will not go lacking. Since this department is home-centered, the visitation program plays an important part.

The superintendent should conduct a worker's meeting at least once a month and should attend the regular Sunday School workers' meetings. She should plan a special promotion day for this department. This could be arranged with the regular promotion day of the entire Sunday School.

The superintendent should always be on the lookout for any visitors or new scholars attending the Sunday School and see that they get in the proper class. She should not only be concerned about students in the Cradle Roll Department, but if the mother and father are visitors or new attendants, they should be directed to the proper class. Parents should be encouraged to leave their small children in the Cradle Roll Department so that they will be able to enjoy the Sunday School and their child will receive proper training and attention.

THE PROMOTION OF THE CRADLE ROLL DEPARTMENT

WE SO often hear the excuse when inviting people to our Sunday School, "I don't have anyone to keep my children, and I can't attend Sunday School," or "When my children grow up, I will go to Sunday School and church." But children help make our Sunday School, and we should endeavor, as a church, to provide proper facilities to care for them so that the parents will be able to enjoy attending Sunday School and church.

One Sunday out of the year should be set aside for "Cradle Roll Day." A dedication service could be planned for this day, and if there are any babies that have

not been enrolled in the Cradle Roll Department, they should be enrolled at this time.

WHAT THE SUNDAY SCHOOL MEANS TO ME AS CRADLE ROLL DEPARTMENT SUPERINTENDENT

I FEEL it is a great honor to hold this position in the Sunday School. It has always been my desire to serve the church in any way I could, and I thoroughly enjoy working with children and young people.

Many times we may feel our labors are in vain, but we never know when the seed of salvation might be planted in a child's heart while he is still in the Cradle Roll Department of the Sunday School. Just one kind word or deed to some boy or girl may mean salvation for many souls. Therefore, I feel it is a wonderful opportunity to serve God and His church as Cradle Roll Department Superintendent of the Sunday School.

GOSPEL TENTS

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Sunday School and Youth Work Statistics

BY O. W. POLEN, National Sunday School and Youth Director

NEW SUNDAY SCHOOL ATTENDANCE RECORDS

Congratulations to the following states and to their State Sunday School and Youth Directors for the establishment of new Sunday School attendance records during the month of March, 1959:

Central Canada	Louisiana
Delaware	Maryland
Florida	Tennessee
Georgia	Virginia
Kentucky	

SUNDAY SCHOOL

Sunday School Average Weekly Attendance
March, 1959

500 and Over

Greenville (Tremont Ave.), South Carolina	875
Middletown (Clayton St.), Ohio	649
Atlanta (Hemphill Ave.), Georgia	501

400 — 499

Detroit Tabernacle, Michigan	494
Hamilton (7th and Chestnut St.) Ohio	493
Cincinnati (12th and Elm Sts.) Ohio	482
North Cleveland, Tennessee	480
South Gastonia, North Carolina	470
North Chattanooga, Tennessee	457
Kannapolis, North Carolina	444
Erwin, North Carolina	438
Tampa, Florida	428
Whitwell, Tennessee	427
Anderson (McDuffie St.) South Carolina	422
Sumiton, Alabama	420

300 — 399

Jacksonville, Florida	398
Wilmington, North Carolina	391
Pontiac, Michigan	388
Griffin, Georgia	387
Alabama City, Alabama	370
Fairborn, Ohio	364
West Flint, Michigan	361
Sulphur Springs, Florida	356
North Rome, Georgia	356
South Lebanon, Ohio	352
Lakeland, Florida	351
Monroe (4th St.), Michigan	350
South Cleveland, Tennessee	346
Pulaski, Virginia	337
St. Louis (Northside), Missouri	337
Chattanooga (East), Tennessee	335
Charlotte (Parkwood), North Carolina	326
St. Louis (Grand Ave.), Missouri	325
Buford, Georgia	324
Rock Hill, South Carolina	320
Biltmore, North Carolina	310
Daisy, Tennessee	308
Paris, Texas	308
Ft. Lauderdale, Florida	307
Newport News, Virginia	306
Louisville (Highland Park) Kentucky	301
Atlanta (Riverside), Georgia	300

200 — 299

La Follette, Tennessee	298
Baldwin Park, California	291
Dallas, North Carolina	290
Fort Mill, South Carolina	289
Lenoir City, Tennessee	288
Lenoir, North Carolina	285
South Rocky Mount North Carolina	284
Savannah (Anderson St.) Georgia	281
Dayton (4th St.), Ohio	280
Tarpon Springs, Florida	278
West Gastonia North Carolina	276
Nashville (Meridian St.) Tennessee	264
Dayton (Oakridge Dr.), Ohio	263
Van Dyke, Michigan	262

Pomona, California	260
East Laurinburg, North Carolina	259
Brooklyn, Maryland	258
Clearwater, Florida	257
Chattanooga (4th Ave.) Tennessee	257
East Lumberton North Carolina	256
Canton (9th and Gibbs), Ohio	252
Dillon, South Carolina	249
Milford, Delaware	247
Somerset, Kentucky	245
Home for Children, Tennessee	241
West Danville, Virginia	241
Morgantown, Mississippi	240
Columbus (Frebis Ave.), Ohio	237
Mercersburg, Pennsylvania	236
Anniston, Alabama	234
Rossville, Georgia	234
Akron (Market St.), Ohio	233
Honea Path, South Carolina	232
Wyandotte, Michigan	230
Columbia, South Carolina	231
Columbus (29th St.), Georgia	227
Plant City, Florida	225
Knoxville (8th St.), Tennessee	225
Beiton, South Carolina	223
Columbus (Belvidere), Ohio	223
Radford, Virginia	223
Augusta (Crawford Ave.) Georgia	221
Greenville (Woodside) South Carolina	220
Dallas, Texas	220
Bartow, Florida	219
Avondale Estates, Georgia	219
East Belmont North Carolina	219
Perry, Florida	217
Birmingham (South Park) Alabama	216
North Birmingham, Alabama	216
Crichton (Mobile), Alabama	215
Miami, Florida	214
Wilson, North Carolina	214
Easton, Maryland	214
Eloise, Florida	212
West Lakeland, Florida	212
Goldsboro, North Carolina	212
Lancaster, South Carolina	211
Salisbury, Maryland	210
St. Louis (Gravois Ave.) Missouri	210
Lake City, Florida	209
Eldorado, Illinois	209
West Indianapolis, Indiana	209
Manatee, Florida	208
Valdosta, Georgia	208
Charleston (King St.) South Carolina	208
Cleveland (East 55th), Ohio	208
Chattanooga (East Ridge) Tennessee	207
Johnson City, Tennessee	207
Norfolk, Virginia	207
Morristown, Tennessee	206
Austin, Indiana	206
Gastonia (Ranlo) North Carolina	204
Sevierville, Tennessee	204
Rifle Range, Florida	203
Jesup, Georgia	203
West Knoxville, Tennessee	203
Minot, North Dakota	203
Greenwood, South Carolina	202
Wahalla No. 1 South Carolina	202
Anderson (Osborne Ave.) South Carolina	201
Logan, West Virginia	201
Natchez, Mississippi	200
Phoenix (44th St.), Arizona	

125 — 199

Greenville (Park Place) South Carolina	198
Jackson, Mississippi	198
Memphis (Rosamond Ave.) Tennessee	197
Huntsville, Alabama	196
Greenwood (South) South Carolina	195
Erwin, Tennessee	195
Benton, Illinois	195

Oakley, California	194
Fitzgerald, Georgia	192
Lakedale, North Carolina	192
Lowell, North Carolina	192
Greer, South Carolina	192
Parkersburg, West Virginia	192
Willard, Ohio	192
Dayton, Tennessee	191
Winter Garden, Florida	190
Sanford, North Carolina	190
Chattanooga (Missionary Ridge) Tennessee	190
Dressen, Kentucky	190
Lindale, Georgia	189
Dempsey Branch West Virginia	189
Sanford, Florida	188
Delbarton, West Virginia	188
Marion, South Carolina	187
Williamsburg, Pennsylvania	187
Lawton, Oklahoma	187
Maccleenny, Florida	186
Greenville, North Carolina	186
Georgetown, South Carolina	185
Payetteville, North Carolina	184
Jackson, Tennessee	184
Huntington, West Virginia	182
Naples, Florida	181
Lawrenceville, Georgia	180
Bainbridge, Georgia	180
Winchester, Kentucky	179
Vicco, Kentucky	179
Pelzer, South Carolina	178
Seneca, South Carolina	178
Mt. Vale, Tennessee	178
Tifton, Georgia	177
La France, South Carolina	177
Dividing Ridge, Tennessee	177
Roanoke, Virginia	177
Princeton, West Virginia	175
North Belmont North Carolina	173
West Fayetteville North Carolina	172
Athens, Tennessee	172
South Boston, Virginia	172
Taladega, Alabama	171
Mobile (Oakdale), Alabama	171
Lanes Avenue, Florida	171
Parrott, Virginia	170
John Sevier, Tennessee	169
Mooresville, North Carolina	168
York, South Carolina	168
Roanoke Rapids North Carolina	167
Newport, Tennessee	167
Battle Creek, Michigan	167
Bluefield, Virginia	167
Lebanon, Pennsylvania	167
South Phoenix, Arizona	167
Lake Wales, Florida	166
Willow Run, Michigan	166
Cincinnati (Hatmaker), Ohio	166
Flatwood, Virginia	166
Lake Worth, Florida	165
Hattiesburg, Mississippi	165
Fort Myers, Florida	164
Cumberland Mountain Tennessee	164
Lebanon, Tennessee	164
San Pablo, California	164
South Richmond, Virginia	164
Douglas, Georgia	163
Findlay, Ohio	163
West Miami, Florida	162
Memphis (Park Ave.) Tennessee	162
Hamilton (Kenworth), Ohio	162
West Baltimore, Maryland	162
Leadwood, Missouri	162
East Orlando, Florida	161
Soddy, Tennessee	160
Springfield, Ohio	160
Lemmon, South Dakota	160
Pinsonfork, Kentucky	160
Brunswick, Georgia	159
Lake City, South Carolina	159
Mt. Olive, Tennessee	159
Cincinnati (Eastern), Ohio	159
Louisville (Faith Temple) Kentucky	159
Washington, D. C.	159
Buhl, Alabama	158
North Miami, Florida	158
Dalton, Georgia	158

Bristol, Tennessee	158	Bradshaw, West Virginia	137	Kannapolis, North Carolina	1,288
Krafton, Alabama	157	Spartanburg (South Church)		East Lumberton	
Piedmont, Alabama	157	South Carolina	137	North Carolina	1,169
West Hollywood, Florida	157	Benson, North Carolina	137	Columbus (Frebis Ave.), Ohio	975
Black Oak, Tennessee	157	Cawood, Kentucky	137	Columbus (27th St.)	
Fort Pierce, Florida	156	Graham, Texas	137	Georgia	691
Tucson, Arizona	156	Hugo, Oklahoma	137	Princeton, West Virginia	682
Calhoun, Georgia	155	Wichita (McCormick), Kansas	137	Atlanta (Hemphill Ave.)	
Atlanta (South Side)		Cambridge, Maryland	136	Georgia	675
Georgia	155	Solway, Tennessee	136	Mullens, West Virginia	534
Waco, Mississippi	155	Thorn, Mississippi	136		
Bristol, Virginia	155	Hamilton (Tabernacle), Ohio	136		
Rhodell, West Virginia	154	Mullens, South Carolina	135		
Adamsville, Alabama	153	Louisville, Tennessee	135		
Mt. Dora, Florida	153	Richmond, Kentucky	135		
Pompano Beach, Florida	153	Pittsburgh, Kansas	135		
Thomaston, Georgia	153	Hialeah, Florida	134		
Oak Grove, Tennessee	153	Homestead, Florida	134		
North Rock Hill		Lake Placid, Florida	134		
South Carolina	152	Riviera Beach, Florida	134		
Dyersburg, Tennessee	152	Albany (8th Ave.), Georgia	134		
Claysburg, Pennsylvania	152	Landis, North Carolina	134		
Fort Worth (Riverside), Texas	152	Shelby, North Carolina	134		
Tratford, Alabama	151	Wadesboro, North Carolina	134		
Cramerton, North Carolina	151	War, West Virginia	134		
Ashland, Ohio	151	Salinas, California	134		
Somerset, Pennsylvania	151	Mt. Vernon, Illinois	134		
Northport, Alabama	150	Nashville, Georgia	133		
Clyde, South Carolina	150	McFarland, California	133		
Conway, South Carolina	150	Booneville, Mississippi	133		
Ninety Six, South Carolina	150	Corbin, Kentucky	133		
Warrenville, South Carolina	150	Williamsport, Maryland	133		
McKinleyville, California	150	North Charlotte			
Midvale, Ohio	150	North Carolina	132		
Marked Tree, Arkansas	150	Beckley, West Virginia	132		
Demorest, Georgia	149	Essex, Maryland	132		
Memphis (Mississippi Blvd.)		Key West, Florida	131		
Tennessee	149	Vero Beach, Florida	131		
Sweetwater, Tennessee	149	Maiden, North Carolina	131		
Elkins, West Virginia	149	Springfield, North Carolina	131		
Dora, Alabama	148	Sparta, Tennessee	131		
High Shoals, North Carolina	148	Brenton, West Virginia	131		
Orangeburg, South Carolina	148	Byrds Chapel, Mississippi	131		
Carson Springs, Tennessee	148	Combs, Kentucky	131		
McMinnville, Tennessee	148	Warrior, Alabama	130		
Muskegon, Michigan	148	Monroe, Georgia	130		
Asheboro, North Carolina	147	Piney Grove, Georgia	130		
Birchwood, Tennessee	147	Wake Forest, North Carolina	130		
White Sulphur Springs		Florence, South Carolina	130		
West Virginia	147	Knoxville (Oakwood)			
Summit, Illinois	147	Tennessee	130		
Birmingham (Pratt City)		North Nashville, Tennessee	130		
Alabama	146	Oak Hill, West Virginia	130		
Tallahassee, Florida	146	East Los Angeles			
Robinette, West Virginia	146	California	130		
Detroit (Trumbull Ave.)		Leatherwood, Kentucky	130		
Michigan	146	Boonsboro, Maryland	130		
Kimberly, Alabama	145	Alma, Georgia	129		
Guntersville, Alabama	145	Marion (Cross Mill)			
Asheville, North Carolina	145	South Carolina	129		
Alcoa, Tennessee	145	Corona, California	129		
Tuscaloosa, Alabama	144	Selma, California	129		
Frostproof, Florida	144	Goodwill, Mississippi	129		
Stinnett, Kentucky	144	Baton Rouge, Louisiana	129		
Lavonia, Georgia	144	Kings Mountain			
Louisville (Portland)		North Carolina	128		
Kentucky	144	Shelburn, Indiana	128		
Patetown, North Carolina	143	Wichita (South Santa Fe)			
Benton Harbor, Michigan	143	Kansas	128		
Dade City, Florida	142	Kenosha, Wisconsin	128		
Laurens, South Carolina	142	Fort Meade, Florida	127		
Madisonville, Tennessee	142	Summerville, Georgia	127		
Lancaster, Ohio	142	Lincolnton, North Carolina	127		
Vanceburg, Kentucky	142	Mt. Airy, North Carolina	127		
Garden City, Florida	141	Princeton, North Carolina	127		
Hazlehurst, Georgia	141	St. Pauls, North Carolina	127		
Rockingham, North Carolina	141	Ware Shoals, South Carolina	127		
Washington, North Carolina	141	Christopher, Kentucky	127		
Woodruff, South Carolina	141	Houston No. 2, Texas	127		
Lawrenceburg, Tennessee	141	Blacksburg, South Carolina	126		
Hagerstown, Maryland	141	Columbia (West)			
Saddle Tree, North Carolina	140	South Carolina	126		
Charleston, West Virginia	140	Middle Valley, Tennessee	126		
Smithfield, North Carolina	140	Palmer, Tennessee	126		
Ferndale, Michigan	140	North Ridgeville, Ohio	126		
Crisfield, Maryland	140	Marion, Virginia	126		
Mallory, West Virginia	140	Albany (East), Georgia	125		
Aiken, South Carolina	140	Paw Creek, North Carolina	125		
Gaffney, South Carolina	140	Tarboro, North Carolina	125		
Fresno (Harvey-Millbrook)		Spartanburg (Farley Ave.)			
California	139	South Carolina	125		
Pensacola, Florida	139	Cartwright, Tennessee	125		
Valdese, North Carolina	139	Garrison, West Virginia	125		
Chattanooga (Avondale)		Westminister, California	125		
Tennessee	139	Port Huron, Michigan	125		
New Summit, Arkansas	139	West Monroe, Louisiana	125		
Clarksburg, West Virginia	138				
Largo, Florida	138				
Gap Hill, South Carolina	138				
Cleveland (Big Springs)					
Tennessee	138				
Biloxi, Mississippi	138				
Greenville, Mississippi	138				
Franklin, Ohio	138				
Russell Springs, Kentucky	138				
New Orleans (Spain St.)					
Louisiana	138				

TEN STATES HIGHEST IN HOME DEPARTMENTS

South Carolina	45
Ohio	42
Alabama	38
West Virginia	35
North Carolina	26
Florida	25
Arkansas	20
California	17
Pennsylvania	17
Georgia	16

REPORT OF NEW SUNDAY SCHOOLS

Branch Sunday Schools organized since June 30, 1958	82
Branch Sunday Schools reported as of March 31, 1958	822
New Sunday Schools organized since June 30, 1958	59
Total Sunday Schools organized since June 30, 1958 (Branch and New)	141

Y. P. E.

Y.P.E. Average Weekly Attendance March, 1959

200 and Over	
Home for Children	304
Mercersburg, Pennsylvania	263
Middletown (Clayton St.)	
Ohio	251
Dayton (4th St.), Ohio	242
Cincinnati (12th and Elm St.)	
Ohio	218

150 — 199

Detroit Tabernacle	179
Dayton (Oakridge Dr.), Ohio	179
Columbus (Belvidere), Ohio	178
Lenoir City, Tennessee	174
Erwin, North Carolina	172
Griffin, Georgia	168
Fairborn, Ohio	166
Goldsboro, North Carolina	159
Greenville (Tremont Ave.)	
South Carolina	158
Somerset, Kentucky	153
Dallas, North Carolina	150
Newport News, Virginia	150

100 — 149

Jacksonville, Florida	149
Perry, Florida	147
Mill Creek, West Virginia	146
Anniston, Alabama	145
Savannah (Anderson)	
Georgia	145
Benton, Illinois	145
Memphis (Park Ave.)	
Tennessee	141
Dressen, Kentucky	139
Rossville, Georgia	138
Sulphur Springs, Florida	137
Jasper, Alabama	135
Pontiac, Michigan	135
Hamilton (7th and Chestnut)	
Ohio	135
North Rome, Georgia	131
South Gastonia	
North Carolina	131
East Chattanooga	
Tennessee	131
Bartow, Florida	129
South Richmond, Virginia	129
Zion Ridge, Alabama	128
Madisonville, Tennessee	128
Hamilton (Tabernacle), Ohio	128
Louisville (Highland Park)	
Kentucky	128
Brooklyn, Maryland	127
St. Louis (Grand Ave.)	
Missouri	127
Columbus (29th St.), Georgia	126
Eloise, Florida	125
Lakedale, North Carolina	125
Tampa, Florida	122
Cleveland, (East 55th St.), Ohio	122
McMinnville, Tennessee	121
Austin, Indiana	121
Bradshaw, West Virginia	119
South Lebanon, Ohio	119
Dayton, Tennessee	116
Whitwell, Tennessee	116

(Continued on page 23)

NATION'S TOP TEN IN HOME DEPARTMENT ATTENDANCE

Total Monthly Attendance for March	
Greenville (Tremont Ave.)	
South Carolina	8,440
Nashville (Meridain St.)	
Tennessee	1,720
North Cleveland, Tennessee	1,345

"LIVING FOR JESUS IN THE SPACE AGE"

1959

A VBS THEME

All planned, all Bible and all inter-related. Teaches God's Word in a dynamic, winning way.



Nursery—"Loving and Pleasing Jesus" (3's and 4's)

Program altogether different from that of any other age group. Teach with confidence during arrival time, fascinating, part-prose, part-song sing-me-a-story-time, brief but meaningful worship, fun-to-sing-and-act-out motion songs, thrilling handwork time, relaxing lunch time, and the climactic activity-book time. Handwork is easy with tailor-made packets of prepared paper. Contain all the brightly colored paper and patterns necessary.

Beginner—"We Learn About Jesus" (four- and five-year-olds)

Nursery and Beginner children will want to hear again and again the stories about Jesus as a baby, then as a child their size, as a boy who talked to wise teachers in God's house, and finally, as a man and about the wonderful things He did.

Primary—"The Lord Is my Shepherd" (six-to-eight-year-olds). Primaries are delighted to "belong." They really mean it when they sing "Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are." Through pictures and objects they'll learn to appreciate how people are like sheep and the use of the shepherd's sling, rod and staff.

Junior—"The Christian's Birth and Growth" (9-to-11-year-olds). Lessons preparing juniors to live for Jesus in an age when men are planning to travel

through the stratosphere and beyond. His many-sided character and ministry are seen in the Gospel of John.

Intermediate—"Answering God's Call" (Young Teens). Intermediates and young people learn various ways in which God calls His workers; background of pioneer missionaries and of rewards for faithful workers. They are challenged to witness for Jesus in this age of space exploration.

Young People and Adults—Choice of three courses: "Bible and Bible Proofs," "Fruits of the Spirit," and "Answering God's Call."

Special Introductory Packet—This packet includes five teacher's manuals, five pupil's workbooks; contents sheet for young people and adults; handcraft packets for nursery, beginner and primary; information on new package handcraft for junior and intermediate; 1959 Guidebook and samples of publicity items ... \$3.15.
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Pupil's Books ... each 25c
Nursery and Beginner Handwork each 25c
Primary Handwork Packet ... each 25c

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"Christmas" Suede-graph ... \$1.25
.. (Beginners)
"Zacchaeus" Suede-graph (Beginners) \$1.25
"Easter" Suede-graph (Beginners) \$1.25
"Good Shepherd" Suede-graph (Primary) ... \$1.25
"Fruits of the Spirit" Gospel Graph (Intermediate) ... \$2.25

Posters

No. 8232 On Your Mark ... each 10c
No. 8309 All Aboard ... each 10c
No. 8186 It's Time ... each 10c
No. 8150 Get Into Orbit ... each 15c

Dodgers

No. 8187 It's Time ... pkg. 70c
No. 8151 Get Into Orbit ... pkg. 70c

Invitation Post Card

No. 8188 It's Time ... pkg. 70c
No. 8150 Get Into Orbit ... pkg. 75c

Doorknob Hangers

No. 8154 Get Into Orbit ... pkg. \$1.50

Recruiter's Badge

No. 8155 Get Into Orbit ... pkg. \$1.15
No. 8192 It's Time ... pkg. \$1.15
No. 8235 On Your Mark ... pkg. .95
No. 8306 Come On, Let's Go ... pkg. .95

Headbands

No. 8236 On Your Mark ... pkg. \$1.00
No. 8189 It's Time ... pkg. \$1.25
No. 8307 All Aboard ... pkg. \$1.25

Balloons

No. 8293 All Aboard ... doz. 60c
No. 8191 It's Time ... gross \$6.75
No. 8156 Airship ... pkg. \$1.00
Get Into Orbit (24") 25c

Decoration Kit

No. 8274 All Aboard ... \$1.50
No. 8193 Exploring God's Wonders ... \$1.50

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	Teacher \$.45	Pupils \$.25	Handwork Packets	Total	Ship To:
NURSERY					Church Serial No.
BEGINNER					Nome
PRIMARY					Address
JUNIOR					City State
INTERMEDIATE					Pastor's Signature
YOUNG PEOPLE					Clerk's Signature

Journeylog (Free)

Haw-ta-da-it Book, 35c

Decoration Kit, \$1.50

Advertising Helps: Buttons—Invitations—Record Cards—Certificates

Items	Posters	Dodgers	Pastcards	Buttons	Balloons	Headbands	Pupil Certificates	Enrollment Cards	Sample Kits
	\$1.15 each	\$1.70/100	\$1.50/100	\$1.95/50	\$1.60/12	\$1.00/50	\$1.05 each	\$1.75/100	\$3.15
Quantity									

ORDER FROM

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Pathway Book Store
1108 Florida Avenue
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Pathway Book Store
231 S. Church Street
Charlotte, N. C.

JULY, 1959

The **LIGHTED**

Pathway

DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR

FOR WHICH MANY MEN HAVE DIED IN DARKNESS

UNMARKED GRAVES WITHIN
THIS SQUARE LIE THOUSANDS
OF UNKNOWN SOLDIERS OF
WASHINGTON'S ARMY, WHO DIED
WOUNDS AND SICKNESS DURING
THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR



THE INDEPENDENCE AND LIBERTY
YOU POSSESS, ARE THE WORK OF
JOINT COUNCILS AND JOINT
EFFORTS OF COMMON DANGERS,
SUFFERINGS, AND SUCCESS

WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS SEPT 17 1796

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Youth Wants to Know

By Avis Swiger

GREETINGS TO all of you! The Lord has been good to us by giving us health to enjoy another beautiful spring. You are looking forward to a summer vacation of fun and profit, I am sure. Be sure to remember that a Christian is able to testify of his experience with the Lord in play as well as in work. The Lord is pleased with your happy, carefree times when they are enjoyed in the Spirit of Christ. What I am really saying is—when you take a vacation from work, don't leave Christ behind; don't take a vacation from your love and fellowship with Him!

PEN PALS

Jerome Essex (22)
212 South Grand
Marshall, Michigan
Miss Judith Ann Martin (15)
Floyd County
Martin, Kentucky
Miss Pamela Jones
Floyd County
McDowell, Kentucky
Miss Barbara Farmer (17)
In care W. S. Gerrell
Route 1
Dunwoody, Georgia

Miss Mary O'Briant (16)
Route 4, Box 306
Rayville, Louisiana
Miss Patsy Scott (15)
Route 3, Box 187
Altoona, Alabama
Miss Willie Opal Hall (16)
Box 414
Celina, Texas
Miss Shirley Roberts (16)
Route 4, Box 307
Rayville, Louisiana
(Continued on page 22)

The LIGHTED Pathway

Vol. 30 JULY, 1959 No. 7

Charles W. Conn, Editor-in-Chief

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LEWIS J. WILLIS

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Subscription Rates

Single Subscriptions, per year . . \$1.50
Rolls of 10 1.00
Single Copies15

Published monthly at the Church of God Publishing House, Cleveland, Tenn. All materials intended for publication in The LIGHTED PATHWAY should be addressed to Lewis J. Willis, Editor. All inquiries concerning subscriptions should be addressed to Bookkeeping Department, Church of God Publishing House, Cleveland, Tennessee.

ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL
MATTER AT POST OFFICE
CLEVELAND, TENNESSEE



Patriot Who Died July 4

By Evelyn Witter

AS THE BELLS were ringing, proclaiming their message of liberty, that July 4 in 1826, Thomas Jefferson, who had written the Declaration of Independence, breathed his last. Many people said it was the perfectly timed moment for the final bow on the anniversary of that nation's freedom.

Thomas Jefferson liked to think of the republic he had helped found as if it were a garden, given to his fellow-Americans by the kindness of God, and given to them with the understanding that they would till it and work it according to their own desires. He himself was an example of that idea which sees the beginning and ending of all happiness in the cultivation of one's own garden. He spent eighty-three years as close as possible to the spot where his cradle stood and where one day his grave was dug. Frequently, through his life, important affairs took him from Monticello; but the moment he was free, he hurried back to it.

Jefferson loved books with the same devotion that he gave to the land. When he was twenty-six, his house burned and with it his library. The loss of his books was estimated at a thousand dollars. But it was not the loss in money that disturbed Jefferson, for he wrote to a friend: "Would to God it had been the money. Then it would have never cost me a sigh!"

Jefferson did much writing in his lifetime, the best known of which is the Declaration of Independence. But the book which really gives an insight into the man's character is one he wrote of his attitudes toward the teachings of Christ, entitled, *THE PHILOSOPHY OF JESUS*, and which was afterwards published under the title, *JEFFERSON'S BIBLE*.

How could this devout man, who believed that all men were equal, remain the owner of over a hundred black slaves? Privately he did the best he could by quietly allowing as many of his slaves as possible to gain their freedom, but he was handicapped because people of that day greatly disapproved of such procedure. But we know from many, many of the people who knew Jefferson well and were familiar with the life of Monticello, that the slaves he owned were contented and happy. They regarded themselves more as his children than his servants.

But Jefferson was of the nature to delve deep into human relationship. His delving usually kept him busy with many things at the same time. For example: While he was taking care of his vast plantation, he also wrote political pamphlets. While he was representing his country in Europe, he was also collecting vegetables and plants that might be grown profitably in America. While he was collecting plants, he was also copying blueprints for new machinery and consulting engineers about housing. While making a success of politics, he also drew up plans for the education of boys and girls. And in between all these projects, he devoted himself to rearing his own children, practicing the violin and inventing appliances with which to make life easier at Monticello.

WHEN JEFFERSON was appointed as a member of the committee of five to draft some sort of document declaring that the colonies wanted their independence, he went to Philadelphia, took rooms at a German bricklayer's house and started composing

(Continued on page 21)



THE DUSTY ROAD looked endless to Hope as she placed her wet palm on the back of her neck. She picked up her light straw suitcase again, almost wishing she had waited till tomorrow to look for a job.

But no, she had to get away from this heartbreak now. Start life anew! She walked, setting her feet down as if they knew where they were going. Her heart contracted agonizingly, as the image of a dark eyed, laughing young man arose before her again. His name passed her dry lips. "Keith!"

She pushed her damp chestnut hair back, the bitterness in her young heart welling over. Her name mocked her. Hope! Hope! Hope! something screamed inside her. Her fingers touched her tight throat, although she hadn't made a sound.

She became aware of the sultry stillness. The trees were etched against

The Silver Lining

the sky, not a leaf moving. She looked up. A dark mass of clouds lined the horizon, moving like there was something alive in them. She became alarmed and started half-running; then she stopped, as she heard a voice calling, "Here, over here, quickly!" A dark haired young woman with glasses was waving at her frantically from a house near-by.

Hope ran again, not stopping until she was inside. The young woman led Hope through the kitchen to a room that looked like a workroom of some sort.

"I'm Jane Howe and I need help," she said, sitting down quickly in front of a table-desk with a small mike and radio apparatus on it. She bent over.

"You're sick!"

"Yes," Jane answered. "appendix again—felt it coming on a half-hour ago. Listen—"

"My name is Hope—Hope Barnes."

"Hope, my husband is gone for the day and I've just received word there's a tornado headed this way from eastern Oklahoma. I've got to get the message out on the storm warning net—" She stopped, her face white.

"Have you got ice?" Hope asked.

"Yes, and there's an ice bag in the hall closet."

Hope found the bag and raced to fill it. Hurrying back, she looked out the door. The light was hazy. *It's just like me to arrive in time for a calamity*, she thought as she braced the bag to Jane's side.

Hope's nerves tingled as she watched Jane talk through the transmitter. A roaring was dimly heard—it grew in volume. The girls looked through the window and saw a funnel lower from a huge black cloud. Which way would it go? Jane lowered her head in her lap and started to cry.

"Lie down on the floor, Jane!" Hope exclaimed.

Hope slid down doubling her knees up and crying, "Jesus—" The roar increased and Hope stood with both hands to her head, looking out the

(Continued on page 20)

She looked up. The dark mass of clouds moved like there was something alive in them.



1.



4.

2.

HIGHLIGHTS OF NATIONAL



3.

FROM SWIFT Current, Sask., Canada, to Bonham, Texas and from San Bernandino, California to White Hall, Maryland, it was YOUTH IN ACTION!

"On the Alert" (theme of National Youth Week) well bespoke the attitude of the youth in the Church of God during National Youth Week. Youth "took over" hundreds of churches and did an excellent job. They *pastored, preached, prayed, promoted, produced, and proclaimed* that young people should be "alerted to the times and anchored in the faith."

Youth Week developed into a

great youth revival. In Covington, Louisiana, *16 young people were saved*; in Kokomo, Indiana, *11 young people united with the church*; in West Columbia, S. C., *16 young hearts found Christ*; and much more good news could be revealed if space permitted.

Youth Week helped hundreds of young people find their place in the church. The church in turn came to realize the true significance of youth.

Nearly 1,000 churches responded to National Youth Week! Listed below are the churches that reported their results.



1. Church of God missionaries remembered during Youth Week, Prichard, Alabama.
2. Youth ushers learn a lesson in stewardship, Huntington, W. Va.
3. Youth seeks God and makes new dedication, Huntington, W. Va.
4. Junior rhythm band in action during Youth Week, Rockingham, N. C.
5. Children enjoy Youth Week at 8th Avenue Church of God, Albany, Georgia.
6. Youth Week committee, Pompano Beach, Florida.
7. Teacher, Ernest Muir, sincerely presenting the Word to a group of junior boys, Huntington, W. Va.



5.



6.



OUTH WEEK

CHURCHES PARTICIPATING IN NATIONAL YOUTH WEEK

Alabama
Antioch
E. Brewton
Jasper
Joppa
Lott Road
Piedmont Highway
N. Prichard
University Highway
Arkansas
Heber Springs
Hot Springs
California
Fresno
San Bernardino
Canada
Medicine Hat, Alberta
Swift Current, Sask.
Florida
Arcadia
Bushnell
Eastpoint
Fort Lauderdale
Pensacola (Bethany)
Plymouth
Pompano Beach
Taft
W. Winter Haven
Georgia
Albany (8th Ave.)

Atlanta (Hemphill)
Atlanta (West Side)
Columbus (29th St.)
Fitzgerald
Hartwell (Glendale Dr.)
Idaho
Caldwell
Illinois
Benton
Chicago (Summit)
Eldorado
Harvey
Kincaid
Maplewood
Indiana
Kokomo
Shelburn
Kansas
Pratt
Wichita
Kentucky
Eminence
Mitchellsburg
Louisiana
Covington
Bedico
Ponchatoula
Maryland
White Hall
Mississippi
State Line
Missouri
Boone Terre
Cantwell
Flat River
Leadwood
New Jersey
Millville
New Mexico
Artesia
Carlsbad
New York
Brooklyn
North Carolina
Erwin
Jonesville
Rockingham
Ohio
Ashtabula
Cincinnati (Hatmaker)
Midvale
Wellston
Oklahoma
W. Tulsa
Pennsylvania
Acosta
South Fairview
South Carolina
W. Columbia
Dillon
Iva
Orangeburg
Tennessee
Jellico
N. Cleveland
Texas
Big Springs
Bonham
Sweetwater
Virginia
Monroe
West Virginia
Brenton
Charleston
Eckman
Huntington
Wheeling

7.



'AMERICA'

RELIGIOUS

AND PATRIOTIC HYMN

By Dorothy C. Haskin

ONE BLEAK DAY in February, 1832, a young theological student sat in his room at Andover Seminary. Samuel Francis Smith was going over a sheath of German songs for children given him by his friend, the composer, Lowell Mason. Sunset shadows crept into the room and Smith was tired from a strenuous day of study. He was relieved to spend a few relaxed moments going over his friend's music.

As he hummed over one after another, one struck his fancy. He glanced at the words at the bottom of the page and his knowledge of German told him that the words were patriotic, but they did not appeal to him. He decided to write his own words. He searched around on his desk until he found a scrap of paper, and five- or six-inches long and two-and-one-half inches wide. On this, as he tapped out the rhythm of the music, he began to write.

*My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of Thee, I sing;
Land where my fathers died
Land of the pilgrim's pride
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.*

That was the birth of the hymn, *America*, sung by both church and patriotic groups.

Of his lyric Smith said, "I never designed it for a national hymn. I never supposed I was writing one." When he finished writing the verse, he put it and the music in his desk, and there it lay for several months.

Then he gave them back to his friend, Mason.

Mason was by nature extremely interested in songs that he thought children would enjoy singing. He was, in fact, composer of the music of *From Greenland's Icy Mountains*, and the first man in the United States to make music part of public school education. He liked Smith's words and secretly taught them to the children's choir of the Park Street Church in Boston. On July Fourth, 1832, he invited Smith to hear the choir and surprised him by having them sing his stirring number.

The number enjoyed local popularity, and four years later, it was published under the title *America, National Hymn* in a book entitled *The Boston Academy*. From there it found its way into a few hymn books, but it was not until the Union Flag was shot down at Fort Sumter by the confederate troops plunging the United States into Civil War, that *America* became a nationally popular song.

THE TUNE TO the song is one of the oldest and probably the most popular in the world. It has been sung in more forms and in more different ways than any patriotic air ever written.

A variation of the tune was known by Saint Ambrose, noted bishop of Milan, who lived in the fourth century. Men have tried to trace its travels and believe that the Finns gave it to the Germans, the Germans to the French and Swiss. At least, it was being

tossed back and forth over most of Europe, at last being accepted by the English speaking people.

William Carey claimed loudly to have arranged it first as the English national anthem. It was first known to be sung in a tavern on November 20, 1793 with the words "God Save Great George, Our King." The George referred to was George IV, one of England's most dissipated, extravagant, lesser known kings. It was continued to be sung as "God Save the King" and is said to be worth more to the sovereigns of Great Britain than all their diamonds, as it has added fervor to the patriotism of the more peaceful days.

It was this tune which fell into the hands of the brilliant Samuel Smith. During his childhood, he was sickly, but from the beginning of his study of Latin, he began to improve. He used to chuckle, "Latin is a queer specific for feeble childhood, not set down in the medical books. But I never found a Latin lesson a task."

He was graduated by the Boston Latin School and went on to Harvard. At twenty-one Smith transferred to Andover Theological Seminary (a divinity school near Boston). He was ordained pastor of the First Baptist Church of Waterville, Maine, and for eight years, served as pastor as well as professor of Modern Languages at the Waterville College. This school conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity upon him.

For twelve and one-half years he was pastor of the First Baptist

Church in Newton, Mass.; and during seven years of that time, he was editor of the *Christian Review*.

Widening his interests, he became editorial secretary of the American Baptist Missionary Union for fifteen years. His missionary interests took him to Europe in 1875 and to Europe and Asia in 1882. It was during this period of his life that he wrote the poem *Lone Star*, which publicized the plight and need of missions in India.

He not only wrote this helpful poem but wrote other still sung and well-known hymns, including *The Morning Light Is Breaking, Today the Savior Calls and Softly Fades the Twilight Ray*.

That America was highly accepted by both the religious and patriotic worlds was symbolized by two events that took place in the later years of Smith's life. When he was eighty-four, the governor of Massachusetts, in a proclamation, recommended that America be sung in all the schools in the state. When Smith was eighty-nine, the national Christian Endeavor Convention met in a tent on the Boston Common (a public square). Eleven thousand people were present. They sang one stanza of *America*, another of *God Save the King*, and then gave a loud ovation to Dr. Smith, who came forward to recite the poem "Arouse Ye, Arouse Ye, O Servant of God," which he had written for the occasion.

HE WAS ONE of the last four surviving members of the famous Harvard class of 1829 of which Oliver Wendall Holmes was a member. He wrote a poem about the different members of the class, and about Smith he said:

*"And there's a nice youngster of excellent pitch
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith;
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free
Just read on his medal, 'My country, 'tis of thee'."*

During the last half century of Smith's life, he lived in a small, gabled brown house opposite the Commons in Newton Center, Mass. Each day he could hear the school children singing his song. Of his

later years, one of his friends said, "He is over eighty-six years old, and yet he gives the impression of being about seventy. With the exception of his deafness, he is as hearty as he was forty years ago. His simplicity of life is one secret of its strength and beauty." At that time he had mastered fifteen languages and was looking around for a textbook out of which to study Russian.

On November 16, 1895, he went to the railroad station to take a train to preach in a neighboring town the following Sunday. Instead, he took the longer trip to a land where he could truly sing,

*"Our father's God to Thee,
Author of liberty, to Thee we sing."*

THE BIBLE AND OUR NATIONAL EMBLEM

By Norman C. Schlichter

THE EAGLE is pictured on our stamps, on our money, and on our country's great seal because it is our national emblem. Everywhere on these official displays it is meant to symbolize courage, independence, swiftness, and resolution.

If it hadn't been for the Bible, the eagle would never have been given its prominent place in our national history.

When this bird was first suggested to the Continental Congress in 1776 as our national symbol, there was much opposition to the idea. Benjamin Franklin thought that the turkey should hold this place of honor. So it was six years before the majestic eagle appeared upon the great seal of our new United States of America.

A committee of Congress had been appointed to choose a suitable national emblem, and it took them all this time to agree upon the eagle. Those in favor of the

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"King of Birds" couldn't get the entire committee to agree in his favor until they kept repeating over and over how the Bible told of the eagle's greatness.


They pointed out how, in Exodus 19:4, in speaking of the Israelites the Bible says, "... how I bare you on eagles' wings, and brought you unto myself." They also called attention proudly to Deuteronomy 28:49, where the Lord, in order to show how quickly He would "bring a nation against thee from afar, from the end of the earth," proclaimed that it would be as "swift as the eagle flieth."

The ever youthful appearance of the eagle is cited in Psalm 103:5, when David sings the praise of the Lord, "Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's."

Did you know that there are thirty-two references to the eagle in the Bible? Nearly all of them

(Continued on page 22)

The Girl Who Wouldn't



MARY SLESSOR was once so timid she was afraid to walk across a field in which there was a cow or horse. But when she went to Africa as a missionary, she often walked along muddy banks where alligators slid into the waters and where big poisonous snakes were as plentiful as rabbits in Scotland.

She worked among fierce head-hunting cannibals who liked to fight each other. But often she persuaded those people not to fight, and always she told them about Jesus. This was not easy. But as Jesus came to bring peace to earth, Mary Slessor became a peacemaker in Africa by telling the people about Jesus. Often she went to comfort and to help the sick.

For instance, once a chief was ill in his hut. People of the village thought he would die. If he did, many innocent people would probably be killed as suspects for causing his death.

While the chief's servants were wondering what to do, an African woman from another village came and told about a white Ma (Mary Slessor) who could help people get well. "Send for her," she said, "and your chief will live."

The chief gave his permission, so messengers were sent to get Mary. Would she go?

"What is the matter with your chief?" asked Mary.

The messengers didn't know.

Friends told Mary that warriors or wild beasts in the woods would surely kill her if she tried to go. Rains had flooded the streams.

She could never get across.

"But I must go," said Mary Slessor.

"Then I will send women to look after you, and men to protect you," said the village Christian chief.

Mary prayed for guidance and protection; and next morning, wearing boots and a raincoat, she started on the trip.

Rain came down in torrents. Mary's boots became so filled with water she could not walk with them on her feet. So she took them off and tossed them into a bush. Then off came her stockings, and she walked barefoot through the mud.

On she walked for about eight hours through mud and underbrush. Her head was aching and she was very tired, but she wouldn't give up. Nor did she stop to rest. She hurried to the sick chief. He was lying on a mat on the mud floor of his hut.

Mary examined the chief, then gave him a dose of medicine from the small kit which she had brought with her. The chief was still unconscious with fever. Mary knew he needed more medicine than she had brought with her. Where could she get more?

She knew another missionary at Ikorofiong who would have some of the medicine. But who would go to that fierce village for it?

Finally a man from Ikorofiong, who was living in his canoe on the river, agreed to get the medicine.

A few doses of it revived the chief to consciousness. Mary prayed with him. Soon he regained his

appetite and declared that he was well.

Mary told the happy people that she had come to them because she worshipped the Great Physician, Jesus, the Son of God. Then she led them, as with bowed heads, they all thanked God for the restoring of the chief.

MARY SLESSOR not only helped people who were ill, but often she was a peacemaker for warring tribes.

One day she received a message that in a distant village a chief had been wounded by a man from another village. Because of this, warriors in both villages were preparing to fight.

"I must stop them," said Mary.

But she was ill with fever, and she had planned to sail soon on a boat to England for some rest. If she went to stop the battle, she would miss the boat.

"You are too ill to walk," friends told her. "Besides, wild animals in the woods will kill you. Or even a savage warrior may kill you before he recognizes you."

"But I must go," said Mary.

"Those people are very savage. They won't listen to what a woman says."

"When you think of a woman's lack of power, remember the power of a woman's God," Mary reminded them. "I shall go."

So out into the darkness she went, among leopards that might spring upon her and where savage men were ready and quite willing to fight anyone.

After walking nearly all night

Give Up

By LeRoy C. Brown

and for many miles, she could see the dim outlines of huts. She had reached one of the villages.

Suddenly, from out of the darkness, many armed warriors appeared.

"Why have you come?" they asked.

"To ask you not to fight," Mary said.

"You are tired now," the spokesman replied. "Sleep for an hour. Then we'll listen to you. But no matter what you say, we're going to fight! We must wipe out the disgrace that has been put upon us. Sleep for an hour and we'll call you at cockcrow, before we leave."

Mary slept for an hour, but the warriors either forgot or neglected to call her. One of the women in the hut awakened her with a cry, "Run, Ma, run! They're on their way to fight!"

Blinking her eyes to help awaken herself, Mary Slessor ran down a hill, but the warriors were quickly out of sight.

Weak and breathless, but determined not to give up, the missionary pressed on. She heard wild yells and the roll of a war drum. Would she be too late? Could she stop the fight?

She walked up and faced the savages. "Behave like men," she said, "not like fools. Don't yell and shout. Hold your peace. I am going into that village there."

Would they let her through?

Then something unexpected happened. An old chief walked toward Mary Slessor, then knelt at her feet. "Ma, we thank you for coming to

us," he said. We admit that we wounded the chief over there in that village, but it was only the act of one of our men who did it. It was not the act of all our town. We want you to speak with our enemy to bring them to peace with us."

So under the direction of the missionary, two representatives from each village met for a peace talk. They agreed not to fight. And Mary wanted them to keep the agreement. "I am going across, the great waters to my home, and I shall be away for many moons," she said. "Promise me here, on both sides, that you will not go to war with one another while I'm away."

"We promise," they said.

Then they gathered around her and she told them the story of Jesus, in whose Name she had come to them.

For nearly forty years Mary Slessor continued to serve God in one of the world's fiercest regions. Although she was stricken with fever many times, and faced other difficulties that would have stopped many people, she never gave up. She would not quit. She rescued hundreds of twin babies who had been thrown out into the forest to die, stopped wars, and comforted the sick.

Finally when she was too weak to walk she was wheeled or carried through the forests so she could continue serving God. Faith in God was her great source of strength. With Him she truly felt, and gave ample evidence, that she could "do all things."





How Orderly Are You?

By Pauline V. McConnell

A PLACE FOR everything and everything in its place." How many of your friends whom you visit can never lay their hands on the book they borrowed from you? How many can immediately find their tennis racket or that needed notebook? And, by the same token, what about when your friends visit your house? Is your room all topsy-turvy too? Are you able to walk into your room and find your mit, your baseball, your skates, or that composition you wrote and laid aside until after you finished watching television. Be honest with yourself now. How orderly

are you, really? Take this test. Answer each question with "YES" or "NO." Allow 10 points for every "Yes" and skip the "No's." Now let's check for you score.

1. My dresser and desk drawers are neatly kept, enabling me to find objects at a glance? YES—— NO——
2. When I have finished with something, I put it in its proper place? YES—— NO——
3. I always hang up my clothing when I remove it? YES—— NO——
4. I put all my soiled laundry in the hamper or laundry bag? YES—— NO——
5. I keep my Bible in the same place where it is always in sight and handy to use? YES—— NO——
6. I keep borrowed items in places which are safe for easy finding when I wish to return them? YES—— NO——
7. I keep a wastepaper basket in my room for candy wrappers and other debris? YES—— NO——
8. I keep my chairs and bed free from wearing apparel and such, so that my friends may find a place to sit? YES—— NO——
9. I keep my papers, books and other things off the floor? YES—— NO——
10. I refrain from leaving wet towels or washcloths around my room, on dresser, chairs or on other furnishings? YES—— NO——

ALL SET? Count your "Yes" answers. Allow 10 points for each. Be absolutely honest with yourself, won't you? If you scored

100—YOU ARE TO BE CONGRATULATED. There's no doubt about it, you are a neat, orderly and nice person to know. You are thoughtful of others, especially your mother.

70-40 points. I'm wondering what your weak points are? When you look for your gloves in a hurry, do you find one under your bed, the other one down in the kitchen where you left it after school yesterday? Are those little balls of paper behind your dresser the candy wrappers you tossed there carelessly? Whatever your weak points are, won't you try to be a little more orderly?

40-10 points. I can just see your room! Isn't that your sweater under the bed? What about that chair? That accumulation of books, basketball, magazine, sneakers, swim trunks, and goodness knows what. You are looking for your Algebra book? Maybe if you move your dresser, you'll find it. Don't you remember you meant to pick it up last night before you went to bed, but it slipped your mind? What will your mother say when she sees that finish on the dresser? The finish that isn't there, that is. You only laid that wet towel down while you answered the phone, then forgot . . . remember? Why don't you start right in now, the minute you finish this quiz, and make a resolution to overcome your slovenly habits? People lose more things this way . . . and worse than that, they lose friends too! Try this quiz again in a month and strive for a perfect score.

"BE THOU PERFECT," Genesis 17:1.

"LET US GO ON UNTO PERFECTION," Hebrews 6:1.

ANN AND JACK were twins. They lived with their parents on a big farm.

One day Daddy was driving a big tractor. Ann and Jack were standing where they could watch him.

"I wish my hands were big enough to run the tractor for Daddy," Jack said as they watched.

"I wish my hands were big enough to help Mother bake pies and bread," Ann added.

"Please go to the house and get me some water. I'm thirsty," called Daddy.

The children ran to the house, and brought back a pitcher of cold water for Daddy.

"Thank you," said Daddy. "It is good to have a boy and a girl with such helping hands."

"Daddy said that we have 'helping hands'!" Ann exclaimed.

"Our hands are little, but there is a lot we can do," said Jack.

"Maybe Mother can tell us how we can help her." Ann said, and they started toward the house.

"Mother," called Ann, "Daddy said that we have helping hands. Do we help you?"

"You surely are a lot of help," Mother told her. "But remember, sometimes a pair of hands are helpful, and then again the very same hands are naughty, and hinder instead of help."

"We want our hands to be helpful," Jack told Mother.

"I'm sure you do," agreed Mother. "But you have to watch your hands to keep them helpful. Suppose today you watch your hands, and tonight tell me if they have been helpful?"

"All right, Mother," Ann

HELPING HANDS

By Julia R. Davis

agreed, "We'll watch our hands today and try to make them helpful. But if they are naughty, we'll report that, too."

"Come, Ann," Jack called as he left the room, "I'm going to pull weeds in the garden."

"I'm going to sweep the porch, and put up my toys that I left on the floor in my room," said Ann as she went for the broom.

ALL THE morning they hunted for helpful things to do. They fed the chickens and brought in the eggs for Mother.

Ann played with little Timmy so Mother could finish her work. They made a high tower with Timmy's blocks. Ann would put on one block, and Timmy would put on one. When it was very tall, Ann said:

"Timmy, it's just right now. Don't put on another block."

But Timmy grabbed another block and put it on top and the tower came tumbling down.

"See what you did!" exclaimed Ann. "You are a naughty boy," and she pushed him so hard he fell down and began to cry.

"Oh, my hands were naughty to push little Timmy," Ann thought. She picked him up and said, "I'm sorry, Timmy. Come on and we will build another tower."

Soon Timmy was laughing, and they were having fun again, building a high tower.

That afternoon two friends, Linda and Dick, came to see them. They had a good time

playing on the swings. But at last, Ann said, "Come, I want to show you our new kittens," and she and Dick walked away.

But Linda insisted she wanted to swing some more. Jack pushed the swing until he grew tired. "Time to get out," he told her.

"Please swing me up high," she begged. "We don't have a swing at home."

"No, I'm tired," Jack said and walked away. Then, remembering about helpful hands, he went back and said, "All right, Linda, I'll swing you some more."

"I guess I've been selfish," Linda told him. "Thank you for letting me swing so long. Now let's go and see the kittens."

That night at bed-time, they told Mother about how they had tried to have helping hands and they told of their failures too.

"I am proud of you," Mother
(Continued on page 23)



The YOUNG Person's CHARTER

By Richard L. Stoppe



IN THIS SPACE age of nuclear fission, hydrogen warheads, and guided missiles; in these years of confusion, uncertainty, and cold war, we young people have a formal written document given by our Sovereign, a Charter which delineates a progressive thoroughfare of assurance and bestows many rights and promises — it is the perdurable Word of God. In examining our Charter let us begin with the general and advance to the specific.

Nothing is more tremendous in scope than God's eternal Word. It is as dependable and authoritative as God Himself. The Word of our Sovereign cannot be bound! Our Charter is as boundless as its Giver.

Several Scriptures make us acutely aware of the infiniteness of God. "Do not I fill heaven and earth? saith the Lord," Jeremiah 23:24; "The heaven is my throne, and the earth is my footstool," Isaiah 66:1. Solomon, in his dedicatory prayer for the temple, said, "the heaven and heaven of heavens cannot contain thee," 1 Kings 8:27, and it was his father David who sang, "Whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there. . . . If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; Even there shall thy hand lead me . . .," Psalm 139:7-10. Our Charter is dependable in view of the infallibility and immutability of God. We often say, "A man is as good as his word." On this principle we can affirm that our Charter is as reliable as God Himself.

I. OUR CHARTER AND CREATION

THE BIBLE SAYS that God formed the heaven and the earth with his hands, Psalm 95:5; 102:25, but his boundless Word brought the material substance into existence, Hebrews 11:3. "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth . . . And God said, Let there be light: and there was light. . . . Let the dry land appear: and it was so . . . Let the earth bring forth grass . . . and it was so." God speaks today through His Word which is our Charter, and it is as valid in our lives and for our needs as it was in creation.

Have you ever wondered what keeps the many galaxies in place? Hebrews 1:3 gives the answer, "God sustains the universe with his word of power" (Moffatt). I am thrilled even more that God sustains us by His Word of power. Throughout the vast galaxies, God's omnipotent hand of creation, His unshortened nail-scarred hand of salvation, His waiting hand of future judgment controls the destiny of men and nations. His Word is boundless!

II. OUR CHARTER IS INCARNATED IN GOD

THE WORD AND God are the same. "In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God," John 1:1. "For in Christ dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily," Colossians 2:29. The incarnated Word who was "delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification," Romans 4:25, is exalted to the Father's right hand where He ever lives to make intercession for us. In this position He is Executor of His own Word, determining that not one promise shall fail. In this position He is our High Priest, "clothed with a vesture dipped in blood: and his name is called The Word of God," Revelation 19:13.

III. QUALITIES OF THE WORD

1. **Eternalness.** Revelation 1:8, "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, . . . which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty." Likewise perdurable are the Words of Christ, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away," Matthew 24:35.

2. **Illumination.** John 8:12, "I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path," Psalm 119:105.

3. **Sustenance.** John 6:51, "I am the living bread which came down from heaven: if any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever: and the bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world." "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the

mouth of God," Matthew 4:4.

4. **Virility.** John 11:25, "I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." "Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life," John 6:68. The Word cannot be bound.

IV. BLOCKADES TO OUR CHARTER

ATHEISM, SCEPTICISM, agnosticism, and hedonism may darken the spiritual sky, but only for a season. The roadblocks of Communism, Catholicism, and secularism may flaunt their challenge in the face of God, but only for a season. Critics, learned fools, modernists, and neo-orthodoxists may scissor the Scripture to myth and legend; society may dismiss it as an embarrassment; and governments may brand it as superfluous, but only for a season. The Word of God cannot be bound, "For what if some did not believe? shall their unbelief make the faith of God without effect? God forbid: yea, let God be true, but every man a liar," Romans 3:3, 4.

Unevangelized territory is a roadblock. Today over one billion, four hundred million have never heard the gospel once. There are four hundred million more unevangelized souls in the world today than a generation ago. Over 1000 tribes have no Gospel. Over two-thirds of our generation are in complete ignorance of Jesus Christ. China has fallen, half of Korea and Viet Nam are cut off. Russia and her satellite nations are locked shut. Indonesia is now threatened by majority control of Communists. India is swinging her door shut. Burma is on the verge of surrender to Communism. Ceylon is all but gone to the Buddhists. Look at the newly formed United Arab States. Islam, with the sign of the crescent, dooms millions beyond the reach of missionaries. Africa is bloodthirsty and threatened with many forces within and without. South America is just partly opened and partly closed. Nevertheless, the gospel is not bound geographically, but is commensurate to all peoples. Wherever it is preached in the power and demonstration of the Holy Spirit, cita-

dels of heathenism crumble and satanic powers of fear and superstition are dispelled. Wherever Christ has been lifted up, He has drawn all men unto Himself, and has "abolished death and brought life and immortality to light through the gospel," 2 Timothy 1:10.

Unevangelized territory can only be a blockade for a season, for Jesus said, "And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come," Matthew 24:14. Joel prophesied, "And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of my Spirit on all flesh: . . ." Acts 2:17. The Word of God cannot be bound.

Rev. Rowlands, the supervisor of our large Indian work in South Africa, told me how he was awakened one night with hideous hands clutched about his neck. The suffocating grip was instantly released upon his pleading the blood of Jesus Christ. On the day following, a heathen priest, after thoroughly interrogating Rev. Rowlands concerning his identity, confessed that he had sent an evil spirit to stifle and choke him. Never before had anyone survived his witchcraft, he claimed. "I wish to become a Christian," he said in his native tongue, "because your God is stronger than my god." Why was this possible? "Greater is he that is in you, that he that is in the world," 1 John 4:4. "And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world," Matthew 28:18-20.

Vain philosophy and conceits of learning erect impediments to the Word of God—but only temporarily! 1 Corinthians 1:19 indicates that the wisdom of the world is foolishness with God. "He taketh the wise in their own craftiness," Job 5:13. Here is expert advice: "Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain

deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ," Colossians 2:8.

Against the impediments of this world's wisdom which disregards the foundational principle of Christianity (the just shall live by faith), stands our Charter, God's Word. It is "quick, and powerful, and sharper than any twoedged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." Today "the preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness; but to us which are saved it is the power of God," 1 Corinthians 1:18.

Governments controlled by wicked leaders present a formidable hindrance to our Charter. The governments supporting atheistical, materialistic Communism appear as insurmountable obstacles to the Word of God, but only for a season. Isaiah 40:17, 21-23, "All nations before him are as nothing; and they are counted to him less than nothing, and vanity. Have ye not known? have ye not heard? hath it not been told you from the beginning? have ye not understood from the foundations of the earth? It is he that sitteth upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers; that stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in: That bringeth the princes to nothing; he maketh the judges of the earth as vanity."

Our Lord shall return again! The Stone which Daniel saw hewn without hands shall roll down from the mountain of God and break the nations of this world, and Christ shall reign forever and forever!

V. THE WORD CANNOT BE BOUND IN A TOMB

EARLY TWO thousand years ago Christ gave Himself into the hands of cruel men who crucified Him and placed Him in a sealed tomb; but, hallelujah, Christ could not be bound in the tomb! Did you ever notice that the resurrection took place at dawn.


(Continued on page 23)

PEACE

WITH

PARENTS

By Elna Hatch



WHEN PERSONS may take a pill that will erase a quarter of a century from their memory, children may have peace with their parents. The trouble with parents is that they remember. They remember what happened to the speedy classmate who drove the breakneck speed of 50 miles an hour. They remember when girls just didn't ask boys for dates. They remember when fathers and mothers were asked for consent to do certain things. They remember when it was becoming for a young man to let his lady enter first. They can even remember when young adults were content to spend the **WHOLE** evening at one social function. They remember!

But the trouble isn't altogether with parents. Let's face it. Young adults forget that Mother could be trusted to care for their needs before they could utter an understandable word. Young adults, forget perhaps that after years of diapering, tear-wiping, long-division and short sermons, parents are apt to find it difficult to yield all rights. Parents are apt to see their boy or girl as "not so grown up after all." Young adults forget that sometimes their behavior might betray a tiny streak of the

"kid" in them yet. They forget!

Bob forgot. "You mean you can't trust me with the car?" he bellowed.

Minutes before he had been racing like a dervish on his brother's bike—deliberately taking chances. Showing off!

"But, Mother, you can depend on me," Mary Jo wailed.

Could mother? Could she really depend on Mary Jo to return at the given time? She failed the pot roast on Saturday. She forgot to take her music lesson Thursday.

BUT THE trouble isn't altogether with the young people. Time, speed, ways have changed since Mom and Dad were young. How can they know it? How long has it been since they went to a teen-age party? Participated in a teen-age outing? Chaperoned at a youth social occasion?

Much can be gained by getting our parents to meet more young people. Inviting young friends in to meet parents isn't old fashioned. It is just common sense. Parents should rub elbows with the young set. They must if they are to understand their doings.

One mother puts it this way: "It is like baking my special cake," she says. "I put in the best ingredients that I have; and once

it is in the oven, I am powerless to keep it from falling."

Young people are special. They are the product of a mother and father's love. They are the sum of intelligent training, hopes shared, and Christian values. Then suddenly parents are brought face to face with a thing they feared. They must share their daughter, at the peak of her loveliness, with a world that seems reckless. They must share their son, in all his strength and manliness, with others they know not.

Parents pray that the Christian values taught in childhood may be continued in their child's life. Parents pray that their prize product may not fall. More than this, parents feel the finger of God.

Parents are responsible for a soul. They remember that the young son and daughter are a trust from God. It is their duty to see that that son and daughter is reared in a God-pleasing way. They remember!

THERE WILL be peace with parents when there is a pill to help them blot out the memory of the failures and successes they have experienced and witnessed. There will be peace when parents no longer feel the finger of God. Peace will come when parents lend a deaf ear to the virtues and Christian values that they must instill in their young people.

But there will be peace with parents before that! There will be peace with parents when young Christians admit "THEY remember; WE forget." Perfect harmony and wise solutions come when parents can talk to their young people. Bringing problems out into the open is the true solution. When parents and young people can discuss their problems without anger—then there will be peace. Pet peeves, dislikes, approvals and disapprovals, should be aired in a polite manner. Then the best solution for all can be sought.

Peace with parents? Yes, sir! Even in this topsy-turvy world, Christian young people are finding it because they are working for it. They are listening more, talking more and finding parents a very likeable lot.

SORROW Can Be A BLESSING In Disguise

By Chester Shuler

A WEALTHY MAN hired a new gardener; and while showing the man around the place and outlining his duties, they came to the vineyard.

"I'll not take the job at all," declared the gardener, "unless you will permit me to cut this vineyard back to the stalk."

The owner agreed, and after the pruning had been done, there were no grapes for two full years. But when the vines bore again, everyone came to admire the luscious clusters of grapes, the like of which had never before been seen in that community.

A busy man was suddenly taken ill. His doctor declared he must remain in bed for many months if he desired to improve. During this period, a friend came to call and expressed deep sympathy. "I know it must be especially hard for you, who have always been so active and busy, to lie here day after day," the friend said. "Frankly, I don't see how you manage to do it so patiently."

"Thanks, my friend," answered the sick man. "But do you know, it hasn't been so difficult since the day it suddenly was made plain to me *why* God has placed me upon my back?"

"Why is that?"

"So that I can look up better," came the answer. "I guess I've always been too busy to care about some very important things."

*"I walked a mile with Sorrow,
And ne'er a word said she;
But, oh, the things I learned from
her*

When Sorrow walked with me!"

NOT MANY of us would deliberately choose to walk with

Sorrow. And yet, most of us do so at one time or another in life. It seems that the thing we call sorrow has a very real work to do in the life of the average Christian. Yes, in the life of anyone, for that matter; but only a consecrated Christian is likely to learn the lesson properly. There are some things which we can learn only through the tutelage of sorrow, and that probably is one reason why it comes to all of us.

"There are some rich blessings we can never enjoy until we are ready to pay the price of pain," said Dr. Miller on one occasion; "and there seems to be no way we can learn how to have them except through suffering."

Suffering brings also a temptation to many hearts—to doubt God's love and goodness. "I can't see why I must suffer so!" is a common exclamation. "What have I done to deserve this? I thought that only sinners and unsaved persons had great trouble. I don't understand it." It is at such moments that we need to understand that sorrow *can* be a blessing—and the proper attitude to take toward it in order to enjoy that blessing.

If we can learn to meet sorrow, not always as an enemy or a punishment, but rather as a challenge and a potential source of blessing, there is little doubt that God will be with us and that we shall indeed be stronger, happier, sweeter Christians because of the encounter. It is comforting to remember that the Lord Jesus has passed through every sorrow earth can know. And that the Husbandman is our own kind heavenly Father. (John 15.)



I AM OLD GLORY

For more than eight score years I have been the banner of hope and freedom for generation after generation of Americans. Born amid the first flames of America's fight for freedom, I am the symbol of a country that has grown from a little group of thirteen colonies to a united nation of forty-eight sovereign states. Planted firmly on the high pinnacle of American faith, my gently fluttering folds have proved an inspiration to untold millions. Men have followed me into battle with unwavering courage. They have looked upon me as a symbol of national unity. They have prayed that they and their fellow citizens might continue to enjoy the life, liberty and pursuit of happiness which have been granted to every American as the heritage of free men. As long as men love liberty more than life itself; as long as they treasure the priceless privileges bought with the blood of our forefathers; as long as the principles of truth, justice and charity for all remain deeply rooted in human hearts, I shall continue to be the enduring banner of the United States of America—I am Old Glory!

MEMORIAL DAY

Emily May Young

America, God has favored you
With unsurpassed luxuriance:
Mighty seas and boundless plains,
Awesome mountain majesty,
Beauteous skies, life-teeming soil,
Harbors, bays and shining beach,
Iron and gold and silver ores—
All within your facile reach.
Varied seasons, varied climes,
Year round blessings fall on you.
Overshadowing all of these
Your sturdy sons. How well you
knew
That they would fight and bravely die
That liberty might still hold sway.
Extolling now their sacrifice,
Revere them on their honored day.

TO MY FLAG

by Norman C. Schlichter

Behold the flag in glory flying!
Emblem first of patriot dead
Who triumphed e'er they bled
In sacred native land
Or lonesome foreign strand.
Behold the flag in glory flying!

Behold the flag in glory flying!
Emblem next of heroes great
In counsel of the State
Who loved their land before
The nearest at their door.
Behold the flag in glory flying!

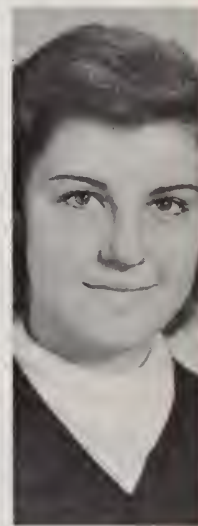
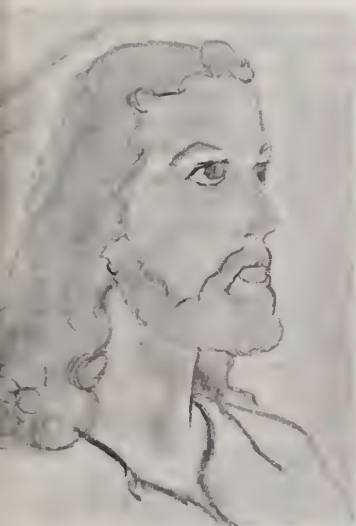
Behold the flag in glory flying!
Go search the world around,
No land doth yet abound
With plenty like our own,
Our fair, our native zone.
Behold its flag in glory flying!

Behold the flag in glory flying!
Emblem of the millions true,
In everything they do,
To righteousness and good—
A patriotic brotherhood!
Behold the flag in glory flying!

Art

PATSY GRIFFIN

Lighted Pathway's forty-second artist to be featured on this page is from Fort Mill, South Carolina. She is fifteen years old, and the drawings here reproduced represent her ability at the age of fourteen. Although Patsy has had no formal art training, her work, nevertheless, reflects the propensity of her talented family—both her father and brother are artists.



art book review

Correction

The price of Ernest Watson's book, **HOW TO USE CREATIVE PERSPECTIVE**, in last month's art book review should have read \$7.95. It can be ordered from Reinhold Publishing Corporation, 430 Park Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

ON THE ART OF DRAWING, by Robert Fawcett. Watson-Guipill Publications, Inc., New York. \$10.00. This increasingly popular book (published in 1958) is written by one of America's most able illustrators. His ideas about what it takes to become a competent artist are informally organized and augmented with well over a hundred of his own drawings (most of them never before published and many of which are almost unrecognizable as being Fawcett's). The author recommends a formal and rigid academic training in drawing and believes that this is a prerequisite to success. This book is a valuable contribution to the ever growing works on art.

THE SILVER LINING

(Continued from page 5)

window in fascination as the funnel danced like a dervish! There was no place for the girls to go for refuge!

"Try talking to an operator, Hope," Jane was saying. "Do as I say—you'll save lives!"

HOPE SAT down electrified. Soon she was talking to a woman's voice, listening to Jane and relaying the warning. Through it all Hope became aware of Jane repeating, "Hope, are you saved?"

Was she? She hadn't realized one could be saved. She knew about God and Jesus, but how did They affect her personal life? The house was rocking and the freckles stood out on Hope's white face.

"I don't know, Jane. I've always tried to live right."

"Hope, honey, you've got to be saved! What if we—"

Hope felt faint. She hadn't known how much she wanted to live! The roaring drowned out their words now. Hope got down on her knees by Jane. "What shall I do?" she asked, her whole body shaking.

"Pray—pray with me," and Jane led Hope, sentence by sentence, in a simple petition for forgiveness of sins and faith in the saving power of the Lord Jesus. Hope followed child-like and felt a caressing—like soft rain on her heart.

The house became a cathedral with the shaking and blasting of an outside war of demons, shaking its portals. The girls clung together, praying for their loved ones. A question drummed on Hope's mind. *Why haven't my family gone to church and prepared their children for such a time as this?*

AND THEN IT was quiet. The storm had passed them. Jane was able to get up and they looked out at a torn, shattered and beaten landscape and community to their left. They both breathed their thanks! Jane's husband had left in the opposite direction, and Hope's family lived out of the path of the tornado—this one at least. They felt hushed.

Jane pushed her dark hair back and wiped her pale face.

"Let's fix some tea. The pain is

gone." She tried the phone but it was dead. Hope made tea and sandwiches and the girls sat down at the round kitchen table. Jane looked at Hope as if seeing her for the first time.

Hope thought about herself. She felt completely different.

"I was leaving home, Jane." She sipped her tea. "In all my life I never dreamed of anything like this. Other people, yes, but not me."

"The storm, you mean?"

"Everything! I was so unhappy—so discouraged! Not sure there was anything happy in life for me! Then to go through something like this—" she choked up. "I don't see how I can be happy. There's people hurt and dead from this! But I feel like a new person!"

Jane smiled lovingly at her. "You are a new person! But tell me, Hope—what was the unhappiness about?"

Hope's soft face had a far-away look as she folded her rose cotton skirt in creases between her fingers. "I've missed everything that was important to me." She told Jane about her father's bad health, the family's poverty, and about never going anywhere and one of them always being sick! She had injured herself in a horse spill and missed graduating.

"And then Keith—" her voice caught and she lowered her eyes. She suddenly shook her brown curls and looked up at Jane, again. "But he was not for me—" Her voice was low.

"I've been blaming my family's old house and worn out furniture!" *Those awful cretone slip covers and curtains!* And Hope saw clearly and for certain that none of that had been the cause of her bitter disappointment. She placed her slim fingers on her cheeks and threw her head back.

"We were engaged, but we could never have belonged to each other, Jane."

"You belong to Christ, now." Jane's voice was soft with sympathy. "You might never have found Him had your life taken a different turn." Jane leaned forward. "Ask God to lead you now—commit yourself to Him complete-

ly," and Jane clasped Hope's hand. They prayed together.

"I know He must have led me," Hope said, looking serene. "I have so much to do. Win my family to the Lord—find work." Her hazel eyes sparkled happily at Jane, her new friend. And her voice had a cadence as she said, "A silver lining to the blackest cloud when Jesus is on the other side."

THE VOICE OF SUNDAY SCHOOL

(Continued from page 25)

projects further develop the theme and provide copies of the day's memory verse for the parents to use in helping the children review their short Bible verses. Simple songs, written especially for this literature, captivate the children's interest and often illustrate lesson truths. All in all, the literature challenges an alert teacher to be conscious of the many teaching opportunities just waiting to be used.

Although promotion exercises for the general Sunday School are usually held annually, nursery children are promoted quarterly. They are promoted to the Beginner Department at the beginning of the quarter following their fourth birthdays.

I BELIEVE THE Nursery Department to be one of the most important phases of the entire Sunday morning program of the church. Advantages are obvious: children are enrolled early in a division of *their own* with a program planned for them; parents can attend services with peace of mind when their children are in an atmosphere that is wholesome and pleasant for them; and other worshippers have an opportunity to receive full value from the services.

My particular situation as nursery superintendent extends beyond

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the Sunday School hour through the morning worship service. Volunteers rotate in supervising the two- and three-year-old children who remain during the service. Under this plan, little is done to correlate the Sunday School lesson with the extended session activities. In schools where teachers wish to remain all morning, a great deal of application of the morning's lesson can be made in the additional hour. Our activities are practically limited to play and reading because of the change in personnel. Light, nutritious refreshments — usually milk and simple cookies— are served early in the second hour.

Sunday mornings in the nursery require an average of three-and-one-half to four hours of my time. This includes arriving early to pre-

pare for the arrival of the first children and leaving late after all the rooms have been arranged in an orderly manner, as well as remaining for the entire sessions of Sunday School and morning worship services. During the week my duties are the same as those of any other departmental superintendent, plus the responsibility for the following: securing and training teachers for the teaching program; purchasing materials necessary for the completion of Sunday School literature; providing refreshments; supervising volunteer workers in above group during the worship service; securing and supervising all workers for the infants and toddlers; caring for the cleanliness of toys; sending out laundry; and leaving all rooms in

good condition each Sunday morning.

Expenses involved in the operation of the nursery are paid from church funds. We feel that it is a small investment for the returns that are constantly ours.

Yes, I am a Nursery Department superintendent, and happy in my work. As I observe the children who are entrusted to my care each Sunday, I am thrilled—thrilled by the observance of their rapid physical and emotional development; thrilled by their return of affection; thrilled that I have a small part in guiding them during these early weeks, months, and years in the most important phase of their lives: a relationship with Jesus Christ and His Church!

PATRIOT WHO DIED JULY 4

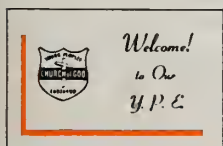
(Continued from page 3)

his first rough drafts on a writing box (a box made according to his own specifications by Benjamin Randall, a Philadelphia cabinetmaker.)

Some people said that the preamble of the Declaration of Independence flowed out of Thomas Jefferson as the waters gushed out of the rock struck by the staff of Moses. But Thomas Jefferson always denied this most vehemently. He insisted that it had been the result of a careful piece of editing of a number of ideas which had long since been freely circulated among the hundreds of pamphleteers. Actually, these ideas could have been traced further back than the pamphlets of the times. They could be found in the Sermon on the Mount. These were the selfsame words

of Jesus about the brotherhood of men and the necessity of all God's creatures living with each other in the fullest of enjoyment of the fruits of their labors. But now, for the first time, the words of Jesus were expressed in a document of state.

The original Declaration of Independence, for the first one hundred and one years after it had been written in the brickmaker's house, was forever on the move. It traveled from one state to the next where people came to see it as a kind of curiosity. During the Revolution, the British almost got their hands on it. Then in 1812 during the burning of Washington, the British almost got it again. Then after a century of wanderings, when the ink was faded from too much exposure, it was finally sent to the Department of State. Finally, in 1921, it was removed to an especially constructed safe in the Library of Congress.



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City _____ State _____

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Chancel & Pulpit Furniture
Sunday School Equipment
Free Estimates and Free Planning
Service By Factory Trained Representatives.

THE BIBLE AND OUR NATIONAL EMBLEM

(Continued from page 9)

were read to those who opposed the eagle among that national emblem committee.

Our official eagle is known as the bald eagle, and some of the eagles of the Holy Land were like him, for in Micah 1:16 we read, "Make thee bald . . . enlarge thy baldness like the eagle."

Actually no eagle has ever been literally bald-headed. His poll is covered with snowy white feathers. In flight, the human eye, which is dull indeed as compared with the eagle's power of sight, sees the eagle as if it were bald, hence the expression, "the bald eagle."

For a good many years now we have had a law which makes it a criminal offense to keep a bald eagle in captivity or to kill one.

Readers should look up all the references to the eagle in the Bible and note from these the many good points of this beautiful and lordly bird whose habits and ways are very, very interesting.

PEN PALS

(Continued from page 2)

Miss Rose Gregg (18)
327 Gilpin Apartment X
Dallas, Texas

Miss Arzetta Caudill (25)
Newhall
West Virginia

Miss Molcie Brown (18)
Route 4, Box 307 A
Conway, South Carolina

Ricky Smith (16)
Route 1
Empire, Alabama

Miss Clara William (22)
Box 346
Empire, Alabama

Miss Rita Ann Smith (15)
Route 1
Empire, Alabama

Miss Nelwyn Perry (16)
Route 4
Rayville, Louisiana

Pfc. Harold G. Smith
RA 12551240
71st ORD GRP.
APO 189
New York, New York

Evangelist O. Smith, Jr.
(Bachelor-40)
514 1/2 Main Street
Kansas City, Missouri

Miss Elizabeth Leonard (19)
626 Forsythe Street
Calumet City, Illinois

Miss Denise Clark (16)
Route 1
Empire, Alabama

Miss Lynette Roland (16)
Route 4, Box 85
Rayville, Louisiana

Miss Marlene Smith (13)
Route 4, Blue Valley Rd.
Lancaster, Ohio

Alan Walker (14)
Box 443
Morton, Mississippi

Miss Carolyn Walker (12)
Box 443
Morton, Mississippi

Miss Betty McGhee
Route 2
McMinnville, Tennessee

Miss Judy Lebangoood
Route 4, Box 433F
Antioch, Illinois

Mr. Kenneth B. Kelley
421C Hunt Avenue
St. Louis, Missouri

Miss Pauline Fugate (16)
Carrier Mills, Illinois

Mr. Jesse Campbell (22)
Stopover, Kentucky

Miss Patricia Martin (14)
Floyd County
Martin, Kentucky

Miss Jenny Jenkins (12)
Floyd County
Martin, Kentucky

Mrs. Flossie Cupp (52-widow)
Route 1 Box 27
Williamsburg, Kentucky

S. S. AND YOUTH STATISTICS

(Continued from page 27)

Mount Dora, Florida	75
East Haywood, Tennessee	75
Marlinton, West Virginia	75
Lexington, North Carolina	75
Paw Creek, North Carolina	75
Hastons Chapel, Tennessee	75
Johnson City, Tennessee	75
Maple Hollow, Tennessee	75
Eccles, West Virginia	75
St. Louis (Gravols), Missouri	75

CORRECTION

The Wilmington Church of God in North Carolina had an average Sunday School attendance of 381 instead of 341 for the month of January.

—Robert Hart
State Director

NATION'S TOP TEN IN HOME DEPARTMENT ATTENDANCE

Total Monthly Attendance for April

Greenville (Tremont Avenue), South Carolina	7,970
Nashville (Meridian Street), Tennessee	1,720
Columbus (Freble Avenue), Ohio	975
Mullens, West Virginia	917
Kannapolis, North Carolina	764
East Lumberton, North Carolina	764
Columbus (27th Avenue), Georgia	726
Princeton, West Virginia	614
Atlanta (Hemphill Avenue), Georgia	595
Birmingham (South Park), Alabama	451

TEN STATES HIGHEST IN HOME DEPARTMENTS

South Carolina	46
Ohio	40
Alabama	38
West Virginia	35
North Carolina	28
Florida	25
Pennsylvania	18
Georgia	17
California	16
Kentucky	16

HELPING HANDS

(Continued from page 13)

said. "I know you will remember today, and always try to have helping hands. Don't be discouraged if the naughty hands take possession occasionally. Now, as you say your prayers, ask God to help you remember that His children should always try to have helping hands."

THE YOUNG PERSON'S CHARTER

(Continued from page 15)

They could not hold back the dawn, and they could not hold back the Word in the tomb. Revelation 1:18, "I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death."

Since then, in every century, other Pilates have sought to bind Christ in a tomb, either by deny-

REPORT OF NEW SUNDAY SCHOOLS

Branch Sunday Schools organized since June 30, 1958	88
Branch Sunday Schools reported as of April 31, 1959	828
New Sunday Schools organized since June 30, 1958	67
Total Sunday Schools (Branch and New) organized since June 30, 1958	155

Spiritual Results Among Our Youth

April 31, 1959

Saved	3,370
Sanctified	1,370
Filled With Holy Ghost	1,023
Added to the Church	912

Since June 30, 1958

Saved	29,066
Sanctified	11,562
Filled With Holy Ghost	8,885
Added to the Church	8,485

Report of New Y.P.E.'s

New Y.P.E.'s organized since June 30, 1958	106
--	-----

ANOTHER Y.W.E.A. BOOSTER!

The National Office has been notified by Mrs. William H. Pratt that the Junior Y.P.E. of the Marietta, Georgia, Church of God has raised \$50 with which to purchase a bicycle for Antonio Rodriguez in Chile. There are 14 members in this Junior Y.P.E. group and Sister Pratt is their director.

Thanks to Sister Pratt and her Junior Y.P.E. group for their support of the Y.W.E.A. program.

Y.P.E. Presidents, Lamplighter Counselors, and Sunday School teachers, a Y.W.E.A. project may be just what your group needs! Write the National Sunday School and Youth Department for full particulars.

—O. W. Polen
National Director

ing the resurrection of Christ completely or by having a form of godliness and denying the vital resurrection power by which the successful Christian must live. And now my text: "The Word of God is not bound," 2 Timothy 2:9. Christ is alive! The Bible teaches that the resurrection is more than a past event. It is the power of God operating daily in our lives by the Holy Spirit.

We who have been privileged to enjoy a Pentecostal heritage have an urgent responsibility. Do not be content to be merely correct in your beliefs, but be persuasive and dynamic, leading souls to Jesus Christ. Young people are won by young people. You are Christ's ambassadors (2 Corinthians 5:20). Work in your local church as never before! There is a place for you. "Let no man despise your youth." Hold firm to your Charter, and YOU can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth you.

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CLIP AND MAIL TODAY!

THE VOICE OF SUNDAY SCHOOL

Conducted by O. W. Polen, National
Youth Director



"I Am A Nursery Department Superintendent"

By Beatrice Odom

DURING THE SEVENTEEN months which I have served in this capacity, I feel that I have received some of the greatest rewards that have ever been mine in Christian service. Until recent years I have preferred to let someone else work with the pre-primary groups in the church because they were just "not in my line," so to speak. Even with the advent of my own child into this group I still did not feel the grasp of the situation. His enrollment in the two-year-old class, however, was the beginning of my call to duty. Since that time, demands have led me from occasional substitution to assistant teacher, teacher of the two-year-old class, and finally, through necessity, to the superintendency of the Nursery Department.

Although other churches may use different titles or methods of organization, the nursery of the North Cleveland Church of God is now composed of two distinct groups of children—a division for infants and toddlers, and another for children of ages two and three who attend regular Sunday School classes which are planned exclusively for them. Both sections are housed in one unit, and are under the supervision of the same individual. We plan, however, to appoint one person as superintend-

ent for each division. In this way, a more effective plan of teacher-training, contacts, and follow-up programs can be developed for each group, the two of which differ greatly in scope.

Our Nursery Department functions only on Sunday mornings, but is kept open for the worship service as well as the Sunday School hour. This has been true since we developed the crib division of the nursery less than two years ago. Therefore, this discussion will deal with the entire age range—birth through three years.

Nursery housing may vary greatly, but it should, by all means, be clean, attractive, and cheerful. It may be a part of the original building plan, or the result of a vision which came too late for this ideal arrangement. In our case, the former parsonage has been redecorated for nursery use, and serves admirably. Colors, furnishings, curtains, pictures and toys have been selected with the ages of each group in mind. Electric heating and cooling systems add to the comfort of all concerned. Our present floor plan allows three rooms for the use of our babies, and two rooms for the Sunday School classes of upper nursery children. The bath is conveniently located so that no trespassing of either group is necessary. The kitchen, also cen-

trally located, allows adequate storage space for linens, literature, supplies, and refreshments; the refrigerator is a *must* for the whole department. The dinette serves as secretarial quarters and general operations center. This building is on the same lot as the church, and has three outside entrances.

The enrollment and the visitation programs are on the basis as those of the rest of the Sunday School, and function in the same manner. We feel that contacts made here are just as important as in any other area. Therefore, prospects, as well as absentees, are visited with the hopes of reaching entire families for the Sunday School.

In selecting workers for the Nursery Department, it is essential that we find teachable individuals who love Jesus supremely, and who love and understand children. Their contacts with these impressionable young lives can influence future attitudes toward God. Workers among the infants and toddlers may be appointed by the church, or may be secured and organized by the departmental superintendent; but teachers of the nursery classes should be full-fledged teachers and assistants who are appointed as all other Sunday School teachers. Each class should have at least two teachers present

each Sunday, and more as enrollment demands. This is necessary because of the brief attention span and other factors peculiar to the age group. The children should never be left in a room without adult supervision because of their tendencies to become alarmed or to play thoughtlessly with other children.

Rooms assigned to these age levels should be attractively and conveniently arranged. We have a pale yellow room with white trim and sheer white curtains for our infants. Their bassinet beds and small chests of drawers are also white. Beds and drawers are assigned to regular members. Feeding schedules and other pertinent information are attached to the individual's bed, and his name is placed on his drawer. This is a great help in avoiding errors in identification. Otherwise, how can a parent rest assured that his child has his own bottles and other belongings? Another precaution is taken by labeling each bottle placed in the refrigerator. The child's name and feeding time are printed on adhesive tape and attached to the bottle.

HOW TIME FLIES! Before too long these tiny bundles have outgrown the little beds. Care is taken to transfer them to the pink room before they are in danger of toppling out of the smaller beds. It is an advantage not only to these older babies, but also to those being left behind who require more sleep than the maturing ones now need. Facilities vary little except in size of beds and designs in curtains.

Our third room is blue, and differs greatly from the other two. The occupants of this room are the same tots as those in the pink room. Here, however, there are no beds. A play pen, swing, small chairs of different types, and low shelves for toys meet the diversified needs of those who do not wish to sleep or play in bed. Ages range from about six months to two years. Pull toys, push toys, mechanical tops, musical toys, animals, balls and books offer variety here. The smaller fellows, secure in chair or swing, often lay aside

their toys to be entertained by the older ones who crawl or walk about at leisure. How children love other children!

The main desires of these children are that they be fed, changed, loved and comforted, and put to bed when they need sleep or rest. These attentions keep them happy when they are adjusted to the situation. Sometimes it takes a parent's presence for a few Sundays during certain stages of development; but for the greater part, the familiar faces and loving arms of the attendants suffice very well.

When a child nears his second birthday, he is usually ready for advancement to his first Sunday School class. His presence in the nursery has helped to prepare him for this new experience. Low shelves, similar to those in the blue room, greet him here. Interest centers have been arranged for both boys and girls — housekeeping equipment, dolls, action toys, books, puzzles, and educational toys — provide opportunities for free play which precedes the more formal aspects of the class session. Sturdy tables and chairs have been selected according to pupils' heights. Bulletin boards at eye level feature religious and secular pictures that appeal to them. A record player may play soft music or songs on their level.

Equipment for the third-year pupils is similar to the above, but scaled to size. Sturdiness and serviceability are important considerations in their selection. Articles which scratch surfaces or which are easily destroyed, as well as those which may be dangerous for individual or group play, are poor investments.

Play activities in the nursery classes are a definite part of the training program. They have now advanced to an age which permits a flexible teaching program, however, and we have an excellent course available through our publishing house. Written by experts, "Debby and Dan Go to the Nursery Class" offers a variety of materials presenting specific Bible teachings in a fascinating manner as children see, hear, touch and smell their way to learning experiences.

The teacher's book is well-written, presenting complete instructions for the effective use of all materials. Colorful Bible teaching pictures for a picture rail accentuate the theme of the day's lessons. Student notebooks repeat the picture and include a short story concerning it, in addition to another page which makes a practical application of the lesson and provides something for the child to do with his hands. The take-home

(Continued on page 20)



Sunday School and Youth Work Statistics

BY O. W. POLEN, National Sunday School and Youth Director

SUNDAY SCHOOL

Sunday School
Average Weekly Attendance
April 1959

500 and Over

Greenville (Tremont Avenue), South Carolina	801
Middletown (Clayton Street), Ohio	542
Atlanta (Hemphill Avenue), Georgia	517

400-499

Hamilton (7th and Chestnut), Ohio	455
Detroit Tabernacle, Michigan	446
North Cleveland, Tennessee	422
Jacksonville, Florida	421
Erwin, North Carolina	409
Cincinnati (12th and Elm Sts.), Ohio	405
North Chattanooga, Tennessee	400

300-399

Kannapolis, North Carolina	394
Orlando, Florida	376
Wilmington, North Carolina	363
Pontiac, Michigan	358
South Gastonia, North Carolina	356
Mouree (4th Street), Michigan	353
Anderson (McDuffie St.), South Carolina	348
West Flint, Michigan	346
Fairborn, Ohio	337
Griffin, Georgia	333
Sulphur Springs, Florida	325
Lakeland, Florida	321
Biltmore, North Carolina	321
Whitwell, Tennessee	321
South Lebanon, Ohio	317
Savannah (Anderson St.), Georgia	315
Charlotte, North Carolina	311
East Chattanooga, Tennessee	309
Buford, Georgia	305
North Rome, Georgia	300

200-299

Home for Children	299
Fort Lauderdale, Florida	296
Rock Hill, South Carolina	296
Atlanta (Riverside), Georgia	292
Sumiton, Alabama	285
Dillon, South Carolina	284
St. Louis (Grand Ave.), Missouri	280
Eloise, Florida	279
Newport News, Virginia	279
Pulaski, Virginia	278
Nashville (Meridian St.), Tennessee	271
South Cleveland, Tennessee	268
Van Dyke, Michigan	266
Dayton (East 4th), Ohio	265
Canton (9th and Gibbs), Ohio	265
Louisville (Highland Park), Kentucky	263
Lenoir City, Tennessee	262
Perry, Florida	260
Lenoir, North Carolina	259
Daisy, Tennessee	257
Dayton (Oakridge Drive), Ohio	254
Dallas, North Carolina	250
Williamsburg, Pennsylvania	248
Wyandotte, Michigan	246
East Laurinburg, North Carolina	243
Milford, Delaware	243
West Gastonia, North Carolina	242
Somerset, Kentucky	241
Lumberton, North Carolina	238
Fort Mill, South Carolina	238
Mercersburg, Pennsylvania	238
Akron (East Market), Ohio	236

Paris, Texas	234
Jesup, Georgia	229
Baldwin Park, California	229
Plant City, Florida	225
Easton, Maryland	223
Dallas, Texas	222
Rossville, Georgia	218
Anniston, Alabama	214
Columbus (29th Street), Georgia	212
Birmingham (Pike Avenue), Alabama	212
Pomona, California	209
Columbus (Frebis Avenue), Ohio	208
Lake City, Florida	207
Goldsboro, North Carolina	206
Wilson, North Carolina	206
South Greenwood, South Carolina	206
West Indianapolis, Indiana	206
Bartow, Florida	205
Mableton, Georgia	205
Valdosta, Georgia	205
Belton, South Carolina	205
North Birmingham, Alabama	205
Chattanooga (East Ridge), Tennessee	204
East Belmont, North Carolina	203
Gastonia (Ranlo), North Carolina	203
Marion, South Carolina	202
West Lakeland, Florida	201
Greer, South Carolina	201
Cleveland (East 55th), Ohio	201
Lancaster, South Carolina	200

125-199

Clearwater	198
Lanes Avenue, Florida	198
Miami, Florida	197
Rifle Range, Florida	197
Avondale Estates, Georgia	196
Princeton, West Virginia	196
LaFollette, Tennessee	195
Salisbury, Maryland	195
Fitzgerald, Georgia	193
Radford, Virginia	193
Eldorado, Illinois	193
Somerset, Pennsylvania	193
Tarpon Springs, Florida	192
Charleston (King Street), South Carolina	192
Columbia, South Carolina	192
Austin, Indiana	192
Marletta, Georgia	191
Greenwood, South Carolina	190
Chattanooga (4th Street), Tennessee	189
Sanford, Florida	189
McColl, South Carolina	189
St. Louis (Gravels Avenue), Missouri	189
McClenny, Florida	187
Jackson, Tennessee	187
Mobile (Crichton), Alabama	187
Brunswick, Georgia	186
Alma, Georgia	186
Greenville (Woodside Avenue), South Carolina	186
Norfolk, Virginia	186
Fort Myers, Florida	185
Phoenix (44th Street), Arizona	185
Manatee, Florida	184
West Miami, Florida	184
Honea Path, South Carolina	184
Sanford, North Carolina	182
Anderson (Osborne Ave.), South Carolina	181
Springfield, Ohio	181
Benton, Illinois	181
Logan, West Virginia	180
Knoxville (8th Avenue), Tennessee	179
Willow Run, Michigan	179
Fayetteville, North Carolina	178
Chattanooga (Missionary Ridge), Tennessee	178
Russell Springs, Kentucky	178
West Danville, Virginia	178
Naples, Florida	177
Greenville, North Carolina	176
Willard, Ohio	175
Lebanon, Pennsylvania	175
Winter Garden, Florida	173
Columbus (Belvidere), Ohio	173

Dayton, Tennessee	172
Lindale, Georgia	171
Pelzer, South Carolina	171
West Baltimore, Maryland	171
Lake Wales, Florida	169
Montgomery, Alabama	169
Cocoa, Florida	168
Tifton, Georgia	168
Walhalla No. 1, South Carolina	168
Ware Shoals, South Carolina	168
Parkersburg, West Virginia	168
Dressen, Kentucky	168
Tallahassee, Florida	167
Lowell, North Carolina	167
Mount Dora, Florida	166
New Orleans (Spain St.), Louisiana	165
West Hollywood, Florida	164
Mobile (Oakdale), Alabama	163
Claysburg, Pennsylvania	162
Douglas, Georgia	160
Dalton, Georgia	160
Adamsville, Alabama	159
Seneca, South Carolina	159
Winchester, Kentucky	159
Findlay, Ohio	159
Hazlehurst, Georgia	158
Louisville (Faith Temple), Kentucky	158
Huntsville, Alabama	158
Lawton, Oklahoma	157
Lavonia, Georgia	156
Warrenville, South Carolina	156
Mooresville, North Carolina	155
Lebanon, Tennessee	155
Oakley, California	155
Hamilton (Kenworth), Ohio	155
East Orlando, Florida	154
Georgetown, South Carolina	154
Battle Creek, Michigan	154
Benton Harbor (Crystal Ave.), Michigan	154
Bainbridge, Georgia	153
Thomaston, Georgia	153
Huntington, West Virginia	153
Cincinnati (East), Ohio	153
Fort Meade, Florida	152
West Fayetteville, North Carolina	152
Memphis (Rosamond Ave.), Tennessee	152
North Miami, Florida	151
Calhoun, Georgia	151
Dividing Ridge, Tennessee	151
San Pablo, California	151
Dade City, Florida	150
Greenville (Park Place), South Carolina	150
Morrisstown, Tennessee	150
Elkins, West Virginia	150
LaFrance, South Carolina	148
York, South Carolina	148
Robinet, West Virginia	147
McKinleyville, California	147
Pinsonfork, Kentucky	147
Demorest, Georgia	146
Brenton, West Virginia	146
Vico, Kentucky	146
Bluefield, Virginia	146
Garden City, Florida	145
Dyersburg, Tennessee	145
Sevierville, Tennessee	145
Tuscaloosa, Alabama	145
Roanoke, Virginia	144
Lake Worth, Florida	143
White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia	143
Toledo (Segur), Ohio	143
Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina	142
Rockingham, North Carolina	142
Saddle Tree, North Carolina	142
Orangeburg, South Carolina	142
Bastrop, Louisiana	142
Crisfield, Maryland	142
Atlanta (Southside), Georgia	141
North Belmont, North Carolina	141
Benson, North Carolina	141
Springfield, North Carolina	141
Lake City, South Carolina	141
Solway, Tennessee	141
Trafford, Alabama	140
Homerville, Georgia	140
Albany (8th Avenue), Georgia	140

Plney Grove, Georgia	140
Ninety Six, South Carolina	140
Johnson City, Tennessee	140
Trumbull Avenue, Michigan	140
Lancaster, Ohio	140
Summitt, Illinois	140
Vero Beach, Florida	139
Valdese, North Carolina	139
Asheville, North Carolina	138
Bristol, Tennessee	138
Parrott, Virginia	138
Hugo, Oklahoma	138
Sylacauga, Alabama	138
Largo, Florida	137
Laurens, South Carolina	137
Memphis (Park Avenue), Tennessee	137
Hagerstown, Maryland	137
Asheboro, North Carolina	136
Clyde, South Carolina	136
Mullins, South Carolina	136
Newport, Tennessee	136
White Oak Grove, Tennessee	136
Ashland, Ohio	136
Leadwood, Missouri	136
Tucson, Arizona	136
Homestead, Florida	135
Pompano Beach, Florida	135
Athens, Tennessee	135
Cartwright, Tennessee	135
Nashville, Georgia	135
East Burlington, North Carolina	135
North Rock Hill, South Carolina	135
Straight Creek, Alabama	134
Ferndale, Michigan	134
Mt. Vernon, Illinois	134
Beckley, West Virginia	134
Greensboro, North Carolina	133
Westminster, California	133
Washington, North Carolina	133
Middle Valley, Tennessee	133
Aiken, South Carolina	132
Florence, South Carolina	132
Lexington, Kentucky	132
Muskegon, Michigan	132
Cambridge, Maryland	132
Cramerton, North Carolina	131
Landis, North Carolina	131
Bridges Chapel, Tennessee	131
Memphis (Mississippi Blvd.), Tennessee	131
Graham, Texas	131
Marked Tree, Arkansas	131
Arcadia, Florida	130
Warner Robins, Georgia	130
North Nashville, Tennessee	130
Auburndale, Florida	129
Fort Pierce, Florida	129
Pensacola, Florida	129
Blacksburg, South Carolina	129
Charleston, West Virginia	129
Cleveland (Clark), Ohio	129
Williamsport, Maryland	129
Wichita (South Santa Fe), Kansas	129
Piedmont, Alabama	129
Gaffney, South Carolina	128
Gap Hill, South Carolina	128
Lawrenceburg, Tennessee	128
Riviera Beach, Florida	128
Ruskin, Florida	128
High Shoals, North Carolina	128
Smithfield, North Carolina	128
Wadesboro, North Carolina	128
Santa Ana, California	128
Baton Rouge, Louisiana	128
Henderson, North Carolina	127
Darlington, South Carolina	127
Everett, Pennsylvania	127
Fresno, California	127
South Richmond, Virginia	127
North St. Petersburg, Florida	127
Marion (Cross Mill), North Carolina	127
Cincinnati (Hatmaker), Ohio	127
Franklin, Ohio	127
Highway, Alabama	127
Woodruff, South Carolina	127
McMinnville, Tennessee	127
North Ridgeville, Ohio	127
Okeechobee, Florida	126
Alcoa, Tennessee	126
Port Huron, Michigan	126
Kimberly, Alabama	126
Drew Park, Florida	126
Frostproof, Florida	126
Lake Placid, Florida	126
West Rome, Georgia	126
Conway, South Carolina	126
Manns Choice, Pennsylvania	126
Broad Creek, North Carolina	125
Cawood, Kentucky	125
Shreveport, Louisiana	125
Fort Worth (Riverside), Texas	125

Y.P.E.	
Average Weekly Attendance	
APRIL 1959	
200 and Over	
Fairborn, Ohio	409
Middletown (Clayton St.), Ohio	315
Jacksonville, Florida	303
Home for Children, Tennessee	298
Greenville, South Carolina	258
Mercersburg, Pennsylvania	250
Dayton (E. 4th St.), Ohio	211
Greenville, North Carolina	205

150-199	
Cincinnati (12th and Elm Sts.), Ohio	197
Williamsburg, Pennsylvania	194
Erwin, North Carolina	186
Canton (9th and Gibbs), Ohio	183
Tuscaloosa, Alabama	183
Dallas, Texas	176
Lakeland, Florida	170
McMinnville, Tennessee	164
Dressen, Kentucky	162
Jesup, Georgia	155
Jasper, Alabama	151
Aynor, South Carolina	150

100-149	
Plasterco, Virginia	148
Harvey, Illinois	142
Russell Springs, Kentucky	141
East Chattanooga, Tennessee	136
Sulphur Springs, Florida	135
Hamilton (Paducah), Ohio	135
Paris, Texas	134
Saddle Tree, North Carolina	133
Columbus (29th St.), Georgia	133
Stinnett, Kentucky	130
Jonben, West Virginia	130
McKinleyville, California	127
Cleveland (Clark), Ohio	127
South Lebanon, Ohio	127
West Fayetteville, North Carolina	126
Princeton, West Virginia	126
Orlando, Florida	124
Cleveland (East 55th), Ohio	124
Akron (Market), Ohio	124
Chattaroy, West Virginia	123
Crumbleys Chapel, Alabama	123
Pomona, California	121
Goldsboro, North Carolina	119
Whitwell, Tennessee	117
Zion Ridge, Alabama	116
Geneva, Alabama	115
Perdido, Alabama	115
Dayton (Oakridge Drive), Ohio	114
Pontiac, Michigan	113
Anniston, Alabama	113
Springfield, North Carolina	112
Fitzgerald, Georgia	112
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Pathway

DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR



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DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR

Vol. 30 AUGUST, 1959 No. 8

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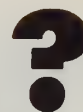
Single Subscriptions, per year . . .	\$1.50
Rolls of 10	1.00
Single Copies15

Published monthly at the Church of God Publishing House, Cleveland, Tenn. All materials intended for publication in **The LIGHTED PATHWAY** should be addressed to Lewis J. Willis, Editor. All inquiries concerning subscriptions should be addressed to Bookkeeping Department, Church of God Publishing House, Cleveland, Tennessee.

ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL
MATTER AT POST OFFICE
CLEVELAND, TENNESSEE

WHO

IS MY NEIGHBOR



By Margie Mixon

THROUGH JEALOUSY Cain slew Abel. When questioned by the Lord as to Abel's whereabouts, he answered "I know not: Am I my brother's keeper?" The Lord's judgment let Cain know he was indeed his brother's keeper. Sent forth to be a vagabond in the earth, he cried "My punishment is greater than I can bear."

Through the centuries that have followed this question of Cain, men and women have continued to ask, "Am I my brother's keeper?" On an international level, on a state level, on a local level, and on a personal level, today, it might be well if we pondered the question a bit further, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

Jesus had set forth the summation of all the commandments as He told a certain lawyer, "love thy neighbor as thyself." But the lawyer went a step further in tempting Christ to ask, "And who is my neighbor?"

Men and women still ask the question "Who is my neighbor?" Christ gave a clear-cut answer in His parable of the good samaritan who bound up the wounds of a needy man and took care of him until he could help himself. "Go and do thou likewise," Christ told the lawyer.

When adults learn how to think wisely and use their understanding to best advantage, Mr. H. A. Over-

street, noted psychologist, contends, they will want to observe the practice of obligation. "What they learned," says Mr. Overstreet, "would increasingly give them the sense that they were debtors to life. In some measure, therefore, they would feel that they must pay back even a little for value received. They would want then, each on his own or in fellowship with others, to undertake some project for human betterment, some way of bringing more of reasonableness into the human scene."

None of us like to be in debt in the financial sense. A sigh of relief always seems to accompany getting the monthly bills marked "paid in full."

The payment of another debt, however, is not of the type to be marked "paid in full" at the end of a particular week, month, or year. This is the debt every Christian citizen owes. To be a Christian is to be a debtor.

"I am a debtor," declared the Apostle Paul, and history reveals that no small effort was spent in paying that debt.

MRS. CLIFFORD R. Fisher very aptly expressed a great truth when she said, "There is at least one useful and highly important task in this world which will not be done unless you do it. There is some honored and righteous cause which needs just the addi-

tional support you can give it. God has made you a necessity in some situation, and He has provided no substitute for you."

A leading world figure among Christians recently told President Eisenhower that one of the greatest concerns in spreading the gospel across the world is to arouse lay people to greater Christian activity.

"We simply do not have enough church workers," is so often heard by church leaders. Many local churches fail to have a balanced church program because of a lack of dedicated Christians to help carry the church load. All too many are content to sit by complacently and let a few do all the work. Quite often these few are involved in too many activities and cannot do justice to any portion of the church program.

Nelson B. Keyes and Edward F. Gallagher in their book, *Hope of the Nation*, said, "It is a great pity, and a truly staggering loss through the ages, that more men and women do not make the initial effort and learn of the abiding compensations that flow from greater service to others."

A famous author and contemporary American recently visited a state institution for the aged. "When we drove away from that

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CONTEST

By Chester Shuler

JACK DAVIS PULLED the visor of his white painter's cap lower. He lay back under the elm for a brief after-lunch rest. But he didn't doze; a vision of Teddy Jensen's pale, wistful face kept coming before him, and Teddy's question after the Sunday School lesson: *Why can't we fellows go on hikes and picnics with you, like other classes do with their teachers? Can't we go on a hike next Sunday afternoon, please?* Jack heard his own answer: *Teddy, I'd just love to go, but my boss keeps me painting all day Saturday, and so . . .* He saw again the disappointed looks on the faces of the six juniors as they filed out. The scene had been repeated several times since he'd taken over the class.

Jack wished heartily he had never agreed to take over following the sudden death of the former teacher. Mr. Ames, superintendent, seemed satisfied. But not Jack. He knew he wasn't winning those kids for Jesus—which was, he figured, what Sunday School was for. Teaching went okay, most of the

time. The kids were well-behaved, as a rule. But they needed more fellowship with him and one another. What the speaker at the Sunday School convention said was true: "No teacher can do much if he limits his effort to the half-hour in class. Success with juniors is found somewhere in the other 167½ hours of the week. You must know your pupil, his home life, problems, likes, dislikes; and that isn't done very well in the class period."

Feeling discouraged, Jack lifted his heart in prayer. "Show me, Dear Lord, how to reach those boys. Thou knowest I haven't much time or chance, but I *want* to do Thy will! Bless them, each one, and—"

"Pretty soft, I'll say!" Jack's prayer was interrupted by a soft, musical voice. He bobbed up to look into the laughing blue eyes of Julia Ames. "Is that all painters have to do on a warm day?"

Jack was on his feet instantly, cap in hand. "Hi, there, Julia! Didn't hear you coming. Just resting a bit, and—well, sort of worrying, I guess—"

"Worrying? Jack Davis, don't you know it's a sin to worry? Especially for a boy like you," she teased. "An expert painter, successful Sunday School teacher, and—"

Jack looked at her keenly. "That's just it," he interrupted. "My kids in Sunday School—I'm getting nowhere with them, and—"

"Why, Jack, Daddy says you're doing much better than Mr. Jones ever did, and Daddy knows!"

"Thanks, Julia. But I'm too busy all week to fellowship with the boys. They want to go on hikes and things. You see, it's the other 167½ that worry me—"

Julia looked puzzled. "Jack, just what *are* you talking about? Has the heat gotten next to you or something?" she laughed, adjusting a golden curl.

"I mean the 167½ hours we're not in class, Julia. I ought to do something for my boys during that time."

She glanced at her watch. "Tell you what I'll do, Jack. I'll give this a good think; and if I can figure out something useful, I'll give you

(Continued on page 20)

He bobbed up
to look into the
laughing blue eyes of Julia
Ames. "Is that all painters
have to do on
a warm day?"





Hospital For **Sick** Bibles

By Mary Alice Young

THE HOLY BIBLE, unlike the books of men, has no preface or foreword; neither has it a conclusion. The works of God need no introduction, no apology or reason for their existence. 'In the beginning God created Heaven and earth,' so reads the opening line of this wonderful book, and this opening reveals a glimpse of its true origin. The work of God and the Word of God are here blended in serene, ineffable harmony, as a solemn witness to all ages and to all mankind." That bit of wisdom from the pen of Thomas Plassman, pretty much sums up something which Otto E. Balka and his wife Anna Marie might say.

Few people in the world have

handled as many treasured copies of the Bible as the Balkas. They operate what is perhaps the only "Bible Hospital" in the world. Every day, yellowed, stained, and dog-eared copies of the most enduring and best-selling volume in the world—the Bible—are sent for rejuvenation and face-lifting to this unique "hospital."

Bibles, hymnals, treasured classics, prayer books of all kinds come by parcel post, railway express and regular mail. Many people bring their own books to the bindery in person. Over the years, Holy Books have come from all over Asia, Africa, Europe, Central and South America, and from many remote places. Among Mr. Balka's best



customers are missionaries, ministers and allied religious.

When an injured Bible is admitted to the hospital, it receives a complete diagnosis in very much the same respects as a human upon entering a like institution. There are many steps taken in the beginning before the Bible or book reaches the "treatment" table. It is Anna Marie who takes over here. She opens up, smooths out, inspects page by page. Each patient's ailments are listed and then later, she and Otto hold a consultation to determine the work needed. Sometimes pages are badly frayed and worn. In cases like this each page requires minute attention.

Repairing an average of 300-400 Bibles in one month, their peak was reached some years ago when they repaired 600. This is not an assembly-line process, and every book receives undivided attention. It is almost unbelievable what can be done, and what has been done with some copies of the Holy Word. Very often an owner, in leaving a precious volume will ask that the original covers be preserved if at all possible. You may be sure in cases like this, the Balkas will use every method they know to carry out the customer's wishes. If you were to visit the Bible Hospital and see some of the sorry specimens, you would realize the tasks that these two dedicated people have taken upon themselves. However, the Balkas never make a promise they know they cannot keep. As an example, let's consider the oldest Bible ever to come into the bindery.

ONE MORNING a Dallas, Texas, physician came into the office of Mr. Balka and said, "I have a 270-year-old German Bible. It is perhaps one of the largest copies of the Holy Word you have had the pleasure to see, sir! Let me tell you about it! It is bound with heavy board and covered with leather, sewed on leather thong. The Bible is 12 x 18-inches. Now, sir, I warn you—it is in pretty sorry shape. Do you suppose you can do anything to clean it up and restore it to even halfway near its original condition?" He added, "I

will certainly feel indebted to you if you can."

"Doctor, you bring the book in and we will see what can be done with it. Certainly we will do our best." Otto Balka was anxious to see the Bible; and when it came in and he saw the loose, yellowed, spotted pages—when he saw the broken spine and the soiled leather—he knew this Bible was to be a challenge. Day by day he patiently worked on the leather thong. A portion of it had to be replaced. A most tedious job, but a labor of love. Anna Marie had to sew and resew with nylon thread, portions of the leaves. It is Otto, however, who does the actual binding. A month later, when the physician picked up his Bible, he almost had tears in his eyes. He could hardly believe what he saw. It seemed almost unbelievable that two people could repair a book that seemed so far beyond help.

Many of the old texts of the Holy Word contain a family's history for generations. Often the fly leaf carries recordings of births, baptisms, weddings, other penciled notes placed there to facilitate finding of special prayers. As a rule, people are sentimental and want to preserve these records. Only when customers ask for new covers are they made. The old and original covers are saved when possible.

Not too long a Bible came in for repair. There was a tear on every page of the New Testament. That required days of patient work. A procedure such as this can take a month and even longer to do the job well. And the Balkas never do a slipshod job; of that you may be sure.

OTTO BALKAS IS A Missourian, born of immigrant German parents. In 1944 he decided there was need for a Bindery for Holy Books alone. As a boy of sixteen, he had gone to work in a bindery and had hoped to make it his life's work. After his long hours at his bench, Otto always looked forward to the evenings at home. There was nothing that he enjoyed more in his free time than working in his garret. There he had his easel and brushes. Oil painting consumed most of his free time. One

particular night he had been putting the last strokes on the canvas. The picture was coming into focus. It was the "Crucifixion." The thought of the Bindery for Bibles kept recurring to him. A few weeks later, Otto and Anna Marie opened the doors to the business which they preferred to call The Bible Hospital.

Business was slow at first, but as one satisfied customer told another, Bibles began arriving by the dozens and soon these two energetic people were in business.

An elderly Methodist preacher came to the Balkas one day. He was carrying a copy of the Holy Word that was most precious to him. Well-worn, one could see at a glance that it was something very special. "I would like to leave a real friend with you, Doctor Balka," he said. "This Bible means more to me than anything in this world. Son, I held this Book one night a few years ago when a notorious criminal found Christ. I held this Bible during more conversions than I can count. This Book has travelled to the battlefields; it has been in the hands of a President who took his oath of office. Much as I dislike to part with it, sir, I feel it needs a rest. What can you do for me?"

Weeks of patient work proved what Otto and Anna Marie could do. When the preacher called for his Bible, words cannot possible describe his joy.

"There isn't any Bible too far gone for repairs" seems to be the creed of the Balkas. Goodness knows they have enough satisfied customers to prove the theory. A proverb which should be on the walls of the Bible Hospital is, "Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well." That is being proved daily at the bindery in Dallas, Texas.

Complimented for their work, this man-wife team smiles, and in unison, they say, "This is our way of serving God. We like to feel that we are missionaries in our own way!"

Surely no one can doubt that Otto and Anna Marie are just that—and more!



By L. L. Wightman

Illustrated by Walter Ambrose

I LOOKED UP AS my employer approached my desk. "Grace is coming back next week," he stated as a matter of news. But it was more than news to me.

I know my face revealed my consternation at his words, and my voice trembled in spite of my efforts to hold it steady. "Grace—is coming—back?"

Mr. Gould nodded slightly without looking up from the correspondence which engaged his attention. "Her letter states her present work is not as satisfactory as anticipated, and she wishes to come back to her old job."

I was thankful he turned to another part of the office without noticing how disturbed I was. Trying to hide my emotions from other workers, I plunged into my work with increased activity.

"Grace is coming back," I moaned. "That means she will have this job, and I will be out."

As my fingers flew over the type-

writer keys, I mentally draped the following week in mourning. To me it did not seem right that Grace could leave her present work because she did not like it. Moreover, her return would displace me. But I knew that was the arrangement Mr. Gould had made with her.

That noon I looked through the want ads to see who wanted stenographers. I called three offices but each vacancy had been filled. More workers than jobs, I concluded. Resentment welled up in my heart.

"It isn't right," I declared, bitterly. "Mr. Gould knows I'm a better typist than Grace, and he told me I could take dictation much faster. Why should he let me go to take her back?"

I had a notion of asking him about it, but there is a barrier of rashness which common sense hesitates to approach. No, that would not do, but I was determined to hold that job! I felt I was entitled to it.

The more I thought about it, the more self-pity I accumulated for myself. I was entitled to some consideration and would demand my rights.

"I must look out for myself," I defended my action, falling back on the fact that self-defense is a strong law of nature. "She has no moral right to crowd me out." Thus my course of action was determined in my own mind.

After supper I picked up my Bible for some study, preparing to teach my class of girls next Sunday. Opening my Bible, I read, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters."

I WISHED TO emphasize the leadership of Jesus in the Christian life. "He leadeth me." I closed my Bible and leaned back in thought as the finger of accusation pointed at me. Did Jesus lead in my thoughts that day? Did He tell me to take action to defend myself? Did He inspire my resentment over my treatment? Where did I follow the inspiration of His leading?

"Beside the still waters." Still waters? My portion had been troubled waters. My thoughts had been as waves whipped by strong winds.

"He leadeth me." That was true in general, for I was a Christian. I had accepted Jesus Christ as my Saviour, and was following Him in service. Sunday I would tell my girls how Jesus leads the Christian. Wait a minute! What about the minor things in life? What about the little adversities which threaten us with defeat? What had I let Jesus do today? Instead of looking to Him to lead me, I had chosen my own way. A guilty conscience smote me. Could I convey to my girls a truth not operating in my own life?

I had thrust myself into the foreground. I had failed to pray about the matter, had neglected to ask guidance, and had ignored Jesus. No wonder I found myself beside troubled waters. Thus I missed the comforting result of the faith and assurance in "I shall not want."

Couldn't I trust Jesus with my

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GREEN PASTURES and STILL WATERS

WHENEVER I FEEL THE TENDENCY TO BECOME RESENTFUL AND REBELLIOUS AT TIMES WHEN THINGS SEEM UNJUST, I TURN TO GOD IN FAITH AND TRUST WITH THE ASSURANCE I WILL NOT WANT.

THREE DECISIONS We Must Make

Illustrated by Walter Ambrose

NOT MANY OF us are likely to become Supreme Court justices. Nevertheless, a great many will face three most important decisions early in life. Upon those decisions will depend our true happiness in this world and our safety and bliss in the life to come.

The first decision concerns our relationship with the Lord Jesus Christ: shall we or shall we not accept Him as our personal Saviour, Friend, Guide, and Master?

The second decision, next in importance, deals with our life's vocation: what shall we do to make a living?

The third involves the important choice of the right boy or girl for our lifetime companion.

Unfortunately, not everyone gives sufficient consideration to the first and third decisions. Many never give thought to the Lord Jesus, and some never marry. But since everyone must eat, sooner or later the second decision does come in for attention. That question must be decided unless we happen to be heir to a fortune. The second is very important, too.

Deciding on our life's work is seldom easy. At first thought it may seem that almost any trade, business, or profession likely to produce an adequate annual income would do. However, some other things must be considered in making our choice. We need to know whether we are temperamentally, mentally, and physically fitted for a certain type of work. We must ask whether or not we should be quite happy doing that sort of thing. We must make certain that we can secure the needed training to make us skilled at our task and not be mediocre in our field.

Many girls and boys in late teens say they have not yet decided about their vocation. They are merely thinking about it, or trying to find something they like. A fortunate few know what they want

By Wirt Blaine

to do and are directing every energy in that direction.

The latter class usually make the decision early in life. One's childhood tendencies and early hero worship sometimes help in the choice. We once knew a little fellow who lived "out in the sticks" who when asked what he intended to be when he grew up, would always answer, "Dunno exactly. Always wanted to be a preacher. But I'm not fat enough." The only minister he had ever known was much overweight.

Then there was a girl whom we shall call Miriam. As a small child she always played "teacher" at every opportunity. If she could not corral enough playmates, to serve as pupils, she "taught" dolls, chairs or other objects. She never doubted what her vocation would be, prepared definitely to teach, and made an excellent teacher—until decision three came up. She decided that question well, too, and married just the right young man.

A very small "chemist" whom we used to know once ruined his mother's newly-papered kitchen ceiling with one of his first experiments. Soda and vinegar in a bottle, well corked, did the trick. The explosion was delightful—if the aftermath wasn't! But he, too, had never doubted his vocation, has worked steadily toward that end, and is a chemist. Early choices help very much.

BUT THE first decision mentioned is, of course, of first importance, even if it does not always receive proper attention. Becoming an earnest Christian boy or girl early in life helps a lot with the other decisions. That does not mean, of course, that one must become a minister or missionary, although surely there are no more noble professions than these. The Lord needs Christian business people, teachers, nurses, laborers of many kinds—to witness for Him in ordinary places.



Then, too, a Christian has a great advantage in choosing a life companion, because there is the Bible to guide, the Holy Spirit to teach, and less likelihood of becoming wrongly yoked (2 Corinthians 6:14).

To some extent, one must be a dreamer. This statement of course needs some qualification. Too much dreaming—especially by day—will hinder rather than help. Joseph, you will remember, was called a "dreamer" by his unsympathetic brethren (Genesis 37:19), when they hated him. But later, the memory of his dream no doubt strengthened Joseph in the hours of pain, hardship, and unjust imprisonment which he endured. Then one day his dream came true.

All great architects, builders, workers who construct and beautify the world about us must be able first to dream and "see" their plans in completed form. We need to dream of success in our chosen field, and then work toward achieving that success. Mere dreaming will never make one into a doctor with a splendid financial income, but dreaming of that goal will inspire us to work, study and strive toward success.

Perhaps some of us have already chosen a lifework, but feel dissatisfied with it. Andrew and Peter, you may recall, were busy working as fishermen—the only trade or vocation they knew—when Jesus called them to follow Him and learn

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YOU HAVE COME today to one of the three great events of earthly experience, as old as human history, and yet as new as a fresh dawn and sunrise. Love is the greatest thing in the world, greater than learning or riches; and, of all human love, the wedded love of a true-hearted man and a good and faithful woman is the highest and tenderest."

For nearly fifty years now I have included this statement in my wedding ceremony. But when you stand beside each other at the marriage altar the die will have been cast. It will then be too late. You will have made your choice and it is the *choice* that is all important. How then should you choose?

**1. CHOOSE ONE WHO KNOWS
AND LOVES THE LORD**

THE BIBLE says: "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers" (2 Corinthians 6:14).

To marry an unbeliever is to be unequally yoked; and to be unequally yoked is to disobey the command of God and sin. How, then, can you expect to be happy?

The unequal yoke is one of the main causes of divorce. If you want your marriage to go on the rocks, then break the commandment of God and marry one who is not a Christian.

There are three plains upon which men live. First, the physical plain. That is the lowest plain and gives the least satisfaction. Moreover, it is a satisfaction that cannot last. Then, second, there is the soulish plain—music, books and literature, etc. That is the satisfaction of the mind. Lastly, there is the spiritual plain. It is the highest of all and it is the plain that gives the most complete satisfaction.

You see, you may get together on the physical and soulish plains and yet have no fellowship at all on the spiritual. One of you will enjoy the church and the other will not. Family prayer will appeal to one and not to the other. Because you know Christ you will detest tobacco, whereas your unsaved partner may be a slave to cigarettes. How then can there be fellowship? One will want to work in the garden on the Lord's Day,

or leave the House of God and spend His Day at some summer resort on the lakes in a cottage. The other will only be happy with the people of God, taking part in the services of the Lord.

It is only when you are both together on the spiritual plain, enjoying the same things, that happiness is possible. The world and the church just won't mix, and if one enjoys the world and the other doesn't, there will be disagreement, misunderstanding, and trouble.

God says you are free to marry whom you will but "only in the Lord" (1 Corinthians 7:39). Even marriage between Roman Catholics and Protestants, or those of any other faith, is absolutely fatal. Religions do not mix. For some fifty years now I have listened to the heart-breaking stories of those who disobeyed and suffered ever-after.

If you think you can win over your partner to Christ after you are married, let me tell you that you are mistaken. If your love cannot win her before, it will never win her once she has you, and visa versa. Listen, my friend. You have no right to even keep company with anyone unless that one has been "born again" and knows your Saviour. Find one who is active in Christian work, one who loves to pray and study the Word, one who is a real soul-winner, and you will make no mistake. If the heart is set on God's work you will be safe.

**• 2. CHOOSE ONE OF YOUR
OWN RACE**

THE BIBLE IS unmis-
takeable on that. God forbade the Israelites marrying gentiles. When they did, He punished them. You

HOW TO

By Oswald J. Smith

remember the strange wives in Nehemiah 13:23-25? Let me quote it for you: "In those days also saw I Jews that had married wives of Ashdod, of Ammon, and of Moab: And their children spake half in the speech of Ashdod, and could not speak in the Jews' language, but according to the language of each people. And I contended with them, and cursed them, and smote certain of them, and plucked off their hair, and made them swear by God, saying, Ye shall not give your daughters unto their sons, nor take their daughters unto your sons, or for yourselves."

Did you ever read the last two chapters of Ezra? They are too long to quote, but you should read them. They may save you from a fearful catastrophe. Jews were never allowed to marry those of other nationalities.

If you are a Jew and want your marriage to end in divorce, then marry a gentile. There are enough differences to contend with even when you marry one of your own race. Food is different. Clothing is different. Manners and customs are different. Living conditions are different. There is just too much to overcome when you choose one of another nationality.

Oriental should never marry Westerners. If you are an American, you should think twice before marrying a European. Blacks, Browns, Yellows, and Whites, just do not mix. There is no greater cause for divorce than mixed marriages. It is not Scriptural and it is not Christian. God has ordained the boundaries of the nations and it is not His will that those boundaries should be broken.

Photo by A. Devoney, Inc., N. Y.

CHOOSE A WIFE

Go to the birds, thou fool, consider their ways and be wise. Do robins mate with cat birds, or crows with pigeons? Why, even sparrows of different species never cross the boundaries. You cannot tell them apart, yet they never mate. Field sparrows do not raise families with vesper sparrows, nor do tree sparrows with song sparrows. Even the house sparrows keep to their kind. All sparrows look more or less alike, yet they choose their own species and never any other. Why, then, is man so blind? God has given more sense to the birds than many a human being has. They do not break His laws, why should you?

I remember an English girl who married an African Chief. When he took her home even his own tribe would not accept her. When they returned to England he was barred from her society. Those who marry other races will find themselves ostracised by both. You say it ought not to be. But it is, and no man can change it. "Birds of a feather flock together." Blacks are happy with Blacks, Yellow with Yellow and Whites with White. It is against every law of God to marry other nationalities, and nothing but sorrow, heartache, and regret will result.

It is unchristian because of the children. They are the ones who will suffer and their sufferings will be life-long. I have seen them in India, Africa, and other countries, and, oh, how I pity them! Nobody wants them. They are outcasts. Both races look down on them. They are never understood and they know it. Think, then, of the

(Continued on page 22)



"Blessed is he that considereth
the poor; the Lord will deliver him
in time of trouble," Psalm 41:1.

By Pauline V. McConnell

Are You a Cheerful Giver?

This has always been one of my favorite scriptures. Aren't you happy when you can share with others? Thinking of others and doing something for them has a very special quality. To find out if you are a cheerful giver, take this test. Answer each of the 10 questions with "YES" or "NO." Then count up your "Yes" answers and find your rating and score. Be honest now.

1. Do you show your appreciation to friends and relatives by giving them a little gift in return for kindness? YES..... NO.....
2. If you have some free time on Saturday or a holiday, do you offer to help your parents around the house? YES..... NO.....
3. If a friend admires something of yours and you have two or more than you need, do you offer to share? YES..... NO.....
4. If a classmate has already finished his lunch but is still hungry, would you share your lunch? YES..... NO.....
5. If someone gives you a gift of something you do not like, do you realize that it is the "thought" behind the gift that is more important? YES..... NO.....
6. If someone from out of town sends you a gift, do you acknowledge it promptly with a note of appreciation? YES..... NO.....
7. Asked to take the lead in a school or church play—you do not care for the honor, but a schoolmate set her heart on the part—will you ask teacher to give your chance to the schoolmate? YES..... NO.....
8. At church you are given some unexpected money by a relative. Some of the money is intended for your own pleasure. Learning the church needs money for repairs, or some such project, can you **UNSELFISHLY GIVE ALL THE MONEY**, forgetting your own desires? YES..... NO.....
9. You haven't had a new coat for 2 years. You need one, but a younger member of the family needs something much more. Can you pass up your desires for the coat and let little brother or sister have his needs satisfied? YES..... NO.....
10. When someone asks what they can give you for your birthday, do you name inexpensive gifts and tell them **ANYTHING** they care to buy you will be appreciated? YES..... NO.....

All finished? How do you rate as a cheerful giver?

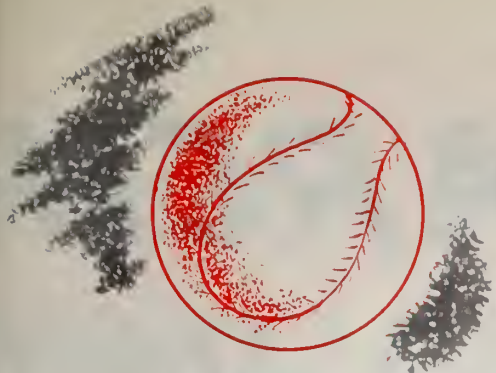
10 "YES" answers. You are not only a happy person, a generous person, but you are genuinely thoughtful of others and their feelings. Keep up the good work.

6-9 "YES" answers. "Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days," Ecclesiastes 11:1. Think about this, study these words and try to improve yourself. Sometimes we do not mean to be selfish; as a matter of fact, sometimes we do not even realize that we are guilty of this trait. Try this quiz again in a month and you will be happy to see how you have improved.

Under 6 "YES" answers. The important part of giving is not the cost of a gift, it is the thought that lies behind the giving. You don't have to buy a gift at the store for family or friends. Giving up something that you especially enjoy and giving some of your time to help others, that is worth even more than anything one could buy for money. Demanding new clothes, toys, books, unusual and expensive additions for vanity or pleasure are all nothing but selfishness and only greedy people act that way.

Deuteronomy 16:17. "Every man shall give as he is able, according to the blessing of the Lord thy God which He hath given thee."

Think about these words a little while. You cannot help but improve and become a "Cheerful Giver." You can't fail. Won't you start in today to be a little more generous? You will make others happy and you will be happier too.



GOD'S CHAMPION

By Esther Miller Payler

JOHN AND HIS sister Ellen were tossing soft balls into the air on the playground near their home to see who could throw the highest. "Look," said John. "You won't be able to top that. Girls can't throw that far"

Ellen pressed her lips into a straight line and leaned back. She threw the ball with all her might. "Look, it went higher than the house!"

Tom, the boy next door who was a head taller than John, shouted, "Watch me; I can throw higher than either of you!"

John and Ellen laughed. John grinned, "All right, smarty, show us instead of just talking about it!"

Tom looked around at the other children, who were leaving their play and gathering around to watch. "Watch me, if you really want to see a ball reach the sky!"

Tom stood firmly, legs well apart. He made a mighty swing and threw the ball spinning high into the air. "Went past the chimney!" shouted Tom; "I'm champion now, not you!"

"O. K. That's the highest so far," said John. "Now it's my turn."

John stood back and swung his arm. Tom jostled against his right arm just as he was going to make the throw. The ball left his hand, but it went only past the second story window. "I'm the champion!" shouted Tom, throwing out his chest and strutting around.

The other children giggled. John's face was red.

He walked up to Tom and said, "That wasn't fair! You purposely pushed me so I couldn't throw the ball higher than you!"

"I couldn't help it. I didn't mean to bump you! Don't get so sore just because you aren't champ!" said Tom, starting to walk away.

"That's cheating," said Ellen.

TOM SWUNG AROUND angrily, clenching his fist and shaking it under John's nose. "I won fair and square and don't you say otherwise!"

John said, "Let's throw again and settle the championship!"

"No," said Tom. "We're fighting. I'm champ!"

Even John's ears were red. "All right, fight!"

Ellen shoved between them. "Stop, fellows," she said. "Fighting won't settle anything. Remember what the minister said last Sunday at the settlement house?"

The boys glared at each other. John tried to shove Ellen away. The other children backed away, leaving John and Tom glaring at each other.

"He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city," said Ellen loud and clear, standing her ground. "That's what the minister said; it's written in Proverbs about God's champions."

John dropped his hands. Tom stepped back, but he still looked angry. He opened his mouth but no words came when he glanced at Ellen.

"Tom, let's take turns throwing the ball. You go first. I'm sorry, if I lost my temper." John reached out to shake Tom's hand.

Tom stood hesitating and then he shook John's hand.

Ellen said, "John's a Christian now and he's trying to do as Jesus would have him to so he can be one of God's champions."

Tom nodded and stood ready to throw the ball. John gave Ellen's hand a squeeze, and watched Tom's ball, as it spun up into the air. He was thinking to himself, "God's champion, that's what I always want to be!"

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2. To enroll **NEW** members in your Sunday School
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to each Sunday School

(Cut and Mail)

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(October and November, 1959)

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1080 Montgomery Avenue
Cleveland, Tennessee

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Give address to which packet is to be mailed

(Name of Church)

(No. and Street)

(City and State)

(Pastor's Name)

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CAMPAIGN PREPARATION

CAMPAIGN PUBLICITY

CAMPAIGN PROMOTION IN GENERAL
VISITATION

PERCENTAGE INCREASE IN ATTEND-
ANCE

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SCHOOL ENLARGEMENT

IN OCTOBER 4-NOVEMBER 29, 1959

sign in your church successful,
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enters: the

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al Songs
ing Assembly programs for each Sunday at

may order to promote your campaign

er with weekly inserts for your bulletin board

ow to prepare and conduct this "SUNDAY
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State and National recognition will be given the leading Sunday Schools in the campaign in the various group classifications.

... STATE RECOGNITION

State Directors will award a state plaque to the leading Sunday Schools in each group at the 1960 State Camp Meetings.

... NATIONAL RECOGNITION

The National Board of Judges will determine the National Leaders from a list of all leading Sunday Schools in each state. These Sunday Schools will receive a National Plaque on YOUTH NIGHT at the GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

Sunday Schools in the campaign, your
with Sunday Schools of similar size





to one of the most entertaining programs it has been my privilege to enjoy at any banquet.

We were honored to have as our special guests, Reverend and Mrs. Lewis J. Willis and daughter. As an appropriate ending to the banquet, Brother Willis gave an inspiring talk that completed what was felt by all to have been a wonderful banquet.

Sunday was begun with both the youth pastor and educational director greeting the folk via radio and encouraging them to be present for the day's activities. At the con-

clusion of the broadcast, the Youth Department superintendents and the general youth officials met in the pastor's study for announcements and prayer.

Although Sunday morning was rainy and cloudy, the enthusiasm of youth week swelled our Sunday School to well above five hundred. Everyone looked on with pride as our thirty-five youth leaders, under the direction of youth pastor Bill Abernathy, demonstrated their ability and willingness to promote the program of the church. It was

(Continued on page 21)

Hemphill Avenue Church of God (National Youth Week)

EXCITEMENT WAS running high among the teen-agers with the announcement of plans to observe National Youth Week. Never before had so many young people been given the opportunity to participate. Due to a recent revival, it was felt that better co-operation could be had by observing only those nights on which service was normally held. With the assistance of the pastor, activities were arranged that would meet the spiritual needs of our young people as well as entertain them.

Our first service was on Wednesday night, at which time the young people presented the film "Seventeen." The auditorium was almost filled as young and old alike were challenged by this Christian film. After the film, punch and cake were served in the youth center, climaxing a very successful evening.

One of the highlights of the week was the youth banquet held Saturday night in the youth center. The efforts of the young people to make this banquet a success was much in evidence as we entered the youth center. The decorations were very colorful and in good taste. We were seated and served steak with all the trimmings and were treated



Youth Wants to Know

By Avis Swiger

Dear Editor,

Teen-agers who live in the country have somewhat of a problem about having any social life during the summer months. We miss our school pals. We are very busy helping raise a crop but we want to play some too. What can you suggest for lonely Christian farm youth? A. C.

Dear A. C.,

You can't realize how lucky you are that you live on a nice farm where you can find worthwhile things to do to occupy your vacation days. Many young people in the cities find themselves bored with life, thus very unhappy, because they cannot find things to do to keep them satisfied.

Your problem can easily be solved by your pastor and youth leader. A social time should be arranged for the young people each week. If your church does not have a Youth Center building, you could meet in different homes. Perhaps the pastor will open his home for the first social evening, and then other leaders and parents should follow his example. Saturday would be the best time for most of the people to meet.

You would not need expensive refreshments or elaborate entertainment. Sometimes you could make ice cream or fudge as a group, and that would suffice for refreshments and fun, too. Why not play croquet, badminton, play the piano and sing. You could play parlor games on rainy nights. Healthy youth can always find something to do at a party.

Let your pastor and youth leaders chaperone each gathering so your parents will not hesitate to let you go. Have a good time, but be sure it is "Good," and everybody will be happy.



Big Brothers Club

WEST FLINT has many activities in the church. Among these are a well organized Sunday School, a fine Y.P.E., Missions classes, a Lamplighters Club and visitation committees. One of the activities we are especially proud of is the Big Brothers Club. These eight men you see in this picture are men who have families of their own, and some of them give much of their time to other activities in the church and Sunday School. These boys you see are boys who have been assigned to them by the Youth Bureau—boys who need a big brother to help guide them. These men spend many hours each week listening to the boys' problems and solving many of them. They have them in their homes and see to it that they have recreation and fun—in other words, they are big brothers to them.

Left to right, they are: Bill Hampton, Jesse Elders, Gene Mince, Bill Shasteen, Rev. Forester (the pastor), Paul Walker, Bill Taylor, Robert Bentley, Herbert Beard.

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Name

Address

POETRY

TO LOVE AND BE LOVED

Eva C. Downing

To love and be loved
Is half of life,
To cheerfully give
And gratefully receive
Is truly, I believe,
A secret code
That, when used,
Will enable us
To ward off strife
And travel paths
That will lead
To the road
Of happiness.

NEW COURAGE

Ray Griffith

Sometimes I get discouraged with
This busy lonely life,
Where men are always living by
The rules of greed and strife.
'Tis then I leave the city streets
To roam some country lane,
Where breezes blowing soft and
cool
Refresh my weary brain.
I watch the evening sun go down;
Another day is gone;
And as the darkness settles down,
I know I'm not alone.
For 'way up in the blue of night
I see the stars appear,
And in my longing searching heart
I lose all trace of fear.
For now I see that God above
Still knows my every care,
And that He now is bending low
To hear my faintest prayer.
'Tis here I get new courage for
The dreary path I trod;
Here alone with all my thoughts
With nature and with God.

LENDING HANDS

Grace Cash

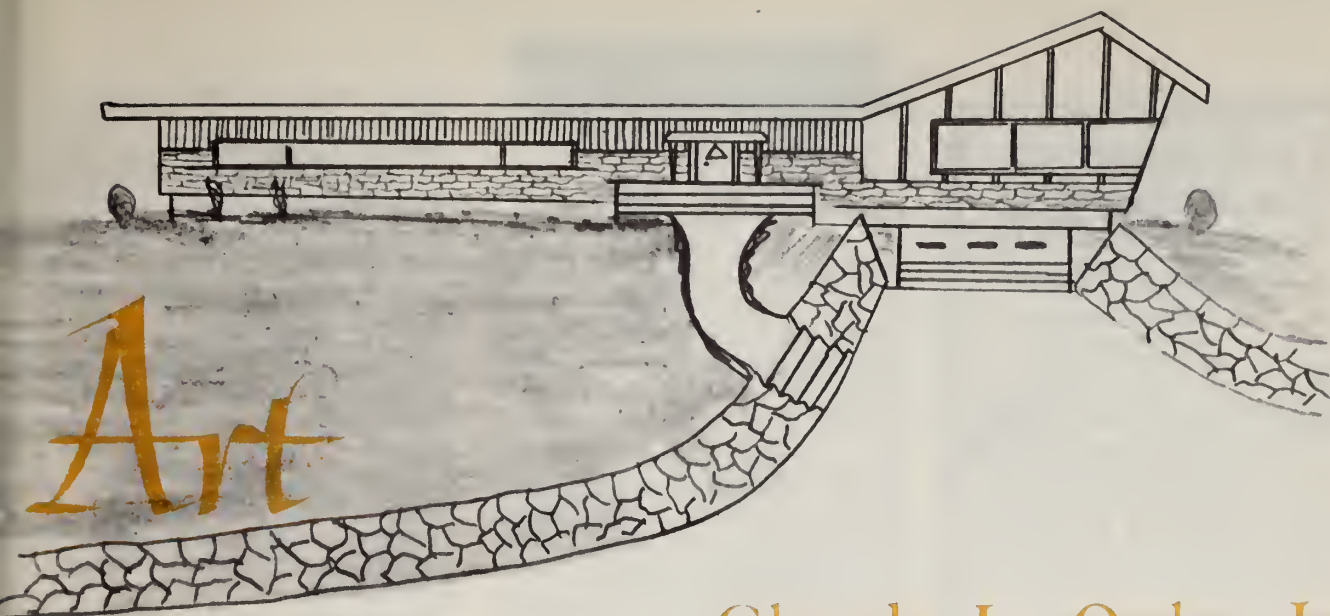
I marvelled at the oaken barrel,
Standing beneath the waterspout;
In storm, in drouth, it kept serene
Though daily pressed within, with-
out.
And then one day I saw the bands
Supporting it, from length to
length,
And knew that in the bands' up-
holding
Lay the barrel's secret strength.

The soul of man is like a barrel,
Faced by storms within, without,
By pressures of the daily life,
By problems leading one to doubt.
How oft a gracious, lending hand
Must be outstretched at length,
To save the faltering ones who
stand
In need of God's eternal strength.

HUMILITY

Bertha R. Hudelson

Humility, a splendid trait,
Is difficult to cultivate;
Yet, planted in the soil of love,
It rapidly will grow above
The weeds of selfish, haughty pride
Which flourish rankly side by side
Creating hurt and tears and strife
Within the garden of one's life.
Pull out the weeds and then pos-
sess
The quietude of humbleness.

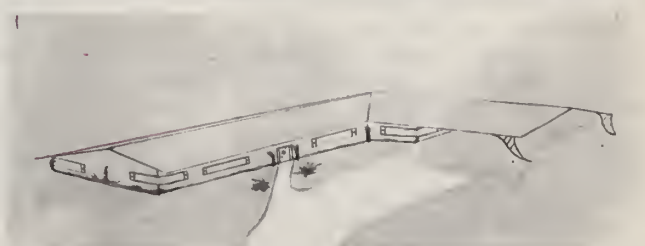
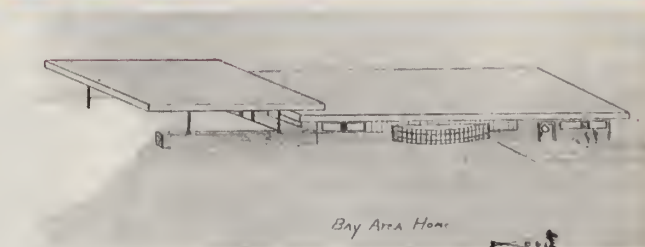


Claude L. Ogle, Jr.

43



House designers and architects are already feeling the effects of the imminent housing boom. With the proper training, Claude's interest in design could possibly place him in the midst of this important field. He is now only 15 years old and has already taken a course in mechanical drawing. Claude hopes to study at an art school and thinks he would like to become affiliated with some phase of commercial art.



✓ art book review

OIL PAINTING methods and demonstrations, by Henry Gasser, Reinhold Publishing Corporation, New York. \$10.00. This one hundred and twenty-eight page book contains nineteen demonstrations and hundreds of illustrations. A partial list of the contents: Selection and care of brushes, Painting surfaces, Strengthening the design, Palette knife painting, How to dramatize a subject, etc. The instruction to be found in this book can be considered a complete home study course in oil painting.

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THE VOICE OF SUNDAY SCHOOL (Continued from page 25)

younger. We shouldn't let this important age-group of children slip by our Sunday School to become a statistic of sin. With the help of God and a burning desire in our hearts, they could become ministers, teachers, missionaries—Christian men and women in God's service. This realization encourages me to want to reach farther and farther to bring in, teach and train, these little ones—our Beginners.

The Beginner teacher has a reward that not all teachers have. She can more easily see the growth and progress of each boy and girl. If she can see spiritual fruit born in the lives of her children, that is the greatest accomplishment of a teacher.

I would like to admonish all Beginner teachers to strive hard at the task God has entrusted to you. We are teaching Beginner boys and girls today and thereby molding the lives of the men and women of tomorrow.

THE CONTINUED

(Continued from page 5)

a call. Okay?"

"Thanks, Julia. Thanks a lot, and I—"

"Oh, dear! I must run. Got a date, and here comes my bus!" She waved a shapely hand, and ran toward the corner, leaving a puzzled Jack staring after her, wondering just who was lucky enough to "date" her.

HE CLIMBED THE long ladder thoughtfully. What a great girl she was, this golden-haired Julia Ames. Jack wondered whether she suspected how much he admired her. Probably not—he'd never had the nerve to tell her, in words. But she had treated him very nicely—since Bud Simpkins had gone to the army. He fell to wondering about Bud. They had been chums in the old days—attended Sunday School together, vied with one another for a perfect attendance record. He never could get ahead of Bud, though, for Bud never was absent, never sick, never tardy. Bud would make good anywhere. He'd heard Bud was an officer now—had gone through officers' training with flying colors. Well, okay—just so the army kept him busy for a long while!

Julia didn't call for three days, and Jack had misgivings. Was she as interested as she pretended? Or had that date caused her to forget all about him and his problem? Well, she was busy, no doubt, and maybe she couldn't think of anything. Perhaps one of these Saturdays he'd just ask Mr. Bucelli if he could take off, and take the kids on an outing—even if he was docked for it on payday. Sacrifice for the Lord never hurt anyone, he figured.

Julia's call came just after dinner. Her voice was lilting, and Jack's heart did a few flip-flops. Maybe she *did* enjoy doing things for him. "Sorry I'm so late, Jack. My date with the dentist was terrible! I've been practically ill for two days. But I've an idea—"

Jack's grin was broad. *Date with the dentist!* "You do?" he sounded hearty. "Well, good! Awfully kind

of you, Julia. Thanks a million!"

"You're welcome, Jack—but perhaps you'd better hear it first. You, of course, recall Bud Simpkins?"

Bud Simpkins—of all people! Jack's jaw dropped. He was glad Julia couldn't see his expression. "Sure—sure," he said weakly. "Where is Bud now?"

"That's just it, Jack—Bud is home again. Has been for two months. His mother says he hasn't gone near a church in all that time, and she's worried. So I thought that if you'd have Bud take care of your boys on hikes and things, it might fix them up, and get Bud interested in Sunday School, see?"

"Sure, sure," Jack managed to say. "Sounds—great. Awfully kind of you, Julia, and I'll sure see Bud first chance I have—"

"Look, Jack—" Her voice sounded happy—too much so, Jack thought. "Bud's coming over to our house tonight, and I'll do my best to talk him into doing it! Wish me luck! 'Bye now!"

Jack stared at the phone a full minute after she had hung up. Of all the ill fortune! Bud back—for good! Well, there wasn't any doubt Bud would take the boys—to please pretty Julia! And, Jack told himself, Bud would take not only the junior boys but also *Julia* on those hikes and picnics! A sick, painful feeling came into his heart—or somewhere. Sure, he *wanted* to help those kids—but hardly in this way!

JACK TRIED TO study his lesson that evening. But visions of handsome Bud on Julia's cozy porch interfered. He closed the book and went for a walk. But the golden moon only reminded him of Julia's curls, while the bright stars spoke of her laughing blue eyes. And even the cloud playing hide-and-seek with both brought unpleasant thoughts—about Bud.

Jack walked faster. Presently he found himself in front of his church. He stood there for a long while among the evergreens, thinking. After a while, his intense misery and remorse caused him to pray for help. "Make me *willing*, dear Lord, to help Bud, as well as my boys!"

Next day his work went better and much of his inner turmoil had ceased. He found himself earnestly wanting to be helpful to Bud, even if it did mean losing something that had become very precious to him of late.

Jack was walking slowly toward his home that evening, when he heard someone shouting his name. He turned and saw Bud Simpkins trotting after him. He was leading a tall, dark-haired girl by the hand. Behind them, Julia Davis was running to catch up.

Bud grasped Jack's hand heartily. "Wonderful to see you again, old pal!" he declared. "Sally Adams, meet Jack Davis, best chum I've ever had. Jack's the fellow Julia mentioned last evening, remember?"

Jack, recovering from his surprise, acknowledged the introduction. "Sally's my fiancée," Bud added, with a broad smile. "Greatest girl in the world, naturally."

Julia joined them, and Bud rattled on: "Now, Jack, how about your hustling home, and in about an hour Sally and I will come by your place with the car and pick you up. We'll have Julia with us, too. Then we'll all go somewhere and eat. I want to talk over this matter of helping the kids in your class, see? Certainly am glad to be of help, if I can—in the good old church once more. It'll seem like old times, won't it, Jack? And we'll plan some good times for us four, too. How about it, Julia and Jack?"

Jack's smile was outdone only by the one Julia flashed him, as he said, "Sure! Sure, Bud. And thanks a million—all of you!"

NATIONAL YOUTH WEEK

(Continued from page 16)

our pleasure to have Brother Willis speak to us in the morning service, and our hearts were blessed as he concluded the morning's activities with a stirring message.

WITH SUNDAY night came the final service of National Youth Week, but our supply of good things was not yet exhausted. After a short devotion by William Burell, Christian Education Director, and Buzz Ellis, Music Director, Youth Pastor Bill Abernathy expressed, on behalf of the young

people, his appreciation for the opportunity to serve.

At this time A. T. Humphries, director of the Lee College choir, was introduced. For the next hour and a half our hearts were thrilled as these Christian young people praised God in song.

The success of this week must be credited to many capable helpers. The pastor, Earl P. Paulk, Jr., gave his wholehearted support to the endeavor. The planning and organization of the week's activities was under the leadership of several adult sponsors who gave unselfishly of their time and efforts.

As we think back upon Youth Week and the wonderful time had by all, we, the adults of the church, are very much encouraged as we realize that for the years ahead our church will be in very capable hands.

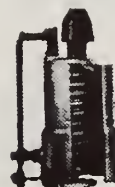
THREE DECISIONS

(Continued from page 9)

to "fish for men." You, too, may yet have a call to full-time Christian service. When the call comes, do not cast it aside lightly, for to do so may prove disastrous. Pray much about it. Consult your pastor or

other trusted Christian friend. Perhaps the way will open in some unexpected manner which is not now clear. It is pathetic to remain at work one despises; it brings a feeling akin to slavery, and can lead to unhappiness, even ill health. Sometimes a change is indicated, even when genuine sacrifice is involved.

The Bible urges us to "seek first things first." We cannot over-emphasize the importance of deciding to have Christ as our Saviour, Friend, Guide, and Lord—*first*. If this is true, the other decisions should be easier to make wisely. "But seek ye *first* the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you" (Matthew 6:33), is wise, practical advice for today. It applies very well to the three great decisions which most of us will be called upon to make.



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GREEN PASTURES—STILL WATERS

(Continued from page 8)

present problem? Couldn't I depend
 on His leadership? Couldn't Jesus
 see the future where I was blind?
 If He led me, there must be green
 pastures and still waters. I dropped
 to my knees, confessed the lack of
 trust, and committed the future to
 His leadership. A consciousness of
 victory swept through me. Now I
 could face my girls with the as-
 surance that Jesus' leadership is
 the sustaining daily power for
 Christian guidance.

I enjoyed a comforting quietness
 in the days that followed. Bitter-
 ness and resentment gave place
 to peace. I would trust and pray
 for guidance until some door
 opened.

THE DAY GRACE re-
 turned, she greeted me warmly in
 the office. "Donna, I'm so glad to
 see you," she declared, a smile
 wreathing her face.

"How can she smile so sweetly
 when taking my work away from
 me?" I thought. Instantly I said,
 "Get thee behind me, Satan." I
 was judging her before she had a
 chance to speak. Such judgment
 was not Christian.

"Perhaps you are wondering
 about my change in plans," she
 said.

My cheeks grew warm as color
 flooded them, but I admitted the
 truth.

"As you know," she began ex-
 plaining, "when I left here I joined
 my uncle in evangelistic and con-
 ference work. My work consisted
 in taking sermons and addresses
 in shorthand, teaching Bible class-
 es, and aiding in children's work. I
 found I was not chosen for that
 work. I couldn't take dictation at
 the required speed; I couldn't adapt
 myself to children's work. My
 channel of service seems to be
 adult classes. But I knew a girl
 who could do that work, one who
 can meet all the requirements. I
 recommended that girl to my un-
 cle. He asked me to deliver this
 letter in person. It is for you."

"For ME?" I gasped, accepting
 the letter in wonderment.

"For you," she said. "If you feel
 the Lord's guiding hand in the

matter, we'll change positions."

This was the girl I had thought
 selfish. My cheeks burned with
 shame as I thought of my un-
 worthy attitude. I had jumped to
 conclusions before waiting for the
 evidence. If I had committed this
 matter to Jesus in the first place,
 my action would have been in
 harmony with trust and assurance
 that He would lead me.

Today, weeks later, I'm constant-
 ly in evangelistic and conference
 work, teaching Bible classes, and
 doing children's work. All this af-
 ter fighting God's leading! After a
 futile struggle! How ignorant I was
 in my rebellion! I would have
 robbed my life of many rich bless-
 ings, but the Shepherd knew the
 location of green pastures and still
 waters.

Whenever I feel the tendency to
 become resentful and rebellious at
 times when things seem unjust, I
 turn to God in faith and trust
 with the assurance I will not want.
 Blessings will come in the green
 pastures and beside the still waters.

HOW TO CHOOSE A WIFE

(Continued from page 11)

children before you do such a self-
 ish thing. What is to become of
 them? Do not wreck your offspring
 as well as yourself by such a mar-
 riage.

Even if you are both Christians
 you cannot overcome the problems
 of a mixed marriage. Surely you
 can find someone of your own race.
 Think then, think, before it is for-
 ever too late and you are doomed.

In many things the various races
 can get together, but not in mar-
 riage. That is too intimate and too
 sacred a relationship. When it
 comes to marriage, they must turn
 to their own. Love is not sufficient
 to bridge that gulf.

**3. CHOOSE ONE OF YOUR
 OWN LEVEL**

IF YOU ARE rich, do
 not marry someone who is poor. If
 you are poor, do not marry one
 who is rich. Marry on the level up-
 on which you are accustomed to
 live. After you are married you
 may grow rich together, or you
 may become poor together, but you
 will be together and you will un-

derstand each other. You cannot give a rich girl what she is used to; and, if you are rich, those who are poor cannot appreciate what you have. Therefore there are bound to be misunderstandings.

If you are educated, do not marry someone who is ignorant. If you are ignorant, do not marry one who is educated. Marry on your own level or there will be fearful disappointment. I remember a mountaineer who went out and got an education. Then he returned and married his girl friend who had none. All through life they were miserable, both of them. Finally it ended in divorce, but it wrecked his testimony and spoiled his ministry.

Marry into your own society, then you will have much in common. Nor will you ever be ashamed of each other among your friends. You will build your home together.

Remember, it is for life. You take each other for better or for worse. There must be no thought of divorce, for there is no divorce in the plan of God. It is the most sacred relationship in life.

4. CHOOSE WHEN YOU HAVE REACHED MATURITY

AVOID A HASTY marriage. Seldom should a man marry before he is 25 years of age. The girl you would choose at 20 is not the one you would choose at 25. Concentrate on your preparation for your life's work, at least until you are 25. Get ready to live. Become mature before you think of marriage. Take time to grow up.

Your wife, too, should be mature if she is to be a real helpmate. She ought never to marry in her teens. Her girlhood will be short enough. The responsibility of wife and mother are too great to be undertaken in childhood. Then, too, you should be older than she is.

If you are a student, get through first. Do not marry until graduation. Many a marriage has been wrecked at the start because the wife has had to work and put her husband through. Get started in your life's work first. It never dawned on me to marry until I had completed my seminary course and had a church. I was 26 when I became a husband.

These, then, are the vital issues in the choosing of a life partner. Only after such a choice can you honestly accept the marriage vows. Here they are. Consider them well before you make them:

"Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy state of matrimony? Wilt thou love, honor, sustain and cherish her in joy and sorrow, in health and sickness, in prosperity and adversity, and, forsaking all other, keep thee only unto her so long as ye both shall live?"

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR

(Continued from page 3)

state institution, I felt there was much to be done to brighten the days of these old people," she said. "If we all would only give a little bit of our love and affection, we could realize the truth of the Christopher Movement's saying, 'You can change the world.'"

We are told in the Scriptures that it is more blessed to give than to receive; that he that loseth his life shall find it; that we should do unto others as we would have them do unto us; and that pure religion and undefiled is to visit the widows and the fatherless in their affliction and to keep ourselves unspotted from the world.

If we truly desire to fulfill our debts as Christians, we must be willing to give of our best in thoughtfulness, service, time, money and talents. "The harvest is great but the laborers are few."

Who is my neighbor? Am I my brother's keeper? "We are to look upon each other as brothers," recently stated a notable Christian. "And beyond that we are called upon to be our brother's keeper to the very best of our ability."

May we all clasp hands in the true spirit of brotherhood, help bind the wounds of our neighbors, and declare anew to our brothers, "I am your friend and keeper."



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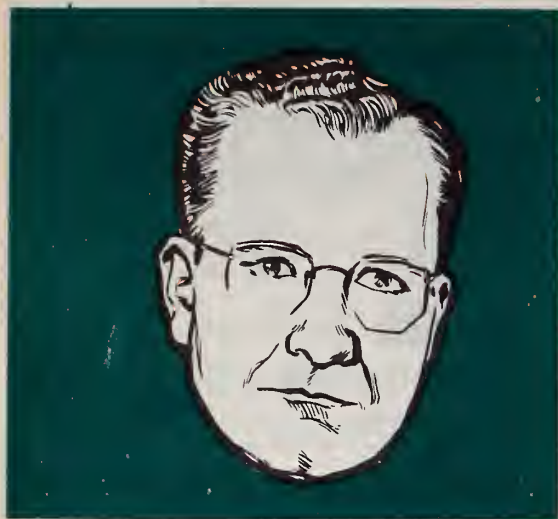
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THE VOICE OF SUNDAY SCHOOL

O. W. POLEN, Director

I Am A Beginner Department Teacher

By Barbara Tyler

Birmingham, Alabama



CONSIDER the opportunity of being a Beginner teacher an honored privilege. Not only the Sunday School, but God, also, has entrusted me with a duty that is far from a minor one.

As I step before my Beginner Class on Sunday morning and view each bright-eyed boy and girl—each countenance glowing with anxious anticipation—my heart is filled with joy and gratification. Then as I survey my task of planting the Word of God in their hearts and leading their feet toward the "Right Path," I realize the great responsibility that rests upon a Beginner teacher. She is guiding the lives of little boys and girls who will someday be men and women. At the Beginner age (4 and 5), the foundation of Christianity is being molded in their lives. I feel that the Beginner teacher is laying the first round of stone in this foundation. Just as the strength of a building depends on its founda-

tion, so does the future of each Beginner depend on his spiritual foundation. The type foundation will determine the type men and women they become. This is why the Beginner teacher should put forth every possible effort to make sure that the foundation is strong, firm, and correct.

To be really successful, a Beginner teacher should love children and have a real burden upon her heart for them. She must be able to win their love. If a person loves another, he is apt to listen to that one, heed his advice, and follow after his manner of life. So it is in the relationship of child and teacher. By winning his love, the teacher can teach him to love; by being kind to him, she can teach kindness. She must be a living example before him. The burden that rests upon her heart makes the teacher always conscious of the needs of each boy and girl, as well as the class as a whole, and prompts her

determination to succeed in her duty to them.

The successful Beginner teacher should be interested in the parents of the children, especially those who are not Christians. She should keep in close contact with the parents. In this way, she is able to learn the personality of each individual child and better understand how to win the love of each. Knowing that a child at home has the influence of Christian parents who concur with what is being taught at Sunday School is a great aid. There are boys and girls from unsaved homes whose sole spiritual guidance and training come from their Sunday School teacher. Since boys and girls of the Beginner age are so quick to mimic and imitate or repeat, it might be through their reiteration of some thought, story, or word that the teacher has spoken that would cause an unsaved parent to stop and think.

The successful Beginner teacher

must spend as much time in prayer, study, and preparation as do the teachers of older classes. She, too, must be led by the Holy Ghost.

In studying the Bible lesson, the Beginner teacher must prepare to present it in its simplest form. Presenting the Bible story is more than standing before the class and dryly reading off a few lines. It is more than hurrying through a story just to get it told. It requires capturing the children's attention and holding it. There should be expression in the voice and action in the manner of the teacher.

WHY IS THE Beginner's perception of our teaching so important? Because first opinions formed by children are lasting ones. In bringing the Word of God to them, we must make sure they comprehend what we are telling them. The Beginner teacher must be very careful in choosing her words and literally mean what she says. I remember hearing of a little boy who was told the story of "George Washington and the Cherry Tree." During the story, the little boy persisted in asking questions. The teacher tried desperately to make him understand. In spite of the teacher's efforts, the little boy went home from school with an inverted interpretation of the story. He explained to his dad that George Washington's father had rather George tell a thousand lies than chop down one cherry tree. It would be drastic for our Beginners to misunderstand and form wrong opinions about Gospel Truths. This would make their foundation unstable and someday be a hindrance in their accepting Christ.

In making application of the lesson, I think it best that one main point be emphasized. Since the Beginner is capable of grasping only a small amount at one time, it is better to have one point clear in his mind instead of several which might confuse him.

Along with preparing the Bible lesson, the Beginner teacher must prepare an outline of activities to keep the children's attention throughout the period. The maximum attention span of the Begin-

ner is only eight or ten minutes. In a class of energetic boys and girls, much time can be wasted unless it is utilized to the best advantage. She will want to plan group singing, group exercises, finger plays (little playlets acted out on the hands using fingers as characters), and added stories. Allowing individuals to stand before the class and sing, letting them hold the Bible for Scripture reading, or having them stand with the teacher to act as teacher for the day are all good training procedures. They help boys and girls overcome shyness, which often hinders them later in life.

To hold the interest of the children, the class routine should be differentiated from time to time—have the Bible story first and then the other class activities; or instead of using flannelgraph, let the boys and girls act out the story. Beginners like new and different things; they like action. With the materials that are provided and a little ingenuity, a Beginner teacher can create new interests and ideas that will kindle a new enthusiasm in the children and lead to a more successful class.

Promptness is a valuable asset to the Beginner teacher. Before leaving for Sunday School, she should review her plans for the class and have a talk with God, asking for His guidance and help. She should leave home early enough to give her adequate time to be at Sunday School and in her class on time. If she is there to recognize and welcome each pupil, it will encourage them to be prompt and regular in attendance. Upon entering the classroom, her mind should be adroit with the outline of the lesson and activity for the day. Her materials should all be in order—flannelgraph pictures placed so they may be presented at just the right time, color books, colors, etc., ready to be handed out when needed. The promptness and effectiveness of the teacher contribute to her success with Beginners.

Two outstanding traits of the Beginner teacher are patience and understanding. In all efforts to command attention and constitute

order, there will be interruptions and disciplinary problems. The Beginner, however, is not too young to be taught reverence, that he should be quite and obedient in the House of God. I find that by beginning my class with prayer and having the boys and girls repeat after me, they not only learn to pray, but a spirit of reverence is also created in the classroom.

THE BEGINNER has a great field of development before him. All the departments ahead have a reserved vacancy for him. The part he will play in each department will be determined by his development enroute to it. The Beginner teacher should constantly be making a survey of each student's progress. It is good to ask questions to determine his knowledge of Biblical facts and spiritual values. In turn, the Beginner should be given a chance to ask questions and express his ideas. In this way, there can be a mutual understanding between child and teacher. The teacher knows what to expect of the child, and the child knows what is expected by the teacher.

If the seed of Truth is planted in the heart of the Beginner and is carefully and frequently cultivated, it will grow. The young and tender heart of a Beginner is truly rich ground. If the teacher has succeeded in the planting and cultivation, she can be assured that her children will not be promoted still Beginners. Her children will have a foundation ready for the next round of stone in the building of their spiritual lives.

Not only is this training important for today, but its influence remains tomorrow. According to the rate of crime today, the penitentiaries and reform institutions will have to be doubled—even tripled. Who is expected to fill these institutions? Yes, our children of today. Do they have to? Is it their fault? Both of these questions can be answered negatively. It is up to the Sunday School teacher and the parents working together. We must not wait until the Junior and Young Adult age to begin. We must start with the Beginner and even

(Continued on page 20)

Sunday School and Youth Work Statistics

BY O. W. POLEN, National Sunday School and Youth Director

SUNDAY SCHOOL

Average Weekly Attendance

May 1959			
500 and Over			
Greenville (Tremont Avenue), South Carolina	817	Norfolk, Virginia	207
Middletown (Clayton Street), Ohio	530	Columbus (29th Street), Ohio	207
400-499		Radford, Virginia	205
Atlanta (Hemphill), Georgia	485	Williamsburg, Pennsylvania	205
Detroit Tabernacle, Michigan	476	West Danville, Virginia	203
Hamilton (7th and Chestnut), Ohio	423	St. Louis (Northside), Missouri	203
Chattanooga (North), Tennessee	406	Logan, West Virginia	203
300-399		Somerset, Kentucky	202
Kannapolis, North Carolina	394	Greenwood (South), South Carolina	201
Cleveland (North), Tennessee	387	Lancaster, South Carolina	201
Cincinnati (12th and Elm), Ohio	387	West Lakeland, Florida	201
Erwin, North Carolina	380	Marion, North Carolina	200
Wilmington, North Carolina	374	West Miami, Florida	200
Jacksonville, Florida	366		
Anderson (McDuffie Street), South Carolina	363	125-199	
South Gastonia, North Carolina	361	Perry, Florida	199
Monroe (14th Street), Michigan	347	Charleston (King Street), South Carolina	198
Orlando, Florida	321	McColl, South Carolina	198
Lakeland, Florida	316	Chattanooga (East Ridge), Tennessee	198
Rome, Georgia	314	Dallas, Texas	196
Chattanooga (East), Tennessee	310	Somerset, Pennsylvania	196
Buford, Georgia	310	Greer, South Carolina	196
South Lebanon, Ohio	308	Sevierville, Tennessee	195
Griffin, Georgia	303	Fayetteville, North Carolina	194
Tampa, Florida	302	Plant City, Florida	194
Charlotte (Parkwood), North Carolina	302	Rossville, Georgia	194
Pontiac, Michigan	301	Crichton (Mobile), Alabama	191
Alabama City, Alabama	300	Lake City, Florida	191
Biltmore, North Carolina	300	Macon (Napier Avenue), Georgia	190
200-299		Pomona, California	188
West Flint, Michigan	293	Clearwater, Florida	187
Whitwell, Tennessee	289	Fitzgerald, Georgia	186
Pulaski, Virginia	286	Jackson, Tennessee	186
Dillon, South Carolina	285	Cleveland (E. 55th), Ohio	185
Atlanta (Riverside), Georgia	283	Rifle Range, Florida	185
Sulphur Springs, Florida	276	North Birmingham, Alabama	184
Rock Hill, South Carolina	275	Princeton, West Virginia	184
Savannah (Anderson Street), Georgia	275	Lanes Avenue, Florida	184
West Gastonia, North Carolina	273	Sanford, Florida	184
Fort Lauderdale, Florida	273	Knoxville (8th Avenue), Tennessee	183
Sumiton, Alabama	271	West Indianapolis, Indiana	183
Lenoir, North Carolina	267	Russell Springs, Kentucky	183
Cleveland (South), Tennessee	266	Anderson (Osborne Avenue), South Carolina	183
Home for Children, Tennessee	266	East Belmont, North Carolina	182
Newport News, Virginia	266	Sanford, North Carolina	182
Dallas, North Carolina	264	Ft. Myers, Florida	181
Greenville (Woodside), South Carolina	263	Marked Tree, Arkansas	180
Canton (9th and Gibbs), Ohio	261	Avondale Estates, Georgia	180
Dayton (Oakridge Drive), Ohio	254	Walhalla (No. 1), South Carolina	179
Greenville (Park Place), South Carolina	251	Eldorado, Illinois	178
South Rocky Mount, North Carolina	248	Lebanon, Pennsylvania	178
Milford, Delaware	247	Birmingham (South Park), Alabama	177
Daisy, Tennessee	242	Saddle Tree, North Carolina	176
Akron (Market Street), Ohio	239	Greenville, North Carolina	175
Louisville (Highland Park), Kentucky	236	Huntington, West Virginia	174
Lenoir City, Tennessee	235	Bartow, Florida	174
Easton, Maryland	235	Willow Run, Michigan	173
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East Laurinburg, North Carolina	232	Winter Garden, Florida	170
Lumberton, North Carolina	232	Brunswick, Georgia	170
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THE LAMPLIGHTER

540 **Lighted Pathways** Distributed by One Church 3

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YOUTH WANTS TO KNOW

By Avis Swiger

DEAR EDITOR: I am a young evangelist just starting in the ministry. What is the proper way to get bookings for revivals?—J. V. L.

Dear J. V. L.: Thank you for this timely question. There are several things that you can do.

First, your own pastor should help you by using you in services as he has the opportunity and by speaking to others about you. You should take advantage of every opportunity offered you to preach (even in the smallest places) so that others will know that you are sincere.

Your overseer should put your name in the state paper as an evangelist.

Attend all district rallies and other gatherings so that others will become acquainted with you.

PRAY AND ASK THE LORD TO OPEN DOORS FOR YOU.

PEN PALS

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Vol. 30 SEPTEMBER, 1959 No. 9

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Subscription Rates

Single Subscriptions, per year . . .	\$1.50
Rolls of 10	1.00
Single Copies15

Published monthly at the Church of God Publishing House, Cleveland, Tenn. All materials intended for publication in The LIGHTED PATHWAY should be addressed to Lewis J. Willis, Editor. All inquiries concerning subscriptions should be addressed to Bookkeeping Department, Church of God Publishing House, Cleveland, Tennessee.

ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL
MATTER AT POST OFFICE
CLEVELAND, TENNESSEE

540

LIGHTED PATHWAYS

DISTRIBUTED BY ONE CHURCH

120 BUSINESS FIRMS RECEIVE MAGAZINE

THE FOLLOWING REPORT is one of the most inspiring accounts I have received in some time. It is the experience of one alert and consecrated pastor, the Reverend Paul F. Barker, and his wide-awake church, Oak Hill, West Virginia. What this pastor and his church have accomplished could and should be repeated many times by other congregations. I hope this testimony will stimulate many others to "go and do likewise."

"The Oak Hill, West Virginia Church of God presently has 540 LIGHTED PATHWAYS coming to the church. The program is successfully working as follows:

"The pastor, Reverend Paul F. Barker, contacted various local business men in the community describing the need for getting more good literature into circulation in the community. For each merchant that agreed to purchase LIGHTED PATHWAYS by the roll, his personal advertising was typed on specially prepared labels and attached to the front cover of the magazine. The church telephone number and address was stamped on the back cover in case anyone should need the services of the pastor or church.

"The church's Publication's Distribution Committee is composed of: Brother Frank Marshall, Chairman; Sister Scythia Ferrel, typist; Brother Roy A. Smith and Brother Franklin Ferrel, who have cars and deliver THE LIGHTED PATHWAYS.

"When THE LIGHTED PATHWAYS arrive at the church, Brother Marshall separates and counts them into individual stacks according to the duplicate invoices sent in the package. He then affixes the labels prepared by Sister Ferrel to the number purchased by the respective firms. The merchant remits directly to the Publishing House.

"All issues paid for by church members simply carry the label, 'For Your Reading Pleasure' with the church name, 'Central Avenue Church of God' and the pastor's address and telephone number. Brother Smith, using his station wagon, takes some of our young boys of the church and distributes, door-to-door, in the immediate area around the church. Brother Marshall and Brother Ferrel deliver to all the business establishments, keeping a record of each place they leave a copy. Five hundred and forty LIGHTED PATHWAYS are placed in 120 different places each month.

"The pastor personally leaves a copy at the bedside of each Nursing Home patient and the hospital as

far as the copies go. At present, we are leaving THE LIGHTED PATHWAYS on the counter and desk of nearly every firm in our town, barber and beauty shops, doctors' and dentists' offices (people sit here for hours), bus stations, restaurants, hotels, etc.

"An accurate and detailed record is made and kept on file of the places we leave THE LIGHTED PATHWAY each month. We have requests for many more, and we could use them effectively.

"We all know, the markets today are flooded with immoral and obscene literature. Though we cannot be rid of such literature, we can counteract it by placing good literature on the markets. This we are doing with THE LIGHTED PATHWAY, which is a good, clean, Biblically sound periodical that appeals not only to the young, but also to the busy families and the aged.

"The sin of the Priest and the Levite was not that they inflicted further injuries to the man who fell among thieves on his way to Jericho, *but, rather that they merely looked at him and did nothing!* The Good Samaritan stopped, bound up his wounds and arranged for his care. We cannot conscientiously sit idly by while the need for more good literature is before us. Our responsibility becomes a challenge, and it certainly is not enough just to place good literature in the hands of our own people alone.

"The businessmen in our community have been made conscious of this great need and a note of appreciation is placed in our weekly church bulletin for those contributing to the effort. To all our members and friends who are participating, we very humbly extend our heartfelt thanks for their interest in this noble work."

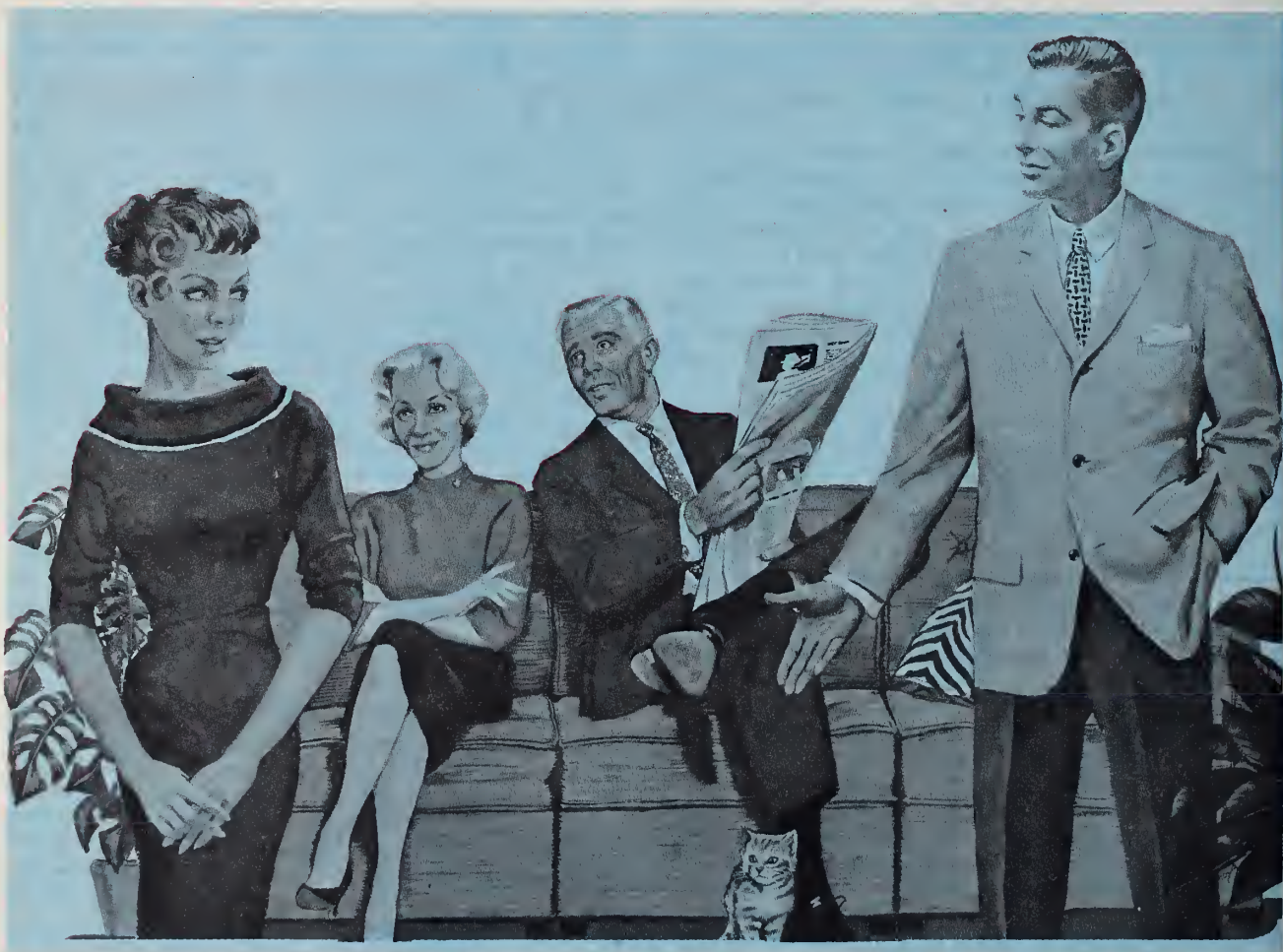
Reverend Barker writes that the problems encountered in this program have been very few. He hastens to add that the response has been tremendous. The business people of his community believe in what he is doing and are co-operating with him. He tells of a dentist who at first said he did not want the literature in his office; but when he was urged to examine the magazine, he was amazed and delighted with it. He then urged that copies be left regularly.

Our sincere congratulations and commendations to Brother Barker and his workers. You are engaged in one of the most vital ministries of the Christian Church. Thank you and God bless you!

SHATTERED

By Blanch Stovall

Illustrated by Walter Ambrose



PLANS

SUSAN GREENLEE finished putting away the last breakfast dish as she thought over what seemed her hopeless plight. Most of her closest friends, Betty Dixon, Doris Sneed, Jack Timmer, and Less Bradley had gone away to college. She was left behind. She had made such intriguing plans to study voice and piano in the city and to room with Betty and Doris. Her mother's operation had frustrated all these plans.

Besides, there was no one in this small town who could give her the advanced music instruction that she needed. Thus her music was left at a standstill.

Too, she was missing Jack more than she cared to admit. They had been such good pals through high school. Now, more than likely, he'd forget all about her as he made new girl friends in college. Soon she'd hardly be a memory.

Why did all these disappointments have to strike at her life? Why this hard luck for her? It didn't seem to make sense. She was only trying to improve her talents. Tears came into her eyes as she dwelt on her disappointments.

About this time Mrs. Greenlee called her. Susan quickly tried to brush away her tears. Her mother mustn't see she'd been crying. It might worry her and make her worse.

She hurried to the sick room and asked with forced cheerfulness, "What is it, Mother?"

"Sit down, Susan, I want to talk to you. I've been thinking of your great disappointments."

"Don't bother about them," Susan consoled. "Just get well. That will make us all happy."

Mrs. Greenlee went on as though Susan hadn't spoken. "I don't know why this had to happen to me when you were planning so enthusiastically to go to the city to study. I hope you don't lose your enthusiasm or become discouraged. Everything is going to work out for the best, I'm sure, though it may seem hard to you now."

Susan tried to force back fresh tears.

Mrs. Greenlee continued sympathetically, "I know you miss Jack a lot too. But who knows, you might find a boy friend who suits you better as I did years ago."

Susan made an effort to smile approval, but her smile was dim like clouded sunshine.

Mrs. Greenlee went on, "When I was your age, I had a boy friend named Dick. I thought he was wonderful and that we'd get married a little later. To my disappointment, he was suddenly drafted into the service and sent to another state. For awhile I missed him so much, but I got to going out with other young people and thought less and less of Dick. Finally we quit writing altogether."

"Later on I met the boy who is today your fine father. How much better he suited me! I have ever been thankful that things worked out for my good. Sometimes God allows our plans to be shattered and disappointments to come to set us straight."

"Thank you, Mother," Susan said trying to catch a faint gleam of

light for her struggling heart.

BUT TIME WORE on, still nothing opened up for her. Her faith and courage were sorely tested. Jack's letters became fewer and farther apart.

One day she read in the paper that Herman Krester, a famous musician, was getting out of the city's smog because of his health and was coming to her town with his family.

Hope arose in Susan's heart. Maybe she could take lessons from him and care for her mother too. What a thrill it would be if she could study music under such a famous instructor.

But by the time the Kresters did move to town, her mother had a relapse. Susan had all she could do to care for her and do the work. Her music was pushed aside again, but she struggled on and prayed.

Finally, Mrs. Greenlee began to make some improvement. Susan could wait no longer to tell her of Mr. Krester.

Mrs. Greenlee encouraged, "I think you should go right away to see if he will give you lessons."

"I'd like so much to!" Susan exulted. She could hardly wait to follow this advice.

Then one glorious day, she found herself going up the beautiful tree-lined walk to the Krester home. Such a distinguished looking old place, she thought, and very befitting to the prominent occupants.

By the time she reached the long front porch, she began to feel jittery. Here was a famous musician, and she had no appointment or anything in the way of an introduction.

She hesitated, but not for long. Her strong desire to find an instructor won out. She'd face whatever the odds were.

She supposed it was Mrs. Krester who stringently opened the door. Susan introduced herself and told her what she wanted. The woman seemed cold and uninterested.

She said rather impatiently and in a few words, "Mr. Krester is here for health reasons and shouldn't take on more work. He has too many pupils as it is. Sorry." With that, she began closing the door.

(Continued on page 20)

MY LADY MACBETH



EARLY IN MY LIFE a trio of fears took hold of me and held me fast for years—held me until what I now fondly call my LADY MACBETH day.

The first big fear, I remember, began its tight hold at the death of my father when I was five. People called at our house and patted me on the head and said how it was such a pity for a man so young to die.

The pity of it was I didn't understand about death and the feelings of loss suffered by those left behind. I simply didn't accept the fact that my father wouldn't be coming home every day at five to lift me into his arms and fondle me in the adoring love which had made my childhood so secure and happy.

What a pathetic little figure I must have been, sitting on the curb in front of our house every evening at five, waiting. I wanted to be the first to see him again and to tell Mama that he had returned.

When I finally faced the fact that Papa wasn't going to return, real grief took over. I was stunned by the realization of the big void there was going to be in my life . . . forever and ever. I still had Mama. As long as I had Mama, I had love and safety. What if Mama died too?

It was that question that bred the first real fear I had ever known. It was then that I began what was to become a years-long habit of waking at night, creeping down the hall to Mama's bedroom to stand in the darkness beside her bed to listen for her breathing. Breathing meant living.

Even as years went on, I kept my fear a secret. If Mama mentioned a headache, or was late in coming home, or if I heard of a death of someone around Mama's age, I plunged into stifling panic.

In the meantime I had added another fear with which to taunt myself through my growing-up years. It was the fear of being inadequate and of being laughed

at by my own age group.

The fear fastened its claws on me when I failed to pass the first grade.

"I don't understand this failure at all!" Mama said when she got my report card. Together we went to talk to the first grade teacher.

The teacher said: "She can't read."

"She knows the First Reader by heart," Mama protested.

"Yes, she's smart enough to memorize the words she has heard repeated so often, but she is not capable of learning to read them."

When we left the room, I asked: "Mama, does Teacher mean I'm dumb?"

"It isn't true," Mama consoled me.

But I thought maybe Teacher knew best because Mama loved me too much to understand how dumb I was. I worried a lot about being dumb. Then when the new class came in, and word got around that I was there because I had failed, the children laughed at me.

They teased me continuously too with "Evelyn is a dumbbell! Evelyn is a dumbbell!"

My humiliation was so intense that I actually suffered physical pains in my stomach and dizzy sensations in my head . . . especially when they laughed.

I tried and tried to learn to read so that I could win the respect of my classmates; but try as I would, I couldn't understand what the teacher was talking about. Jeering laughs kept ringing in my ears.

But Mama had not given up. She insisted that I was not dumb. Something else was the matter. Finally she arrived at a decision. We went to the oculist.

WHEN I WAS fitted with glasses a whole new world I never knew existed opened up for me. For the first time I saw individual letters on a printed page. It wasn't long before I learned to read.

But the wounds my classmates had inflicted with their laughter

and teasing left the ugly scar of fear. Never again did I want the humiliation of being laughed at. This fear became one of the driving forces that governed my activities.

I adopted my third big fear at the age of eight when my grandfather came to make his home with us. As a result of his stay, I became afraid of men.

Grandpa wore all the trappings of his education in a Prussian military school: ruling with an iron hand, believing all families should be patriarchal, booming and strutting and ordering.

Grandpa's punishments were severe: For a misdemeanor I might be banished to my room for the day, or denied a favorite food, or prohibited from having playmates for a week.

Once I told a lie. I said that I had bathed when I hadn't. I had actually used the time to read instead. As punishment for that lie Grandpa ordered me to give my little dog away. I cried so much over losing my pet that Mama worried about my eyes. She took me to the oculist again and he prescribed medicine drops to be given three times a day.

Resentments against Grandpa steamed up within me. Resentments and fear. Fear of him. And since he was a man, I began to fear all men. My father, I decided, had been the one exception. Most men were probably stern and unrelenting like Grandpa.

These three fears I carried strong and fast within me until I was a junior in college, and ready to take my final examination in a course in Shakespeare.

The instructor was a big man like Grandpa had been. Besides, his voice had a fiercer booming quality than Grandpa's. This man, Professor Ottinger, breathed new breathe into the fear I had had of my grandfather.

My final assignment was to recite the sleep walking scene from *MACBETH*, complete with costume and stage props.

The fear of Professor Ottinger prompted me to memorize that speech syllable perfect. Also I went to a great deal of trouble to borrow a long flowing robe which would be more in keeping with Lady Macbeth's character than my own short, mandarin-styled one.

I was ready for my test long before it was to be given. But two days before it was due I was sure I'd never take the exam. Mother was rushed to the hospital for an emergency operation.

The old fear of losing her gathered vigor. Was it really going to happen? She looked so pale and still on the white bed. I sentinelled by her bedside as if my very presence would ward off the shadow of death.

Mama roused the day of the exam. "Finish your tests," she begged me in a quiet whisper. "I'd feel relieved to know you'd finished on schedule. . . ."

I DID AS she asked, though all my motions were robot-like. My mind was with her and my fear for her.

I rehearsed my lines again and picked up the robe. When Professor Ottinger called my name I slipped into the borrowed garment, lit the candle, and proceeded quickly to make my entrance on the stage.

Then I realized that the borrowed robe was far too tight. As I walked toward the footlights the button at the waist snapped off, the robe fell away, and I was standing in my petticoat!

As I grabbed at the robe, almost dropping the sputtering candle in my frantic attempt to get covered, the class broke out in uproarious laughter. My heart gave a hiccup and I thought it was going to stop. They were laughing at me just as the first-graders had laughed at me! Once again what I feared most was happening to me.

The footlights loomed up big and bright, and I stood staring at them in paralyzed fascination. They began floating before my eyes in new

colors of red and yellow.

Then Professor Ottinger's voice zoomed out of the darkness of the auditorium. "May we have a few words from you, Lady Macbeth?"

There was no mistaking his irritation. The torture of still another fear blanked out more of my consciousness as his voice stayed in my ears causing a pressure in them that gave me the feeling of being far down under water.

"What were the words?" I asked myself. I couldn't think of a single one of them! Another wave of laughter was going on beyond the footlights.

In that moment new words came to me. I did not utter them aloud although I knew my lips were moving. I was saying: "O God, I can't face all this alone, without You. I turn everything over to You. Help me, please help me!"

Then it was that I felt the very presence of the Holy Spirit. A great swelling of peace filled my soul. His nearness was so undisputable that I felt security as I had never known it.

Automatically I began Lady Macbeth's speech. Then I began thinking about the words I was saying. The titters beyond the footlights stopped.

When I finished, Professor Ottinger's boomed out again saying: "Thank you, thank you! It's work like that I am always hoping to get from my pupils."

There was applause from the class. I would have been completely exuberant except for the still lingering concern for Mama.

After class, when I called the doctor, he told me: "Don't worry any more. Your mother is going to get well."

As I walked home through the gathering twilight, I knew agonizing fears could never again take over my life. I marvelled at the power that comes from the full realization of a truth so simple a child could understand it—the power of the simple truth that to turn to God is to conquer all fears.



When You Fall... Rise Again

By Katherine Bevis

WHenever you fail as a Christian, rise up again without losing a moment. It is the devil's business not only to get you down in defeat but also to keep you down. He knows if he can keep you in the place where you have tumbled, you will continue to fail more as the hours drag by. The longer you remain down, the greater is the possibility of a complete staying down and giving up! The devil knows that.

So, **DO NOT WAIT—GET UP!** Frankly admit to the Lord where you have failed. Do not be afraid to name the very thing that has caused you to fall, for His Word tells us, "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." (1 John 1:9)

Then believe that He does it! Spend time daily in prayer, in reading His Word, and in quiet meditation. "Be still and know that I am God," He tells us.

We have all perhaps heard the story of Jerry McAuley, but it will refresh our souls to read it again.

Jerry McAuley was a bum, wholly dominated by the curse of drink. One night, terribly drunk, he stumbled into a mission on the Bowery, the "Skid-Row" of New York City. That night under the influence of the gospel message, God sobered him and gloriously saved him. Filled with joy, he left the place sure that liquor would never overpower him again. But he failed. Passing a saloon, he was overcome by the old habit and went on a drunk.

This, however, is not the end of this story. Jerry McAuley, overwhelmed with shame, hurried back to God, and told Him what he had done. He told God how brokenhearted he was over falling down. Immediately, he started out for God again, and for some time he walked without falling.

Then, as the story of his life goes, he fell down seventeen times, but he also got up seventeen times. After getting up the seventeenth time, he never fell again.

The same thing that made Jerry McAuley fall may not stumble you, but the principle works the same. The restoration will be complete if you are in earnest—if you keenly feel your failure and really want help.

Little Mary was only seven, and ordinarily she did everything just right, or very nearly so. One day, however, she did nothing right. She lost her temper, she disobeyed her daddy and she was rude to her mother. After her last offense, her mother sent her to her room. Alone, she was overwhelmed with what she done to those she loved. Through the closed door, her mother heard her pitiful sobs. Immediately her mother went in and took Mary in her arms. Then leading her into the kitchen, she let her little daughter do something she had never allowed her to do before—wash her best tea set. The restoration was now complete.

Jesus restored Peter, who had three times denied Him, by giving him a responsibility that involved what he loved.

Our gospel is a gospel of hope and of help. Though your battle be long, never say die—get up from your failure quickly. Tell God; then trust Him and take heart. "If thou wilt . . ." How often we read these words, or words that mean the same in the Bible.

God had a great future for Jero-boam IF he himself would "get up" from where he had fallen down. He had to adjust himself to the ways of the eternal.

Let us not be blind to our faults! Let us take the proper steps that shall restore us to the place of joy and victory in our soul.

What Is Your Courtesy Quotient?

IF YOU ARE ADULT enough to date, you are old enough to behave like an adult. Check yourself on the following:

1. Are you definite when asking for a date?

Too many fellows fall into the habit of saying, "Whatcha doin' Friday night?" Maybe the girl is aching to go with him some places but not any or every place. So, not knowing where he wants to go she answers, "Plenty," meaning washing her hair, which she could do the next morning. So give her definite details, such as "How about going to the Valentine Banquet with me two weeks from Friday?" To that she can reply, "I'll ask Mom." Then in a couple of days she can give you a definite answer and you can make your plans.

2. Do you consider "honking" sufficient to let your girl friend know that you've arrived at the curb?

If so, why should you? Even the president of the United States doesn't consider himself sufficiently important to merely honk to let people know he has arrived. Difficult as it may seem, unwind yourself from behind the steering wheel, walk the six or more feet

to her front door, ring the bell and say a few but necessary words to her mother or father. It pays in the long run because your stock will go up in their eyes and in the eyes of your date.

3. Do you open the car door for your date?

She may have hands of her own but somehow, for long centuries men have preferred to take care of ladies. It is their privilege. They rolled away the rock from the front of the cave. They let down the drawbridge over the moat. They held the horse's head while the lady mounted. So today a gentleman automatically opens the door of either the car or the helicopter.

4. Do you get the girl home at the agreed time?

"I'm sorry, but Mom says I can't go with you, because we were so late last time," need not be the ending of your friendship with the prettiest girl in town. Parents feel that night, at least part of it, is for sleeping. Therefore, make a careful estimate of the time you need for the date, and having agreed to a certain hour, get the girl back with a smile. Then she'll be permitted to go out with you again.



By Dorothy C. Haskin

Illustrated by Chloe Stewart



A COLLEGE chaplain sees and hears much of campus routine and activity as it relates to the religious and social needs of the students. What he hears while talking to students, his colleagues, his God, or while walking through the Halls of Ivy forms a variety of informative material which is interesting because it is a display of human behaviour.

The ear is an instrument through which the mind receives and records data. The data is recorded to be remembered at moments when similar incidents transpire and associations occur. It is not infrequent that the college chaplain sees a student which brings back the memory of another with whom he talked, and almost simultaneously he hears again words, made meaningful by emotional tones. The wonderful human recorder, the mind, is playing back to him what he heard some time ago. As he hears each slow, soft tone indicating depression, or as he hears the high pitched voice of a youth rapidly telling of good news from home, he cannot help but be touched all over again in the same momentous way that he was first moved by those who needed him.

The following accounts are some of the things he hears as he thinks back over a school year. Filled with waves of sentiment come words describing a soul positioned between two possible paths. He hears the distressing voice of one on the phone which says that a lad has been hurt. He remembers the sound of a young girl's voice when she spoke of her dilemma about marriage. He understands and feels the concern found in the calm discus-

sion of teachers interested in giving all that they have to students who desperately need them. He listens to a variety of prayer requests. He recalls a parent's voice made weak by a bad long-distance connection relating concern over a son or daughter who had not written. Most of all, he remembers that still small voice which reminds him of the needs of students with lack of security and doubts about the faith.

Common, but never so common that sympathetic feeling is lost, is the problem that students bring concerning their decisions.

A student says, "I have two things I can do, but which is better for me? At the end of the school term I can get a job that has a good future; but if I take it, then I will not want to continue my college training. I see the advantage of getting established with a reliable company, but I also know that finishing my college work will open up the door to more areas of growth. What shall I do?"

"I know," they tell me, "that you do not give advice, and really I am glad, but I must talk to someone about this problem. Do you think that you can help me?"

The ear drum of the counselor beats out a tune formed by the words of one anxious over the future. The tone of voice means as much as the words, and even if he were blind he could see the wrinkled forehead, the worried eyes, and the fiddling fingers of a youth perplexed by a problem as old as the world is. Wanting to go two opposite directions at the same time has bothered every person at sometime in his life. The chaplain continues to be guided by his ear

THE EAR OF A COLLEGE CHAPLAIN

By Robert E. Stevens Chaplain, Lee College

because he believes a young man interested enough in the situation to talk about it, pray about it, and consider the facts is going to make the right decision. The ear ever listens for signs of danger and confusion; in the case of these possible pitfalls, the ear rests while the mind forms the words to guide this youth aright.

The ringing phone is something that every minister knows. Sometimes it means trouble; sometimes it is good news, sometimes it is nothing, and sometimes it is routine. The sound of an excited voice saying Kenneth or Roland has been hurt comes through the ear piece on the phone. The chaplain must go to the hospital, but that he always does willingly. He discovers sports, fun, fellowship and study can end in accidents, just as anything else.

ANXIOUS ABOUT the needs of the wounded, he hurries to the hospital to be relieved by the news that the trouble is not serious. The story is then told. Occasionally, the accident revolves around a wrong move of the wrong leg; sometimes the problem rests in running into the wrong person. But the sounds that impress the chaplain are the words of a Christian athlete who demonstrates the highest in good sportsmanship and genteel qualities. From strong jaws and a well defined mouth the broad shouldered sportsman utters words of unselfish assurance.

"I am going to be all right. Could have been a lot worse than this."

"Are you hurting anywhere?" the chaplain asks, perceiving that he is.

"Why no, not too badly, you don't think I mind a pin scratch do you?"

comes the answer in rounded deep tones from someone strong.

What the ear hears in this situation is one thing; what the mind knows is another. The boy is in pain, but he effectively hides it. Realizing that it is time to go, the school minister prays for the boy's strength and healing.

The chaplain leaves, but he is not sad. He is happy because he has heard the voice of someone strong; he knows that whatever lies in the future of this young man, he can take it, because he is strong in body and in faith.

Back at the office to meet his next counselee, he sees a young coed to whom he has talked previously. She came last week, but felt that another session could help further clarify some of her problems. Words about love, sweethearts and marriage meet the ear commonly—and they should, because these things are common and universal problems of youth. She seems a little worried because the gentleman whom she wishes to marry wants to marry immediately; she desires to finish her education.

"If I lose him, I shall die. But I cannot marry him now. I have obligations to my parents. They want me to finish school, and after all, I owe them something for being willing to pay all of my expenses for last year and this. I just do not know what to do. I love him; I love Mom and Dad, too. There must be a solution."

After a long pause she continues, "I guess I am enjoying worrying. If he cannot wait for me to finish school, then it shows he really does not love me. He needs to finish school himself. Why, if I marry him

now I shall be working and he will be studying. You know, that is not fair . . . I have made up my mind. I am going to wait."

The chaplain knows quite well this is not the end of her worries about the matter, but hearing this unfinished but wise decision, he sighs a sigh of relief.

ONE OF THE MOST gratifying of all sounds comes from God-fearing teachers who talk about how they want to fulfill their purpose in the kingdom. Often a voice speaks out in a faculty meeting or in private conversation about a student who seems discouraged.

"What can I do to help John who is having difficulty comprehending English? Maybe I can spend some extra hours and assist him with his weaknesses? Are you aware of any emotional difficulties that he might be having? Is there trouble financially?"

Another might say, "I believe that Agnes is going through a serious valley. I have heard her express doubts in class about religion; and although I know these are quite natural, I realize that if ever there is a time she needs help, it is now. Perhaps some of the faculty would like to offer suggestions about helping her."

The more the teachers talk, the more one senses their sincerity. They portray professional concern amid spiritual dedication without which education would be dead. They demonstrate the real reason for having a church-operated school. Thoughts such as these illustrate the feelings of teachers who are compelled to teach rather than people who use the profes-

(Continued on page 22)

THE WORD "church" may mean different things to different people. It may bring to mind a building, a structure of old or new design. It may also bring to mind the picture of a building made of stone, brick, stucco, a shingled structure or a little white country church. The word "church" can bring to mind denominations such as the Lutheran Church, the Protestant Episcopal Church, or the Church of God. And finally, it may mean the totality of all Christians in all ages and in all lands—assembling to worship God in their own way. The church is a pure fellowship, a community of persons, a spiritual home. And, last but not least, a sort of missionary society, seeking to transmit by word and deed, God's love for all mankind regardless of his faith.

Many of us take our church for granted. It has, in all probability, been on its present site for as long as we can remember. Some of us, however, possessed with a more inquisitive nature, enjoy digging into the past history of our own church. What do you actually know about yours? There may be an unusual story attached to it. Have you ever thought of doing research on your own house of prayer?

Archaeologists are making startling discoveries about churches of the past. Almost daily, historians unearth facts about contemporary churches. There is so much to learn about the oldest church, the smallest church, the biggest church. This can become somewhat of a hobby. Perhaps you would like to know of some of my findings over the years.

Let's consider first the oldest church now standing in the United States. St. Luke's Protestant Episcopal Church is at Smithfield, Virginia. It is the only remaining example of the colonial gothic church left.

THE SMALLEST church in our country, and the smallest church in the entire world for that matter was built a few years ago by a retired Baptist minister. More than five thousand people from the majority of the fifty states and from foreign lands have been in-

side this church which measures 5 feet wide, 11 feet long, and 14 feet high . . . from threshold to steeple tip. The Reverend Lewis West built the church for all faiths. Above the door is a sign which reads: UNION CHURCH FOR ALL FAITHS. REV. L. W. WEST, PASTOR. SMALLEST CHURCH IN THE WORLD—NEVER LOCKED. This little edifice is on a country road, route 62, at Hudson, Massachusetts. As Mr. West says, "Although the road is extensively traveled, few people ever stopped. It got lonesome after my retirement, and so I decided to build the church." He, like Joseph, is a carpenter. "Building the church would, I hoped, bring people to stop and chat awhile. I thought too if I built the church in such a manner that it could be seen from the road, out

of curiosity they would pull up for a closer look. And now, the smallest church in the world has turned out better than I ever could have hoped!"

The Reverend L. West began to build his church in 1954 with the funds received from friends and relatives. Sufficient cash was raised to buy the lumber. The entire cost was about eighty-five dollars. The labor was minor, a good brotherhood spirit existed among the neighbors who helped to build the church.

Services are held on special occasions. Sometimes in early spring and summer, children pick buttercups and dandelions from the nearby fields to decorate the little church. On some occasions the children hold their own services. Because it is so small, the children

By Pauline V. McConnell

UPON



THIS ROCK I'll build my Church

look upon it as their own church.

The Reverend L. West especially enjoys telling people of a group of young boys who left a nearby swimming party to visit the church a summer or two ago. Doing some gardening on the grounds, he stepped behind some bushes when he saw the boys coming up the path. All of the lads were in swimming trunks, all were shirtless save one. The boys engaged in conversation, then the boy with the shirt went into the church, stayed a few moments, came out and removed his shirt. Handing it to another lad, he entered the church, and so it went, one by one the boys removed the shirt and passed it on until everyone had been inside. Then the group gathered and once more dived in-

to the water . . . and swam from sight.

A supply of literature and tracts of all faiths is kept in the church. No collections whatsoever are made. A little box is seen hanging on the wall. If visitors care to drop in a few coins, they are welcome to do so. These small tokens help to keep the church in repair.

HE WHO created the giants of the forests, the redwoods—may very well have designated one in particular to be used for a California church. For that is just what happened. The First Baptist Church of Santa Rosa, California was built from the wood of ONE REDWOOD TREE.

In the year 1873 an enormous redwood with a reported height of 367 feet and 8 inches was felled near Guerneville, California. An af-

fadavit was made and signed by Mr. T. J. Butts who planed the lumber for the church. Dated February 24, 1900, Mr. Butts states:

"This particular tree when cut yielded 78,000 feet of lumber, of which 57,000 was clear of knots. It was about 16 feet in diameter. The entire building which was raised in the spring and summer of 1873, from the foundation to the roof was built from the product of one single tree. The floor however, was not built of the lumber from the tree."

Thousands of people, missionaries, laymen, ministers, presidents, men of state, and more, have all worshipped in this little church at Santa Rosa, California. Gilbert F. Johnson, present pastor of First Baptist Church says, with some sadness, "Changing conditions in the downtown area and the growing need for more space forced the congregation to build a new and larger church. Until the summer of 1957, the church was in use."

AS THE CHURCH has great historical significance, one of the local Santa Rosa newspapers sponsored a move to save it. Eventually, through the generosity of the people of all faiths, a portion of the needed money was raised to move the church. It is now prominently displayed in a park directly across from the home of Luther Burbank. The City of Santa Rosa hopes to be able in time to accumulate the needed funds to completely restore the church. It is hoped that this once King of the Forest will live forever in the hearts of the people there.

Again, what about your own church? What about the churches in your community? Other than knowing where the churches are—why they are there. Wouldn't you like to learn more of their background and history? There's no telling what you may find in your research.

Some words to think about:

"Bow down thine ear, and hear the words of the wise, and apply thine heart unto knowledge," Proverbs 22:17.

"The heart of him that hath understanding seeketh knowledge," Proverbs 15:14.

I CAN'T COME DOWN

By Chester Shuler

"... I AM DOING A GREAT
WORK, SO THAT I CANNOT COME DOWN. . . ."
(Nehemiah 6:3)

ALL DAY THE sizzling summer sun had shone upon the tin roof and when Andrew entered his third-floor room after dinner, the place was stifling. The single window did not provide much ventilation, and it would be well toward morning before the air would cool.

But with grim determination, the boy sat down at his desk, propelled a pencil with one hand and mopped perspiration with the other. He would be prepared for that examination, if he smothered in the attempt!

A sport roadster, bearing two youths, paused at the curb below. One of the boys whistled in a peculiar way. Both watched Andy's window. The whistle was repeated until Andy looked out.

"Get a hustle on, Andy!" yelled Perc. "We're late now."

Andy shook his curly head. "Sorry, fellows. No can do. Studying for big exam."

"Exam—on a hot night like this?" scoffed Jack. "Quit your kidding and hustle."

"I'm serious," Andy said. "I can't come down."

Convinced finally, the boys drove away, and Andy returned to his books—after a momentary thought of the park's cooling breezes. It had taken will power, but he had won out. He felt good inside, too. Dad would approve of his stand; of that he was sure. Poor, kindly, Dad, who had gone to be with the Lord before he could put Andy through college. Well, Andy determined, Dad should never be ashamed of his son. This study by correspondence was hard, but it was going to line him up for a better job if he stuck to it.

Andy's, "I can't come down," had

to be repeated frequently during those hot summer evenings. But with God's help he did succeed—and the promotion came with the autumn's cooler weather.

Andy was only repeating in a more modern manner the words of Nehemiah who lived long years before. You will recall the Bible story, told in the interesting book of Nehemiah in your Bible, chapter six.

Nehemiah was busy, having the walls of Jerusalem to rebuild. His crafty enemies, of the "firm" of Sanballat & Gershem, asked him to meet them somewhere to confer. But Nehemiah saw through their scheme to do him harm. "I am doing a great work, so that *I cannot come down*," he replied. "Why should the work cease, whilst I leave it, and come down to you?" (Nehemiah 6:2, 3.)

When the Lord Jesus hung upon the cross, some of His enemies reviled Him, saying, "Thou that destroyest the temple, and buildest it in three days, save thyself. If thou be the Son of God, *come down* from the cross." (Matthew 27:40.)

Jesus could have come down; it would have been easy to do—much easier than to remain. But he did remain—to purchase our redemption! Had He come down, His enemies would not have believed anyway. Had Nehemiah "come down," disaster to himself and the good work he was doing would have been the result. Had our friend Andrew left his studies for pleasure in the park, his purpose might have failed and his trust might have been betrayed.

THE WORLD IS ever asking Christians to "come down" from their high position and call-

ing. "Come down—to our plane of life, and you can help us," the worldly folk are fond of saying. "Don't be so goody-goody, so self-righteous."

We once knew a young man who approached a Christian companion with the proposition: "If you will go with me to the theatre on Saturday evening, so I can prove to you it isn't harmful, I will go along with you to your Sunday School on Sunday." He seemed sincere, but his offer was wisely rejected by the Christian boy.

No worldling actually respects a Christian who does "come down" from his high calling even in the slightest degree. It is a terribly dangerous thing to do—no matter how cleverly the world may phrase the request.

A Christian's gaze, his aspirations, and "walk" are intended to be ever upward—never downward. "Look up," Jesus said. (Luke 22:28.) Said Paul to the Colossians, "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above. . . ." (Colossians 3:1, f.c.). "Set your affections on things *above*, not on things on the earth" (Colossians 3:2).

Any such compromise always involves the temptation to lower one's own standards of right. "Everybody's doing it—and I can't be popular if I don't go along," is a sentiment heard frequently from young folk and some adults. The crowd cries, "Come down!" God's Spirit urges, "Come higher." Which voice shall we obey?

Satan, the father of lies, is likewise the god of this world (John 8:44). He has invented the slogan that "everybody does the popular things." This is not true. There are

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OFFSTAGE

1959 - Regional Youth Convention

"FRONT AND CENTER"

By Wayne Heil

WITH THE building in total darkness, at the precise moment of beginning on opening night, light suddenly pierced the darkness from the spotlight in the balcony. The youth choir turned up their volume in singing: "There is Power, Power, for this very hour. . . ." From off-stage came the quotation of Jesus' words recorded in Acts 1:8, "But ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you, and ye shall be witnesses . . ." Again the choir sang, and the sounds echoed throughout the auditorium of the St. Louis House as they finished the theme song of the Ninth Regional Youth Convention.

Officially, the convention was under way. However, this is not the beginning of the true picture. Many months before, the planning process of the various conventions were being conceived in the minds of the directors. Action for this ninth regional convention came with the assigning of the local committee heads to begin work in putting "Operation—Power for This Hour" into effect. In November, 1958, Reverend O. W. Polen and Reverend Cecil Knight met at the Grand Avenue Church in St. Louis, Missouri, to advise the steering committee of their duties and obligations to the convention which would come to St. Louis some six months later.

Upon receiving instructions, each committee chairman began to tumble over in his mind just what to do and how and when to put his part of the work into action

in order to insure that the convention would not be a failure with regard to his duties and operations. Some men's tasks would begin immediately by gathering information for housing of the delegates. This information must be passed along and printed months in advance of opening night. Publicity of the convention—signs and posters must be put up, newspaper, radio and T. V. advertising had to be solicited, sponsored and released. On the final days before convention time, stage hands and display booth workers had to unload, unpack, assemble, arrange, design and place in exact position all the items of the some six tons of equipment which arrived earlier for this convention. No! this was not done by the Convention Display Co. of St. Louis. This was performed by the hard-working preachers and laity who doffed their suits, donned their work clothes, flexed their muscles and got to work!

ACTION in real earnest for the Wednesday night service began on Monday night, April 20, with the rehearsals for the skits which were to be presented during the convention. On Tuesday night the final rehearsal came and went like any other final rehearsal night with one exception. After rehearsal was over at 10:30 p.m. Brother Polen asked for volunteers to stay and help unload the 6 tons of equipment. A long line of men and boys formed in "bucket brigade" fashion to pass box after box to its resting place in the auditorium.

Wednesday morning, all committee work was completed to per-

fection and all things were put in readiness for the opening service at 7:30 p.m. Booths were ideally placed and attendants filled their posts to answer questions or give away the many pamphlets, tracts, brochures and other materials that were free for the taking.

For registration, a well qualified staff saw to it that everyone was registered. In spite of their efficiency, some people, coming to the service late, failed to get their badge. Yet we had 625 registered delegates. This being the first convention of its kind in this area, we of this section feel we had a good representation for the convention. From the first note of music to the last amen on Friday night, every moment was packed with interesting things which made a great convention.

The efficiency of direction by Brother Polen, Brother Knight and Sister Stout was evident as every phase of each service was performed in minute detail and precision timing. There was no timetable, however, on the moving of the Holy Spirit. In each of the services, the moving of God's Spirit could be felt as people responded with praises and amens. On the first night our National Director spoke on "More Power for This Hour Through the Sunday School." Reverend Earl P. Paulk, Sr., representing the Executive Department of the church, spoke the second night on "More Power for This Hour Through the Home." On the final night, Reverend Cecil Guiles, State Director of Youth in Illinois, spoke

(Continued on page 21)

BEING A FRIEND WILL GET ONE

By Ann Tegtmeier

IT'S ALL VERY well for you to stand up here Sunday after Sunday and preach to us that 'being a friend will get one!' cried Enola Maxwell as she faced him across his desk at the Metropolitan Utilities District. "But you've got looks and talent and personality. You'd talk out of the other side of your mouth if you were a dud like me. You don't know what it's like when positively nobody likes a person."

"Well! You ARE in a bad state, aren't you?" observed Mr. Walters as he laid aside the reports that should be going out in the evening's mail. "Sure, I know it's no fun to feel left outside—not to have any real friends. I ought to, because that's just the way I used to feel before I learned the magic formula."

"Now you talk just like a soap ad," sniffed Enola. "Not but what I've tried plenty of it, and the tooth-paste and deodorant, and all the rest of that junk, and it didn't make one bit of difference. I just think you're born with it, or you aren't."

"You may not like what I am going to say, Enola, but try to listen to the end and see if it offers you any hope. Sure, I know the Constitution insists that all men are 'created equal,' and really they are, but that's a little tough for us to see sometimes. You say I have talent and looks and personality; well, I have just two arms, two legs and one head, which is standard equipment for anybody. If the use I have made of them is any different from that of anyone else it is because I've used one per cent inspiration and ninety-nine per cent perspiration. . . ."

"Oh, sure!" Enola cut in. "But there you are; first you have to have the inspiration."

"Perhaps what you lack is a desire to work hard enough to use your abilities. You can't develop a talent if your first failure causes you to quit, you know. As a Christian young person, you ought to be more concerned than others about finding out where you should use the talent God has given you. When I learned that lesson, the rest was easy."

"But how . . . how did you start? What sort of talent did you develop first?" asked Enola.

"As I remember it, I was carrying papers at the time. I decided to be the very best paper boy at my station, and after awhile I extended that to being the best paper boy in the whole town."

"I don't know how that could apply to me, though," mused Enola. "I can't carry papers."

"Well, you might try baby-sitting, instead. I know the Walters family could certainly use a better one than has been available. But whatever you do, start with simple tasks and master them, then move on to

tougher assignments."

"That's all right, Mr. Walters, but it still wouldn't make friends of boys and girls my age. Oh, the ones in our class are polite enough, but not a one of them is ever really friendly toward me."

"I don't see how you can tell so easily. Maybe it's just your own attitude, because it does take two to make a friend. If you are going around with it emblazoned in 18 point italics on your forehead, 'I can see that you're polite, but I know that underneath you don't really want to be friends,' naturally anyone would be discouraged about approaching you."

WHEN ENOLA LAUGHED in spite of herself, Mr. Walters continued: "I assume that you are expecting others to believe that you are really trying to be friendly with them. Now I'm not trying to minimize your problem, for I know that it is a serious one for you just now. . . ."

"Serious isn't the word for it, Mr. Walters! It is so serious that if something doesn't happen, and soon, I'm going to drop out of your Sunday School class!" and with that Enola burst into tears.

"Do you think you will find the solution by sitting around and moaning about how badly the world is treating you?" demanded Mr. Walters.

"Well . . . no, I guess not," replied Enola as she wiped her eyes. "You said something awhile ago about a magic formula, and I couldn't see anything magic about being told to learn baby-sitting and by not acting snooty. What is this magic?"

"Just this, Enola," said Mr. Walters softly. "You have to find a reason first for existing. Jesus offered this magic formula in a few simple words: 'Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.' 'If you want to save your life,' He said, 'you must find something big and important that you can give yourself to it.' I suggested baby-sitting as a starter, but once you begin giving your all to whatever you do, you will find that nothing else satisfies you except giving yourself wholly to the kingdom of God. When that happens you can stop worrying about what others are thinking of you, because you will be too busy thinking about what you can do for THEM."

"Thank you, Mr. Walters," said Enola as she rose to leave. "I'll . . . I'll see you Sunday."

And that was how it happened that plain little Enola Maxwell suddenly became one of the best-liked members of the high school class at the Third Avenue Church. That was why everyone said of her, "Enola's not really good-looking, but she's so friendly and helpful that she just sort of GLOWS."

Saturday's Treasure Hunt

BARNEY PHILLIPS wondered if Joe and Nancy would remember that they had promised to go treasure hunting with him this Saturday morning.

He wondered all through breakfast and all through clearing the table for his mother. He remembered the three of them had talked about hunting treasure on their way home from Sunday School. Miss Edstrom, their Sunday School teacher had talked about it during the lesson in Sunday School. Joe had a sneer on his face, but Nancy was all for the idea.

As soon as he could get away, he started down the street toward Joe and Nancy's house. He hoped they would go with him! It wouldn't be much fun hunting treasure all by himself.

The spring breeze felt good on his face as he walked along, and he noticed a baby squirrel blinking at him from a limb of a tree that was full of new buds and fresh green leaves.

When he got to Joe and Nancy's, Joe was putting on his roller skates. Barney's heart beat faster. Wasn't Joe going after all?

"Hello!" he greeted his friends. "Are you going on a treasure hunt with me?"

"Huh!" sneered Joe. "Who's got a geiger counter?"

"Oh, Joe!" Nancy protested. "You know what Miss Edstrom said."

"Sure!" Joe was quick to answer. "She said the world was full of God's treasures. Well? I repeat. Who's got a geiger counter?"

"That isn't exactly what Miss Edstrom meant," Barney said patiently. "She said that things we take for granted are really treasures. Like the sunlight and the four seasons and. . ."

"Don't you remember how she explained about what a precious gift water was in the Holy Land because it is such a dry region?" Nancy asked.

"So?" Joe raised his eyebrows. "Take a jar of water to Sunday School. I'm going skating."

"We were supposed to find some common thing we hadn't thought of as being a treasure," Barney went on.

"You promised you'd come," Nancy reminded him.

"Well . . . all right. I'll come along. But I don't see the point." Joe finally agreed.

AS THE THREE friends started down the street Barney asked: "Where'll we hunt?"

"Let's go to the vacant lot between Wolfrom's Store and the Fire Station. If you can find a treasure there . . . I'll . . . I'll eat it!" laughed Joe with a laugh that sounded like his sneer looked.

"God's treasures are everywhere," Barney said thoughtfully. "Even in a deserted, vacant lot."

Nancy nodded, and the three of them walked on toward the lot. Barney thought it did look bare and uninviting. Someone had dumped tin cans at the alley end.

"Let's hunt!" Joe laughed.

Barney looked at the bare spots and at the patches of grass here and there. Hardly a place to look for treasure, he thought to himself.

Nancy looked very disappointed, too. Then her eyes

BY EVELYN WITTER

began to shine with happy thoughts.

"There are plenty of treasures here!" she cried excitedly. "Treasure that Joe can eat!"

"Where?" asked Joe.

"What do you see?" Barney wanted to know right away.

"Can't you boys see those lovely flowers!" Nancy exclaimed.

"Those are just dandelions," Barney felt a big let down feeling inside.

"You call dandelions treasure?" Joe made a funny face at his sister.

"Yes I do!" Nancy insisted, picking one of the flowers. "See the beautiful color and look real close and see how many, many little complicated petals one flower has!"

"All right," said Joe. "But you don't expect me to eat them, do you?"

"You said you would," Nancy reminded him. "But it will be better than you think. Come on boys and help me gather these, leaves and all."

Barney wasn't sure that Nancy had really found a treasure, but he didn't see anything else to take the dandelions's place, so he helped with the gathering.

Back at Joe and Nancy's house, Nancy made a quick trip to the kitchen and she and her mother did some whispering. When Nancy came back to the dining room she said: "Mother says you must stay for lunch, Barney, otherwise you'll never know what a fine treasure we found."

BARNEY CALLED his mother and she gave her permission for him to stay. It wasn't very long before Nancy had the table set and in the middle of the table she placed a blue bowl full of beautiful, butter-yellow flowers. They looked so pretty Barney was surprised . . . the dandelions from the vacant lot!

Then the meal was served and one of the tempting dishes of food was greens of some kind with pieces of crisply fried bacon all through them.

"What's this?" Joe and Barney asked almost at the very same time.

"Dandelion greens!" Nancy announced proudly.

"They're awfully good!" Barney said, accepting another helping.

"More Joe?" Nancy asked with a twinkle in her eye.

"Why . . . er . . . yes," smiled Joe, and this time his smile was real.

(Continued on page 23)

poetry



A CLEAR CONSCIENCE

By Walter E. Isenhour

There is a treasure you can own
That's greater than a crown or
throne;
That's richer than a diamond field,
Or all the pearls the oceans yield;
That's grander than the praise of
men
That they might give by word or
pen;
Yes, sweeter to the heart than song
Though sung by some angelic
throng.

This treasure is a conscience clear
That brings the sweetest peace and
cheer;
A conscience free from guilt and
stain,
That doesn't trouble, lash and pain;
A conscience that can rest in ease
When God beholds what no one
sees;
A conscience good with which to
live,
That only God Himself can give.

PROCRASTINATION

By Etta Mai Scott

Tomorrow I'll speak a kindly word
To someone in distress;
And through this channel rid some
heart
Of guile and bitterness.

Tomorrow I'll lend a helping hand
To some downtrodden friend,
And through encouragement and
love
A broken faith I'll mend.

Tomorrow I'll sing a lilting song
Down life's harassing way;
But shall I dare put off till then
What I should do today?

THE WHITE BOOK

By Norman C. Schlichter

With soul and body light I reached
sixteen;
My hair like gold upon my brow
was seen;
My virgin breast was full of ardor
strong;
A thousand joys came temptingly
along.

A loving angel then unto me came,
And on her vestal bosom shone like
flame,
With leaves all virgin clean, a book
snow white.
" 'Tis yours," said she, "to fill its
pages bright.

"Let ne'er a page be blank, but
full of zest;
Let year and month and day your
work attest;
And may there be no trembling
lines of sin
To shame your vision when you
look within.

"A calm and sweetly-flowing story
write,
Each morn' think what the page
will hold at night.
When you are old, this book a joy
will be,
And in your mirror God's own smile
you'll see."

James C. Moore

James Moore, *Lighted Pathway's* forty-fourth artist to be featured on this page is the son of Mr. and Mrs. John Moore of Wallins Creek, Kentucky. The accompanying reproductions are selected from several sketches executed in his highly imaginative style. James' work always indicates a marked degree of proficiency and native talent. The Wallins Creek Church of God is fortunate to have this young artist as one of its members.



Art



44



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Y.P.E. Contest Successful

J. F. Warren
Missouri State Director

The Bonne Terre Church conducted the contest under the leadership of the Y.P.E. president, Mrs. Gene House, and pastor, W. D. Johnson.

Grand total attendance for the six weeks was 848, weekly average of 141; and the final night of the contest, 237 were present.

There was \$456.00 raised during the contest with \$180.08 of that being in the offering of the final night.

We may be divided in competition, but we are united in purpose. Here in Missouri we have found the Contest Does Pay.

SHATTERED PLANS (Continued from page 5)

This refusal was a great blow to Susan—shattered hopes again. Why did every seemingly good opportunity to study music fail her? She couldn't understand. But she wasn't going to quit trying. Too, she'd be brave in her mother's presence so as to keep her in good spirits.

But Mrs. Greenlee was quick of discernment. She seemed to see a heavy heart under Susan's efforts to be cheerful. She said to her, "Don't give up. Some of these days you'll win out. Your efforts and faithfulness to duty are sure to be rewarded."

Early the following week, the minister of the church said to Susan, "I'd like for you to sing a solo at next Sunday night's meeting. We hope to have a large crowd of youth, so we especially want some good music."

"My voice is a little rusty, but I'll do my best."

AT THE MEETING, Susan noticed several young people who were strangers to her. But one young man seemed outstanding both in personal appearance and warm interest in the service. From the beginning of Susan's song, he gave rapt attention. Susan was deeply moved. She was inspired to put all her heart into her singing.

As soon as the service was over, the young man rushed up and introduced himself. "I'm Jerry Krest-er. We have recently moved here."

"And I'm Susan Greenlee."

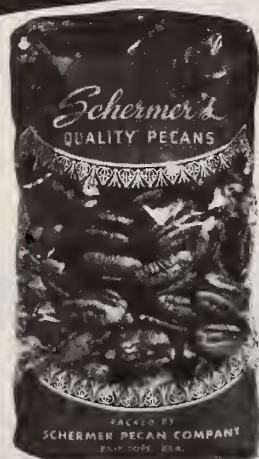
"I enjoyed your solo so much. You have an outstanding voice. I want my father to hear you sing."

Susan could hardly control her excitement as she said, "Thank you, but I'm a little out of practice." Then she told him of her mother's illness and how much she wanted to take music lessons.

He said, "I'd be so happy to take you to my home this evening so my father could hear you sing. I can't promise you that he will give you lessons though, as he is very busy."

"I should like to sing for your father if you are sure it will be all right with him. I was there once to see him about taking lessons.

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The lady I talked to gave me no encouragement."

Jerry smiled. "That was my father's sister. She isn't there now. She was just looking after things while my mother was away. She was always so afraid Dad would overdo, that she went to extremes." He added, "Anyway, you could see what Dad would say."

So Susan was soon hopefully sitting by the young man's side as they drove toward his home.

Susan's heart was in a flutter as Jerry introduced her to his mother and father. "This is Susan Greenlee. She's looking for a music teacher and I want you to hear her sing."

Mrs. Krester said cordially, "We'd like very much to hear you."

But Mr. Krester only said politely, "Go ahead and sing. We'll listen."

SUSAN WAS trembling all over as Jerry took his place at the piano to accompany her. All the time Susan was praying that she'd make good. This, and seeing the expectancy on Jerry's face, gave her new courage and inspiration. She was soon singing wholeheartedly.

When she had finished, Mrs. Krester gave warm approval. Mr. Krester didn't commit himself but picked up a small book that looked like an appointment schedule. While he carefully thumbed through it, Susan stood very tense, hardly breathed.

Finally, he closed the book as he shook his head regretfully. "I'm sorry," he began, but suddenly stopped short as he seemed to have an inspiration.

"I don't like to turn you down," he said sympathetically. "You have a very excellent voice. So if you will come after my hours, at five on Friday afternoons, I can take you. That's the best I can do."

"Thank you! Thank you!" Susan exulted. "I'll be so happy to come at five and will try so hard."

Too, there was the further joy of Jerry taking her home. She said to him, "It was so kind of you to arrange an audition for me. I'll be forever grateful to you!"

Jerry said enthusiastically, "This has been a great evening for me.

To think I've made such a musical discovery! I feel all the joy of a great explorer who looks for the first time on new land!"

As he finally left Susan at her door, he said, "I'll look forward to seeing you again real soon."

Susan thanked him warmly and hurried to her mother's bedside. She was soon radiantly relating all the happiness of the evening.

She said jubiantly, "I see now that even our disappointments in God's hands can prove a blessing to us. Besides being able to take music under a master and being able to care for you, I think I've found the most wonderful boy friend I've ever had."

OFFSTAGE, 1959 REGIONAL YOUTH CONVENTION

(Continued from page 15)

on "More Power for This Hour Through the Youth." Expressions from delegates that "this convention filled my need" and "I thought that only professional people or sponsors could put on such a well planned and organized program but now I know better," made us realize that all the efforts taken to put on the convention were not in vain.

Commendations from the National Director to all those who took part in every phase of the convention made each heart happy. Those who felt that their task was too great or too hard to accomplish felt that they could do that much and more if ever called upon again after the praises of Brother Polen.

I feel confident that if the Youth Department chooses to bring the Convention near our area again in 1961 there will be some enthusiastic people who will be eagerly making plans to attend. They will want to get all the help they can from it and will be willing again to make the next convention a success.



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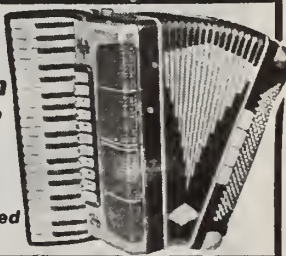
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THE EAR OF A COLLEGE CHAPLAIN (Continued from page 11)

sion as means to an end. When the chaplain, in associating with his colleagues, hears these symbols of dedication and loyalty, he reminds himself that this high fellowship is one of the main reasons he likes his job better than any other that he could have.

In the halls between classes, at the desk in his office, in the snack shop, on the side walk, in the gym, in the cafeteria, in the chapel lobby, or at his home, he hears concerned voices day after day with prayer requests. They will never let him forget that we are living in a world of sin which is suffering. He knows he must listen. These requests must not be forgotten; they must be recorded so that he, with others, can take them before God. An ill parent, a financial need, a social problem, an emotional worry, a mission burden, a concern for someone in need, or a battle with doubt often compose the requests. The petitions deal with the needs of others more times than not. This unselfishness is impressive.

Parents concerned over their sons and daughters who do not write

talk very kindly over long-distance connections. Yet, they are worried and have a right to be. Not having a letter from their son or daughter for several weeks is perplexing. If students should write anyone, it is their parents. Many times the parent desires to know if their loved one is ill or if there might be some problem bothering their child. It is always good to hear the voice of a concerned parent because the world is full of people who are glad to get rid of their children in college. Such concern builds up one's faith in humanity. The chaplain can always offer assurance that their problem is not unique. Too, as a rule, he finds students willing to write a letter to Mom and Dad without delay. The excuse they give is, "There are so many things to do in college, I just did not have the time."

Through these problems, as well as apart from them, God speaks to refresh and instruct the chaplain. The chaplain hears God's voice in the needs of others and he hears God speak in the quietest silence. The sound is kind and gentle, but powerful. Yet, the voice is one he does not hear unless he carefully and prayerfully listens.

The vibrations of God's tone sharpens his ear to each student's needs—domestic, social, or material—and prepares him, like a prophet of God, to give answers to their needs. When he stands in the pulpit on Sunday night before the congregation of students, scholars and teachers, he cannot forget that before him is a sea of men and women who face a life that is not problem-free. He does not cease to hear God reminding him that he must give them hope to overcome their future discouragements and doubts. God warns him that in the world there await many nets of wickedness which he must display before their innocent eyes. Nor can he forget the most important words the Holy Spirit rings unceasingly in his ears, "The cross of Christ gives men life."

Having heard God speak, he can never one time enter the pulpit on Sunday night to preach to that reverent and sincere congregation without being conscious of troubled

minds. He can not forget the reverent sound of silence which is different from all other sounds, nor is it possible to push back in his memory the sound of the rushing mighty wind which came to those who sought and received spiritual ecstasy.

The campus pastor who has heard the cries of human sorrow and anxiety is refreshed by the Word of God, which provides wisdom which he will grow and aid others to walk through their wide and promising halls.

I CAN'T COME DOWN (Continued from page 14)

still many Christian believers who do NOT "come down" from their position. "Being popular" concerns them, but their concern is to be popular with God. Why let the crowd make our decisions for us anyway?

We do not read in the Gospels that Jesus ever followed the crowd, but we are told frequently of crowds that followed him. Why? Not because He ever "came down." He was their leader. They listened to His teaching; even His enemies gave ear.

Who follows whom today? Do we follow the crowd, or does the crowd follow us. Christian ideals are not "popular" with the world or with carnally-minded persons (Romans 8). No wonder they want those ideals lowered to their own level.

Loyalty to the Lord Jesus and His ideals will bring blessing. In the hour of temptation to lower our standards, by His help, we shall then be able to say:

"I am doing a great work for a great Master. That work depends largely upon me. I cannot betray my trust. No, I cannot come down!"

SATURDAY'S TREASURE HUNT (Continued from page 17)

"Miss Edstrom was certainly right," Nancy remarked. "God's world is full of treasures. Some of the very simplest things, in the very commonest places, are pretty and useful too."

"I can hardly wait until Sunday School, tomorrow, when we tell the class what we found on our Saturday treasure hunt!" said Barney.

"Me too!" said Joe.

PEN PALS

(Continued from page 2)

Miss Rietta Hensley (25)
1731 Sycamore St.
Cincinnati 10, Ohio

Mrs. Susie Woods (56) widow
R. R. 1, Box 67
Williamsburg, Kentucky

Miss Anna Mae Jones (22)
Williamsburg, Kentucky

Mrs. Rosa Evans (62) widow
R. R. 1
Doff, Tennessee

Miss Billy Jean Beaubé (22)
Williamsburg, Kentucky

Mrs. Louise Scott (65) widow
Williamsburg, Kentucky

Miss Euna Cupp (26)
1859 Josephine St.
Cincinnati 12, Ohio

Miss Jane Bunch (64)
Williamsburg, Kentucky

Miss Darlene Hager (20)
330 Clinch St.
Kingsport, Tennessee

Miss Virginia Crawford (16)
708 Hamlin St.
Kingsport, Tennessee

Miss Mariun Murphy (17)
1604 Stuart Avenue
Haines City, Florida

Miss Ruby Blevins (13)
Route 1, Box 235
Blue Creek, Ohio

Miss Pam Cardwell (16)
217 West Jordan Street
Madison, Florida

Miss Faye Cardwell (15)
217 West Jordan Street
Madison, Florida

Miss Sylvia Jewel Henson (19)
Route 1
Empire, Alabama

Miss Bonnie Phillips (19)
Sumiton, Alabama

(Continued on page 26)

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THE VOICE OF SUNDAY SCHOOL

Conducted by O. W. Polen, National
Youth Director

I Am A Primary Department Superintendent

By Delilah Gile
El Monte, California

PRIMARY Superintendents have such a tremendous task and responsibility toward God and the children that come to their church. Complete harmony and understanding must exist between superintendent and teacher if souls are to be won. We must have a consecrated prayer life and allow the Holy Ghost to lead us in choosing the proper teachers, for the future spiritual life of our children depend upon them. If it can be avoided, never select a teacher who is not filled with the Holy Ghost. If not filled, he must be tarrying for the Baptism.

No greater privilege is given a real Christian than that of teaching a child the plan of salvation; no joy so complete as that of knowing that you have shown them the footprints of our Lord Jesus and have taught them how to follow in them daily. May we never be guilty of placing a teacher over a class just to pass the hour period. We need teachers who use that

time as if it were to be the only time in their life they will be allowed to speak for Jesus. We need teachers who consider the children before them as their very own and the Sunday School hour as the only chance they might ever have to teach them about the salvation of their soul.

While I was away on vacation several years ago, an assistant replaced one of the best teachers I have ever known. She gave the position to her teen-age daughter, who knew nothing about children and even less about the scriptures. The replaced teacher had one of the most radiant and precious ministries with primary children I have ever witnessed. I had seen her grow from the infancy of her Christian experience to a longed-for place in the Lord's work, which she had gained through many hours of prayer and as a result of a consecrated life. Her deep concern for children brought her to my attention. She did not accept the position of teaching the prim-

ary class when I first asked, but promised she would pray about it. Several days later she said she'd do the best she could, God helping her. Visiting her class time after time, I saw almost unbelievable improvement. Her flannel board and visual aids were a joy to behold. We could not afford back-grounds, so she proceeded to draw her own. At first her pictures were a musingly misshapen. Fasting and praying for God's help, in less than a six weeks' period, the pictures were almost professional as the Holy Ghost anointed her. I often times found adults in the primary class enjoying the fruits of this wonderful teacher's work. It is needless to say, I was perturbed upon my return. To avoid strife, the replaced teacher and I went to the Lord in fasting and sleepless nights of prayer. The young girl resigned the class and the old teacher was again placed over the little flock who needed her so!

Capable teachers are the strongest pillars in any church. Teachers

must have knowledge, as well as zeal, and most of all, wisdom to lay the proper foundation for the fruitful spiritual growth of our primary children. The lack of God-inspired teaching gives us spiritual weaklings for our church of tomorrow. Since our children will be the leaders of tomorrow—it is of the utmost importance that they be given the best training and information possible. I have found that too many adults give little or no thought to our primary group. Too many have the mistaken idea they are too young to understand about God. But is a child ever too young to be made conscious of his Creator? Give children from four to seven years of age a real Christian foundation and I defy anyone to shake their convictions once God has answered just one of their prayers. Teacher, parent and pastor—when you ignore your primary child, don't wonder, when they reach teen-age why they give no time to God—or if they do—why their spirituality has no depth or real meaning to them. Too many teachers and parents take the easy way out or have lack of spiritual wisdom in teaching our youngsters properly and showing them the consideration for which they hunger.

I ASKED ONE woman who knew the scriptures more than the average person to teach our primary ages, feeling that the wisdom she had to impart would be a lifelong blessing to them. Much to my surprise, she flatly refused saying that she knew far too much to waste her time on children. I believe that superior teachers should be placed over our primary classes, but only if they love and understand children, speak their language and put themselves on the child's level. How they love to have you sit on the floor with them and act out their lessons! For fifteen years I have taught, prayed with, and worked with primary children under many and varied circumstances. I have yet to meet a child who does not have an open heart and one that does not love to learn about Jesus and the things He can and will do. I have found them to have an

unwavering faith that God can and will do anything He is asked to do. Jesus fits in perfectly with their thoughts and feelings.

One four-year-old boy who had never heard of Jesus came into my class one morning. Teachers, always remember their first impression and glimpse of Jesus is lasting. I was telling about the crucifixion. I felt a mellow and sweet anointing as I knelt beside this new student. His transfixed gaze never left my face as I told him about the suffering of Jesus just for him, me and everybody else in the world. Tears trickled down his freckled face when I told him how they pierced His side. Sobbing audibly, he said, "I'll bet if Red Ryder had been there, they wouldn't have hurt Jesus." This child became one of my most faithful students. These little ones, I shall always remember. After learning the value of prayer, they become the best prayer warriors in the church. Next to learning about the things Jesus did, they loved the prayer period best of all. Just watching tears roll down their faces as they wept over some boy or girl's problem would fill my heart to overflowing. It was a miracle how God would answer their prayers.

I WAS TAKEN from this primary class to teach the adult class. Two Sundays later, one of my former five-year-old boys sat in the adult class and refused to leave. Trying to explain that he should be in a class of his own age, I saw tears welling up in his eyes. "I don't like it there any more, Sister Gile. The new teacher don't know nothin' about prayer requests and testifyin'." Oh, Teachers! Teach them the worth of prayer and encourage them to tell what Jesus has done for them. It is something they love dearly. Never teach a child to serve God through fear—but love, and to worship Him from the heart and not with just lip worship. Help your students realize that the worship that our Saviour longs for in His people is worship in Spirit and Truth that comes from an overflowing heart of gratitude and appreciation of God and His good-

ness, mercy and infinite love. He asks only that we tell others of His Son Jesus, that they, too, might know Him in His fullness and share the joy and peace of soul and mind that every real born-again child of God experiences.

Teachers must be taught to keep that unruly child so busy that he doesn't have time to misbehave. Let their bodies keep busy as well as their minds. Teacher, don't be guilty of trying to do everything yourself. Small children love to do things. How they love to wave their hands up to Jesus. Programs are wonderful to gain a new or unsaved child's interest, but God's anointing of a Holy-Ghost-filled teacher will hold the attention of all. The seeds of the Word of God will root deeply enough in childish hearts so that the weeds of an ungodly environment in the non-Christian home will not choke out its growth if watered well by a God-called teacher each Sunday, and if the teacher prays daily for his students. Make a child feel important to the class. To know he is loved does something for a child nothing else can. New children love to feel welcome. I have found the regular ones enjoy showing by loud applause they are glad the new ones have come to join them.

How fortunate the Christian who hears Jesus ask—"Lovest thou me more than these?" Before you answer, "Yea, Lord;" thou knowest that I love thee," search your heart deeply and know without doubt that you are willing to give of yourself unselfishly, for He will surely say, "Feed my lambs well, for they are my Davids and Daniels and Elijahs of tomorrow!"

Our pastor had been deathly ill for three days. Adult fasting and prayer seemed to be ignored. The afternoon of the third day, one of the little primary boys stopped by for some bread and jelly. When he saw the pastor so ill, he asked if he might pray for him. He had to tip-toe as he reached for the olive oil. His finger was so small that oil spilled over his hand as he turned the bottle. With such a confident smile, he smeared the oil over his pastor's forehead. "Now, Jesus,"

(Continued on page 26)

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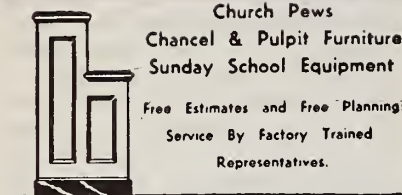
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Sunday School and Youth Work Statistics

BY O. W. POLEN, Notional Sunday School and Youth Director

SUNDAY SCHOOL Average Weekly Attendance

June 1959

500 and Over

Greenville (Tremont Ave.), South Carolina	767
Middletown (Clayton St.), Ohio	534

400-499

Atlanta (Hemphill), Georgia	466
Kannapolis, North Carolina	426
Detroit Tabernacle, Michigan	411
South Gastonia, North Carolina	404

300-399

Erwin, North Carolina	384
Cincinnati (12th & Elm), Ohio	382
Hamilton (7th & Chestnut), Ohio	372
Wilmington, North Carolina	365
Lakeland, Florida	327
Fulaski, Virginia	327
Jacksonville, Florida	318
Monroe (4th Street), Michigan	312
Alabama City, Alabama	306
Griffin, Georgia	302
Blittmore, North Carolina	300

200-299

Rome, Georgia	294
Atlanta (Riverside), Georgia	291
Anderson (McDuffie St.), South Carolina	290
Charlotte, North Carolina	286
Rock Hill, South Carolina	286
Sulphur Springs, Florida	273
Tampa, Florida	273
Flint (West), Michigan	271
South Lebanon, Ohio	270
Augusta (Crawford Ave.), Georgia	268
Buford, Georgia	268
Savannah (Anderson St.), Georgia	262
Dallas, North Carolina	260

Dayton (Oakridge Dr.), Ohio	260
Pontiac, Michigan	257
Orlando, Florida	254
Newport News, Virginia	253
Lenoir, North Carolina	246
Brooklyn, Maryland	242
St. Louis (Grand Ave.), Missouri	236
South Rocky Mount, North Carolina	236
Dillon, South Carolina	236
Dayton (E. Fourth), Ohio	233
West Gastonia, North Carolina	229
Paris, Texas	226
Canton (9th & Gibbs), Ohio	226
Fairborne, Ohio	226
Lumberton, North Carolina	225
Louisville (Highland Park), Kentucky	224
Easton, Maryland	224
Van Dyke, Michigan	224
Milford, Delaware	222
West Danville, Virginia	222
Mercersburg, Pennsylvania	221
East Laurinburg, North Carolina	220
Ft. Lauderdale, Florida	219
Columbia, South Carolina	219
Birmingham (Pike Ave.), Alabama	217
Goldsboro, North Carolina	215
Wyandotte, Michigan	213
Garden City, Florida	212
Charleston (King St.), South Carolina	210
Somerset, Kentucky	209
Greenville (Woodside Ave.), South Carolina	207
Fort Mill, South Carolina	207
Belton, South Carolina	206
Anniston, Alabama	204
Baldwin Park, California	203
Akron (Market), Ohio	202
Ranilo, North Carolina	201
Greenwood, South Carolina	200
125-199	
Rossville, Georgia	199

THE VOICE OF SUNDAY SCHOOL (Continued from page 25)

he said "You heal him for he's awful sick." He turned from the doorway, his reward of bread and jelly mixed with anointing oil gripped firmly in his little hand, and said so simply, "You can get up now—you're all well." The pastor sat up, healed. Jesus performed a miracle in answer to a little boy's simple prayer of faith, because he had been taught to know the Lord Jesus and to believe that He would do anything he asked of Him.

PEN PALS

(Continued from page 23)

Miss Celeta Winnet (19)
Route 1
Empire, Alabama

Miss Linda Joyce Northcutt (11)
839 West Bradley Place
Chicago 13, Illinois

Miss Wanda Tati (16)
Post Office Box 354
Luxora, Arkansas

Miss Sylvia Steene (14)
903 9th Street
Lancaster, South Carolina

Miss Joanna Wallander (18)
Post Office Box 498
Earlimart, California

Miss Louise Dewitt (13)
Tyrone, Missouri

Miss Joyce Grogan (13)
Tyrone, Missouri

Mr. Ronald Meyer (14)
Tyrone, Missouri

Valdosta, Georgia	199
St. Louis (Northside), Missouri	199
Pomona, California	198
Jesup, Georgia	198
Clearwater, Florida	197
Marked Tree, Arkansas	196
Perry, Florida	196
Monroe, Georgia	195
Marion, South Carolina	191
Greenwood (South), South Carolina	187
Norfolk, Virginia	186
Sanford, North Carolina	185
Wilson, North Carolina	185
Williamsburg, Pennsylvania	184
West Lakeland, Florida	183
Dallas (Oak Cliff), Texas	183
Huntington, West Virginia	183
Russell Springs, Kentucky	182
West Indianapolis, Indiana	181
Salisbury, Maryland	181
Walhalla (No. 1), South Carolina	180
Princeton, West Virginia	180
Greer, South Carolina	179
Radford, Virginia	179
Avondale Estates, Georgia	178
Plant City, Florida	176
North Birmingham, Alabama	174
Fayetteville, North Carolina	171
Anderson (Osborne Ave.), South Carolina	171
Columbus (29th St.), Georgia	170
St. Louis (Gravois Ave.), Missouri	169
Mobile (Crichton), Alabama	168
Fair Haven, North Carolina	168
Somerset, Pennsylvania	168
Tarpon Springs, Florida	166
Austin, Indiana	165
Winchester, Kentucky	165
Greenville (Park Place), South Carolina	165
Honea Path, South Carolina	165
Willow Run, Michigan	163
Douglas, Georgia	162
Bartow, Florida	161
Eldorado, Illinois	160
Middlesex, North Carolina	159
Lake City, Florida	158
Georgetown, South Carolina	158
Buhl, Alabama	157
East Los Angeles, California	157
Tifton, Georgia	157
Eloise, Florida	157
Pinson Fork, Kentucky	156
Rifle Range, Florida	155
Columbus (Belvidere), Ohio	155
Lake Wales, Florida	154
Cleveland (55th St.), Ohio	154
Ft. Pierce, Florida	153
Fitzgerald, Georgia	152
East Orlando, Florida	151
Springfield, Ohio	151
Miami, Florida	150
Lowell, North Carolina	150
Lake City, South Carolina	150
Sanford, Florida	149
Lebanon, Pennsylvania	148
Seneca, South Carolina	147
York, South Carolina	146
Piney Grove, Georgia	145
Benton, Illinois	145
La France, South Carolina	145
Woodruff, South Carolina	145
Gaffney, South Carolina	144
Parkersburg, West Virginia	144
Lawrenceville, Georgia	143
Bee Ridge, Florida	143
Thomaston, Georgia	142
Parrott, Virginia	142
Ninety Six, South Carolina	141
Hamilton (Kenworth), Ohio	140
Dalton, Georgia	139
Wallins, Kentucky	139
West Baltimore, Maryland	139
Elkins, West Virginia	139
Demorest, Georgia	138
Hamilton Tabernacle, Ohio	138
Pelzer, South Carolina	138
Brunswick, Georgia	137
West Miami, Florida	136
Bainbridge, Georgia	135
Marietta, Georgia	135
Louisville (Faith Temple), Kentucky	135
Ferndale, Michigan	133
Talladega, Alabama	132
Walhalla (No. 2), South Carolina	132
Battle Creek, Michigan	131
White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia	131
Hagerstown, Maryland	130
Spartanburg, (S. Church St.), South Carolina	130
San Pablo, California	129
Blackshear, Georgia	129

Calhoun, Georgia	129
Manatee, Florida	129
Dressen, Kentucky	129
Claysburg, Pennsylvania	129
Cocoa, Florida	128
New Orleans (Spain St.), Louisiana	128
Gap Hill, South Carolina	128
Laurens, South Carolina	128
Bedford, Virginia	128
North Chicago, Illinois	127
Summit, Illinois	127
Tuscaloosa, Alabama	126
Lake Placid, Florida	126
Florence, South Carolina	126
Clarksburg, West Virginia	126
Tallahassee, Florida	125
West Hollywood, Florida	125
Cambridge, Maryland	125
Carlsbad, New Mexico	125
War, West Virginia	125

NATION'S TOP TEN IN HOME DEPARTMENT ATTENDANCE

Total Monthly Attendance for June

Greenville (Tremont Ave.), South Carolina	8,132
Fayetteville, North Carolina	2,223
Kannapolis, North Carolina	1,355
Mulhens, West Virginia	713
Lumberton, North Carolina	681
Atlanta (Hemphill), Georgia	575
Louisville (Portland), Kentucky	500
Birmingham (South Park), Alabama	419
West Indianapolis, Indiana	360
Columbia, South Carolina	350

TEN STATES HIGHEST IN HOME DEPARTMENTS

South Carolina	46
Alabama	38
West Virginia	35
Ohio	33
Florida	25
North Carolina	21
Georgia	21
Arkansas	20
Pennsylvania	16
Kentucky	15

REPORT OF NEW SUNDAY SCHOOLS

Branch Sunday Schools organized since June 30, 1958	98
Branch Sunday Schools reported as of June 30, 1959	837
New Sunday Schools organized since June 30, 1958	76
Total Sunday Schools organized since June 30, 1958 (Branch and New)	174

Y. P. E. Average Weekly Attendance

June	1959
200 and Over	

Garden City, Florida	285
Middletown (Clayton St.), Ohio	250
Mercersburg, Pennsylvania	217
Chase, Maryland	200
150-199	
Erwin, North Carolina	185
Bartow, Florida	184
Plant City, Florida	175
Greenville (Tremont Ave.), South Carolina	174
Tampa, Florida	171
Greenville, North Carolina	170
Russell Springs, Kentucky	159
Cincinnati (12th & Elm), Ohio	155
100-149	
Hamilton (7th & Chestnut), Ohio	146
Dayton (E. Fourth), Ohio	144
Dayton (Oakridge Dr.), Ohio	144
Graham, Texas	143
West Flint, Michigan	140
Wilderness Creek, Virginia	138
Sulphur Springs, Florida	136
Lakeland, Florida	134
Vidalia, Georgia	132
Goldsboro, North Carolina	132
Dressen, Kentucky	127
Columbus (29th St.), Georgia	126
Benton, Illinois	126
Hugo, Oklahoma	125
Brooklyn, Maryland	124
Dallas, North Carolina	122
Vandiver, Alabama	120
Lumberton, North Carolina	119
Rome (North), Georgia	117
Oxford, Ohio	117
Anniston, Alabama	116
Ravenna, Kentucky	116
Jesup, Georgia	113

Jacksonville, Florida	113
Pomona, California	111
Van Dyke, Michigan	111
Pinsonfork, Kentucky	109
Evarts, Kentucky	107
Wilmington, North Carolina	107
Garden City, Alabama	105
Georgetown, South Carolina	104
Ft. Pierce, Florida	103
Columbus (Belvidere), Ohio	103
Birmingham, Alabama	102
Tifton, Georgia	102
South Rocky Mount, North Carolina	102
Easley, South Carolina	101
Valdosta, Georgia	100
Austin, Indiana	100
Dallas, Texas	100

75-99

Perry, Florida	99
Cawood, Kentucky	98
Pulaski, Virginia	98
Tuscaloosa, Alabama	97
Avondale Estates, Georgia	96
Mt. Dora, Florida	96
Easton, Maryland	96
Akron (Market St.), Ohio	96
Gibson, Georgia	95
Lawrenceville, Georgia	94
Harlan, Kentucky	94
Canton (9th & Gibbs), Ohio	94
Hamilton (Kenworth), Ohio	94
Paris, Texas	94
Rifle Range, Florida	92
Louisville (Highland Park), Kentucky	92
West Fayetteville, North Carolina	92
Tyler, Texas	92
Eloise, Florida	91
Mitchell, Indiana	91
Battle Creek, Michigan	90
Patetown, North Carolina	90
Princeton, West Virginia	89
Somerset, Kentucky	88
Pelzer, South Carolina	88
Blackwater, Arkansas	87
Crescent Springs, Kentucky	87
Brevard, North Carolina	87
Seneca, South Carolina	87
Norfolk, Virginia	87
Albany (8th Ave.), Georgia	86
Lake Wales, Florida	86
Parrott, Virginia	86
Somerset, Pennsylvania	86
Rossville, Georgia	85
Lake Placid, Florida	85
Augusta (Crawford Ave.), Georgia	84
Cleveland (Fulton), Ohio	84
Middlesboro (Noetown), Kentucky	83
Kokomo (Market St.), Indiana	82
Woodruff, South Carolina	82
Lakedale, North Carolina	81
Monroe, Virginia	81
West Lakeland, Florida	80
Combs, Kentucky	80
Milford, Delaware	80
Inman, South Carolina	80
Wyandotte, Michigan	79
West Gastonia, North Carolina	79
Middletown (Oxford St. Road), Ohio	79
Bethany, South Carolina	79
Adel, Georgia	78
Gary, Indiana	78
Catlettsburg, Kentucky	78
Radford, Virginia	78
Parkersburg, West Virginia	78
Couches Fork, Kentucky	77
Mooreville, North Carolina	77
Troutmans, North Carolina	77
Guntersville, Alabama	76
Cave Creek, Arkansas	76
Washington, D. C.	76
Willow Run, Michigan	76
Claysburg, Pennsylvania	76
Ware Shoals, South Carolina	76
Carlsbad, New Mexico	75
Trafford, Alabama	75
Cleveland (E. 55th St.), Ohio	75
Langley, South Carolina	75

Spiritual Results Among Our Youth

June 30, 1959	
Saved	2,286
Sanctified	926
Filled With Holy Ghost	735
Added to the Church	706
Since June 30, 1958	
Saved	33,837
Sanctified	13,647
Filled With Holy Ghost	10,442
Added to the Church	9,893
Report of New Y.P.E.'s	
New Y.P.E.'s organized since June 30, 1958	116

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OCTOBER, 1959

The LIGHTED

Pathway

DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR



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Youth Wants to Know

By Avis Swiger

THIS MONTH YOU seem very much satisfied, for I have not received any questions—except some that were answered by direct mail. I hope that this means you have your minds made up to go back to school and study hard, applying yourself to the task of being a living witness for the Lord. Good luck to you and God bless you.

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The LIGHTED Pathway

DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR

Vol. 30 OCTOBER, 1959 No. 10

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Subscription Rates

Single Subscriptions, per year . . \$1.50
Rolls of 10 1.00
Single Copies15

Published monthly at the Church of God Publishing House, Cleveland, Tenn. All materials intended for publication in The LIGHTED PATHWAY should be addressed to Lewis J. Willis, Editor. All inquiries concerning subscriptions should be addressed to Bookkeeping Department, Church of God Publishing House, Cleveland, Tennessee.

ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL
MATTER AT POST OFFICE
CLEVELAND, TENNESSEE

WHERE IS IT WRITTEN ?

By Clay Cooper

President, VISION, INCORPORATED

IN THESE DAYS, we are asking ourselves the question, "Just where is it written . . . chapter and verse, please . . . that godless forces of the world are bound to stymie the onward march of the cause of world evangelization?"

It would do us all good, and would result in untold good for the world we want to see spared from Communism, atheism, and a whole host of other isms, if we were forced to read every day for a month the thrilling, inspiring eleventh chapter of the book of Hebrews. It is there we have one of the most thrilling pieces of documentation in the world, proof of what faith in God has done in critical periods of the world's history. Sometimes faith together with means, and sometimes just bare, naked unadorned faith . . . but always faith.

In making conquest for Christ in the world, we've got to get our minds off the illusionary, the transient, the temporal . . . the seeming tangible, however impressive at the moment all these may appear . . . and get our minds on the seeming intangible. "Paradoxical," you say! "Talking in riddles. Depend on illusive faith, in an unseen God?" you ask.

Admittedly, if there were no God, we would all be fools to hope . . . to set for our goal the literal fulfillment of the Great Commission in a day when quite the opposite seems to be in prospect. If prayer is a "weak sister" proposition, a little, foolish habit pinned on us at our mother's apron strings, an exercise which in truth is but wishful thinking . . . a whistling in the dark delusion . . . then for sure, for sure, the person who "attempts great things for God and expects great things from God," as Carey put it, is but doing some wool gathering . . . and is guilty of wishful thinking. If faith and prayer are not, in fact, weapons that cannot be resisted, if love is NOT the one weapon in the "never-failing" category, there is indeed plenty

of ground to shake in our shoes today. There would be logic in conceding that the cause of God, with the triumph of the Gospel in the world, is a lost cause.

But you see, this isn't the case. As Whittier once put it, "The steps of faith fall on the seeming void, but find the rock beneath." We are not hanging by a rope of sand when we trust the Lord.

The disadvantage which our enemies, our adversaries, are put to, is all because they are not aware of our hidden resources . . . our secret arsenals; and regardless of how keen their intelligence department, they are helpless in their detection, because "spiritual things are only spiritually discerned." What a shock it has been to tyrants, when suddenly out of nowhere came divine reinforcements to utterly defeat them.

FAITH IN GOD is not an unworkable weapon . . . not something shadowy or unreal. Want a good definition of **FAITH**? Faith is a **SUBSTANCE** . . . an **EVIDENCE**. That's how the Bible reads, and what has been proven again and again. "Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." What evidence do we have? Faith is its own evidence.

Where is it written that faith won't work . . . that prayer does not change things? All great ages have been ages of belief. Said Emerson, "When there was an extraordinary power of performance, when great national movements began, when arts appeared, and when heroes existed; when poems were made, the human soul was in earnest."

For example, the world will always revere the triumphs of Moses over Pharaoh and his hordes. But what the world forgets, and not a few Christian editors, preachers, politicians and plain laity, was the source of his power . . . the explanation of his exploits. "He feared NOT the wrath of the King, and

(Continued on page 21)

By L. L. Wightman

Illustrated by Chloe Stewart



Jungle Night

A COLD SHIVER crept down Ray Carson's spine. The impulse to scream rose to his lips, but he checked it as he glanced at his sleeping companion. Hal Baker, wrapped in a blanket, slept as soundly as though he were home under his own roof. But even the quiet repose of his companion failed to quiet Ray's uneasiness.

With an effort, he retained control of himself as he withdrew his gaze from the sleeping youth. His back to the low fire, Ray sought to penetrate the barrier of darkness beyond the circle of light, but all he saw was a wall of matted underbrush. Grotesque shadows danced on the wall as the flame of the burning embers rose and fell. The blanket of darkness beyond seemed weighted with oppressiveness, dense and heavy.

Fear again seized Ray. He shook his shoulders as though to free himself of a weight as the sense of fear gripped him. Should he awaken Hal? Again he stifled his fears to maintain control of his flighty nerves. Listening intently, he discovered a deadly silence prevailed, like the calm before the storm. The silence was worse than noise. Something must happen.

BOOM—BOOM—BOOM.

Ray leaped to his feet, uttering a cry of alarm as the sonorous boom reverberated through the

jungle.

"Hal," he cried in desperation. "HAL!"

Hal tossed aside the blanket and leaped to his feet, all trace of sleep erased instantly. To his ears came the undulating echo of the intermittent boom. "A hollow-log drum," he interpreted the sound.

"What does it mean?" Ray asked, thoroughly alarmed by this menace of the unknown. "Does it concern us?"

Hal shrugged. "I wouldn't know. I understand that when Konga drums sound, it means trouble for their enemies. How can they consider us enemies?"

"Whatever they think, they are excited about something," Ray declared. "Trouble has been brewing lately, for some reason or other. If they find us here, it might be unhealthy for us."

"And why this recent trouble?" Hal asked. "Are you sure we don't know at least one reason?"

A gleam of displeasure flashed in Ray's eyes, his anger offsetting his fear. "This is no time to argue about causes," he blazed at Hal. "We've got to get out of here fast."

"You're right," Hal recognized the truth of Ray's statement. "This is the time for action, not argument."

Swiftly, he rolled his blanket and

prepared to break camp, the cause of the native unrest breaking upon him in an alarming manner.

THE YOUNG men were friends in spite of their disagreement about the natives. Hal's father had opened a mission station in the coastal village, and from that point had worked inland among various tribes. When he approached the Konga tribe, he found a barrier. Investigation revealed that the Afro Trading Company was responsible for the barrier. And Ray's father was manager of this company.

As a representative of this company, doing business with the natives, he obeyed the orders of his superiors. There were reasons why they tried to bar the missionaries from this tribe, it being easier to exploit an ignorant people. The missionaries would bring enlightenment.

"It isn't right," Hal had argued with Ray. "You are depriving them of that to which they are entitled. They have a right to be more than savages."

"They are worth just what we can gain from them," Ray repeated his father's philosophy. "And we are making money on the deal."

"How long do you think it will continue?" Hal countered. "Some-day they will learn from other

tribes what you are doing. Then what will happen? An ignorant savage will seek revenge for wrongs done him."

Thus, the matter of the natives remained a subject of disagreement between them. Rumors of trouble reached the young men while they were on a trip to the interior. Their route home took them through Konga territory. Tonight they had camped instead of following the river route after dark. Now, with drums booming in the night, they decided the river might be the safer place after all.

A twig snapped, startling in its effect. Hal whirled and focused his flashlight in the direction of the sound. The beam of light picked up the native emerging from the jungle into the clearing about the camp. Hal recognized him immediately. He turned to his companion.

"Ray, it's—" He saw the rifle at Ray's shoulder. "DON'T SHOOT!" he screamed, feeling that his command would be ignored. Powerless to prevent the shot, he turned his light squarely in Ray's eyes just as the rifle cracked, speeding the bullet towards the native. The next instant he seized the rifle, wrenching it from Ray's hands.

"Where's your common sense," he shouted, exasperated. "He's a friend. If you have killed him—" He stepped to the native who had fallen a few feet from the fire.

"Malu," he called his name. "Malu!" There was no response.

"Fine judgment," he berated Ray. "What folly! If you've killed him, neither of us will reach home."

Investigation revealed no sign of a bullet wound, but blood flowed from a gash in Malu's side.

"Something sure hit him hard there," Hal declared trying to stem the flow of blood. "You should remember this fellow. We doctored him at the mission station."

"That means nothing to me," Ray replied, lapsing into a surly mood. "Let's get going."

"And leave this fellow here in this condition?" Hal questioned.

"Why not? We can't take him with us. Why bother with him?" Then he sensed Hal's attitude. "You're not staying with him?"

"Yes, I am. I wouldn't leave any

man alone in this condition."

Ray shook his head. Beset by fear and excitement, he was beyond the power of sound reasoning. Besides that, his philosophy of life led along a different path.

"You're crazy," he declared angrily. "Staying with a worthless native when your life is in danger! How stupid! If that is your choice, I'm leaving right now."

Without another word, he turned his light on the path leading to the river. That rifle shot surely would bring visitors; he would leave before they arrived. He glanced back once to see Hal bending over the native. For an instant he hesitated, but the motive holding Hal had no influence on him. He started for the river.

Hal thought Ray was bluffing, so turned his full attention on the native. He saw Malu open his eyes and watched his hands slowly search his broad chest.

"He missed you," Hal answered the unspoken question.

Malu turned his head slowly. "Where other boy?" he asked.

Hal, looking around, found Ray missing. "Huh! Guess he meant what he said. Probably on trail to river."

Malu smiled. "No get far."

SUDDENLY THE jungle came to life. Numerous eyes peered forth at Hal. As Malu spoke sharply, dusky figures emerged into the light. Wood was thrown on the fire, and the flames ascended. Ebony bodies reflected the light.

Hal felt his spine tingle as he watched the circle of natives. Their looks were anything but friendly. Perhaps Ray was right in advocating flight.

A shout from the river contradicted that conclusion. A command from Malu sent several natives speeding into the darkness. They returned a few minutes later with Ray Carson as a prisoner.

"Why you not go?" Malu asked Hal.

He pointed to the wounded side. "I stayed to help you. Do you remember how we helped you at the mission station?"

Some weeks ago several natives had stopped at the mission. One of them, very ill, was restored to

health by the care given him. Hal learned nothing much about him, except his name. The native left as much a stranger as when he came.

Right now he seemed to have power over the other natives. To stall for time he asked Malu about his wound and why he came to the camp alone. The wound came from an encounter with an angry elephant some days ago. Hearing about the young men from a native who spotted them, he hastened to reach them before they were harmed. From the description given him, he thought it might be Hal. A fall in the dark tore the wound open again.

From the portion of the explanation, Hal knew he had nothing to fear. But that shot changed the situation. What would happen to Ray for that?

"We will take you to the mission," Hal suggested. "You know we can care for you there."

Malu's eyes darkened. "You go," he said. "You good friend. Him no good," motioning to Ray. "Him enemy. Rob natives. Shoot at Malu. We take care of him."

JUST WHAT HAL feared. They would take revenge on Ray. When he begged that Ray's life be spared, amazement met his request.

"He shoot at me," Malu said. "He run away, leave you alone. You try to save him. No, we keep him here."

Hal tried to explain to Malu, realizing the Christian code was utterly foreign to native minds. They would return kindness for kindness, understanding Hal's attitude towards them. They also would return hatred for hatred. Doing good to your enemies and loving them was beyond them. That Hal should beg for the life of one who deserted him was beyond their understanding.

"Me no understand," Malu repeated.

"Let us take you to the station," Hal begged. "I'll help you understand. We'll heal the wound and make you strong again. I'll teach you why I feel this way. I'll tell you about my God who sent us here. Have you power with your

(Continued on page 19)



Christian Writing as

By EDITH OSTEYEE*

Illustrated by CHLOE STEWART

Writing for the Christian press requires techniques just as much as any other craft.

AT THE CORDIAL "come in," the young man entered the pastor's study.

"Sit down, Richard," invited the Rev. Mr. Cox. "I have been thinking over your call to vocational Christian service, and I want to talk with you."

"Yes, Sir," and Richard twisted his hat nervously. "I have been thinking it over, too. The Lord wouldn't call me to Christian service unless He had a place for me, would He?" He hesitated, then added, "You know how I stammer and can't get my sentences straight when I talk. Now when I write, it's different. I can write the way you talk."

"Have you ever thought of using that talent God has given you?" asked the pastor.

"Not in a strictly Christian sense," answered Richard. "I tried to edit the high school paper the way a Christian would, and I try to be a Christian in my apprenticeship as a printer."

Richard laid his hat down on the table and leaned forward earnestly. "I did think of journalism as a career, but since working in the newspaper office, I have lost my taste for it. Not that they're not good people, but—" Here Richard's handicap of stammering caught up with him. He hesitated a moment, swallowed once or twice, then went on, "You see, I feel called to do

something more directly Christian."

"I understand." Mr. Cox picked up the LIGHTED PATHWAY from his desk. "Richard, do you ever read this?"

"Of course," Richard answered somewhat indignantly. "I always read every word of it. It's a good magazine."

"Have you ever thought of Christian writing as a career?" pursued the pastor.

Richard was silent a moment, as he picked up his hat and laid it down again.

"No, Sir, I have not. But I see what you mean. Writing for our denominational papers is also a form of Christian service. Is that it?"

"Yes, Richard. Since you talked with me the other evening, I have been thinking about and praying over your problem. This is the way the Holy Spirit has led me." He picked up a book from his desk. "Listen to this quotation: 'Religious writing does not necessarily mean large financial rewards, but it can bring a feeling of satisfaction in the knowledge that you are advancing God's kingdom in a much needed area. By writing for Christian publications you can make a vital contribution to the life of our day and the days that are to come.'""

"The world is in a mess, I know," added Richard. "Our town is in a mess; if I could help win souls for the Kingdom; if I could help others in their Christian growth, it would be a Christian ministry, wouldn't it?"

"Indeed, yes."

"But how would I go about it?" Richard queried. "The only writing I have ever done has been secular—news, sports, and the like. And lately I haven't had a chance to do any writing. Learning to run a linotype takes a lot of time." He added nervously, "You know I have to work to help support the family, and cannot go to college."

"I know, Richard," replied Mr. Cox sympathetically. "Creative writing is one craft where a college education is not essential, although it would be helpful. You could take a correspondence course right at home, working on it when you weren't busy at the shop, or you could master techniques yourself by thorough and careful study of a good book on the subject."

"Techniques?"

"Writing for the Christian press requires techniques just as much as any other craft. Aren't there certain ways of operating and caring for a linotype which you have to learn before they allow you to be alone with it?"

"I see," answered Richard. "Of course a printer must be trained. No one wants a greenhorn working on a machine which costs as much as newspaper equipment does."

"Exactly." The preacher was silent.

After a moment or two Richard said, "I see now what you mean. Immortal souls are far more valuable than any equipment. Therefore, I must be trained in writing techniques if I am to help others to become Christian and then to grow in their Christian lives."

*Edith Ostejee (Mrs. J. F.) is the founder of the CHRISTIAN AUTHORS GUILD, a correspondence school of Christian Journalism. If you are interested in a good course on this subject write LIGHTED PATHWAY office, Cleveland, Tenn.—Ed.

**Writing for Christian Publications, by Edith Tiller Ostejee. The Judson Press, 1953.

Location

Mr. Cox picked up one of the **LIGHTED PATHWAYS** from his desk. "One of the first principles to master," he informed the young man, "is to know the needs and interests of your readers. What are the interests of the young people who read this periodical? What do they do? What do they need? Which leads to the next step, that of knowing the market to which you want to sell."

Turning the pages, the pastor continued, "You see, Richard, I have had to become trained, too, because I do a lot of writing for our periodicals. Look at this magazine. What type of articles are used? What length? How are they written? The many techniques the Christian writer must know are taught in any good textbook on creative writing, but only actual study of the market, plus creative writing under guidance of the Holy Spirit will help you master them."

THERE'S AN EXTRA typewriter in the shop," Richard mused. "And some days I have several hours to myself. All of our newspaper copy must be typewritten. I should suppose that is also true of Christian periodicals?"

"I know of no Christian editor today who accepts handwritten contributions," Mr. Cox replied. "The textbook will also teach you how to prepare a typescript properly."

"Sometimes an article in the **LIGHTED PATHWAY** arouses my interest until I feel I must go out and do something about it. The Lord spoke through that article I

(Continued on page 20)



Rev. Cox picked up the **LIGHTED PATHWAY** from his desk. "Richard do you ever read this?" "Of course," Richard answered somewhat indignantly.

NEEDED: AMMUNITION FOR OUR FRONT LINE TROOPS

By Larry Ward

Director of Informational Services, WORLD VISION, INC., Executive Secretary, Evangelical Press Association

IN A CROWDED market place in Rangoon, Burma, I stopped at a bookseller's stall and leafed through the numerous English-language books on sale.

A title caught my eye: *Women of China*: "I picked up the attractive magazine-format publication, glanced through its pages. There were various articles about the women of today's (Red) China, including eulogy for those who had been outstanding in surpassing their quotas for farm or factory work. But the article on the last page, in contrast to the mild propaganda elsewhere in the book, stabbed hard. There was a picture of a wild-eyed Chinese woman, shaking her fist in savage fury at a "Hate America" rally. And the article on the page told the world that the women of China were ready to take up arms in defense of their country if the hated American imperialists ever attacked the mainland.

I turned to a scholarly looking paper-bound text: *A Simple Geography of China*. Much of it was simple, factual geographic information, but here and there I caught barbed comments such as "Under the reactionary régime in the past, the people were exploited and oppressed ruthlessly, and they were backward politically, economically and culturally. Since liberation, however, many national autonomous *chou* and counties have been set up, and their conditions improved all round and an unbreakable national unity achieved."

There were other examples of Red literature, ranging from an obviously biased history of China to a barbed storybook for children direct from Moscow. All of it hit hard and, I had to admit, effectively.

I looked around. Beside me stood a be-spectacled youth, apparently a student, lost in the avid reading of *China Reconstructs*, another attractive pictorial like *Women of China*.

THIS WAS IN BURMA, another of today's ideological battlefields. American money is pouring into Burma in a sincere (if somewhat belated) example of Free World interest. American missionaries like the great Adoniram Judson long have carried the claims of Christ to Burma's teeming cities, tropic jungles, towering mountains. But counterbalancing these efforts is a constant and vicious onslaught of colorful, attractive literature from both

China and Russia.

Standing there, I shook my head as I saw a familiar pattern repeated.

In Calcutta, I had seen Communist hawkers peddling attractive literature direct from Russia.

In Belgium, at last year's World Fair, I had been loaded down with Russian brochures and pamphlets the moment I had entered the massive Soviet exhibit.

In Hong Kong I had seen children sitting on a curb, pouring over Red comic books.

In Japan I had seen earnest young students in a park with their arms loaded with what I was told was Communist propaganda.

In Singapore, I had seen a sidewalk bookstall with both English and Chinese magazines and books carrying the Communist line.

In Italy, a voluble young man on a bus had spouted out the familiar Red line, turning for "proof" of his assertions to the weighty Marxist tome he carried.

And I confess I sighed a little as I remembered

(Continued on page 23)

'Who, Me?'





SELF-WILLED

By Mary Alice Young

MY MOTHER AND I always do the things that I want to do." These words came from my younger sister's room where she and Janie were doing their homework together. Janie continued, "and furthermore, my father gets furious! He says that I am self-willed like my mother and my grandfather."

My young sister, with all the wisdom of her fourteen years replied, "I don't think it would be any fun at all to always do the things a person wants to do!" "And", Marie continued, "just what do you mean by saying that your mother always does what you want to do?"

At that precise moment I entered the picture. Janie threw herself across Marie's bed just as I peeked around the corner and greeted them. "Hello, girls. How are you, Janie?"

"Hello, I was just telling Marie that my mother always gives me what I want—no matter what it is! Honestly, I've never had to want for one single thing in my whole life!"

"Imagine that, Mary Alice! Do you think that is right? That Janie gets EVERYTHING she wants?" My little sister was wide-eyed. Before I had a chance to reply, Janie spoke again . . . "What's the use of living if you can't have everything, that is, I mean, if you can afford them, and surely my parents can spend as much as they want to. Sometimes if my father starts to put his foot down, my mother speaks up for me. She always defends me against my father! After all, what does he really know about the needs of a high school girl anyway?"

AS I STOOD there listening, I was speechless, a little cross with Janie, and somewhat annoyed. But I wasn't blaming Janie; it was her parents I was thinking about. What about this child five years hence? She will not find it easy to marry. If she does find a husband, it won't be a very happy home. Janie will be as self-willed when she is twenty as she is at fifteen.

What a significant phrase, what rubbish to hear from a child's lips: "My mother always took my part. She always gave in to my teasing and tantrums."

Parents think it is good policy to give in. Is it? That's not in my book. Suppressing seventy-five per cent of the injunctions that they lay upon their children might be to their advantage. But on the others they should insist. They might try to give fewer instructions, and give them opportunely, never, never go back on a command once you have given it. That would be, it seems to me, the only way to form a child's character. If a child knows that crying, coaxing, threatening, refusing to eat, will in time give him what he wants, then the parents surely are not doing a very good job of bringing up their children.

I wanted to tell Janie of my thoughts. I wanted to take her some place where it was quiet and conducive to having such a talk. I wanted to say, "Janie, dear—do not exercise this sort of tyranny over your parents. Try to limit your wants, to restrain your desires."

Janie may read these words anyhow; I hope she gains by them. Obviously, Janie, if you sulk or cry simply to get some little thing or your own way, without doubt, your mother will give in to you. But, after all, isn't it childishness? Your father is a wise man! He has thought it best to refuse some things! Your father is a wiser man than you can possibly know. It seems to me that it might be worthwhile to spend a little more time in his company.

Janie, what's really so special always getting everything you ask for? It's a good feeling to desire something and wonder if you will actually get it or not. Why not think about it that way? If, for some reason, a request is refused, think about it this way—there must be some reason. There always is. Very well then, Janie, keep on smiling. You have such a lovely smile!

Prayer

Dear God, I have many faults. I am not aware of all of them, but Thou knowest them. Wilt Thou forgive me today for my secret faults so that I shall be more pleasing to Thee and to my parents and friends, and, at the same time, a more useful instrument in Thy kingdom.

By Pauline Virginia Sutherland

COPY

WRITER

for the

LORD

THE TRAFFIC LIGHT at the intersection of 16th Street, North and First Avenue, in St. Petersburg, the Sunshine City, operates automatically, turning green to go and red to stop! The mechanism doesn't work any differently than that which controls all such lights. There is nothing special or spectacular about that!

There is, however, something special at this particular intersection; something that encourages the thousands of passers-by to STOP—LOOK—and meditate all hours of the day and into the night, regardless of what the traffic signals dictate. And, if you were a native, or a visitor, you would feel compelled to do the same. The feature that attracts men, women, children of all ages, of all faiths, daily? It is a billboard, free of all commercial advertising. It is the tangible means through which the Florida Power Corporation recognizes the POWER of prayer.

When the writer first heard of the "40-foot sermons," she contacted J. K. (Pat) Flanagan, Vice-president in charge of public relations of the Corporation. She suggested that inasmuch as they had something in common, she would like to do a story about him and his prayer-project. Mr. Flanagan replied, in part, "I do not want publicity; I just want others to feel encouraged—I want other companies to 'advertise prayer.'" Then he continued, "I will give you consent to write about Florida Power and our great President, W. J. Clapp, who gave his blessing to our dedicated billboard."

SUFFERING FROM a severe heart attack some years ago, Mr. Flanagan said the idea for his "40-foot sermons" came to him while he was confined to a hos-

pital bed. There was some doubt as to whether or not he would ever survive the attack. Awake, or half-asleep, on many occasions, he heard the whispers of the nurses. He overheard the cardiologist's diagnosis, but he heard and felt something more important. It was during that particular time that he actually experienced the overwhelming power of prayer.

"I can't describe the feeling," he said. "One phrase, above all others kept running through my mind. Awake and asleep, the words were there. 'PRAYER CHANGES THINGS — PRAYER CHANGES YOU.'" Mr. Flanagan thought about the phrase all through his illness, and all through the days of his convalescence. This was the first "40-foot prayer" to go up on the billboard.

Other messages posted on the billboard from time to time are: "Faith in God Will Give You Peace of Mind." "When You Stop for Prayer, You Go Spiritually Refreshed." "Your Faith in God Is Your Spiritual Security." Last holiday time, "Our Christmas Prayer, Peace for All People and All Nations," appeared on the board for many weeks prior to the holiday and all through the season. "May the Spirit of Christmas Be With You Always" also appeared during the Yuletide season. During Brotherhood Week in February, people of all nationalities, faiths and creeds praised the powerful words, "Brotherhood Can Be a Reality Here and Now." "Prayer Is Power."

A few weeks prior to the writing of this story, passers-by stopped to read and ask themselves the question, "Have You Read This Best Seller Lately?" (With a picture of the Bible.) "God's Changeless Principles Still Apply in This Changing World." There are more, many

more, dozens of these spiritual signs which are changed automatically about every two to three months.

IN SPITE OF the fact that the program was completely anonymous, letters by the hundreds began to flow into the Power Corporation's offices, praising them for the sign. There wasn't a sign or any indication as to who was responsible for the prayers. Letters and cards began to arrive from all over the country, from Canada and from a few foreign countries. Everyone expressed his appreciation in one way or another. In all the years that the messages have been appearing on the board, never has there been any objection received. The religious of all denominations in St. Petersburg have expressed their good will.

It is the hope of Florida Power Corporation that the mail will continue to come in. And, at the same time, that other corporations across the country will be inspired to recognize the power of prayer and follow in the footsteps of J. K. Flanagan . . . to recall the admonition, "Go thou and do likewise."

The natives of St. Petersburg, the men, women and children—the stenographer and typist, the bookkeeper and bank president, the ditch-digger and mechanic, the waiter and cabbie, all pray that the billboard power of prayer will continue. Business people in all walks of life say that they have come to depend on the spiritual messages in these trying times. They say frankly that the meaningful words help them to carry on their daily commitments when they have God in their hearts.

Out-of-towners come, pause, meditate, and leave feeling refreshed. They talk about the billboard at the intersection. They talk about it on the buses, in the trains, in hotel lobbies—and they talk about the billboard in the Sunshine City long after they have returned home.

Attending a church of almost any denomination on a Sunday morning, it would not be unusual to hear the minister, ask if you are acquainted with the current billboard message. Presently, he would proceed to build his sermon around the prayer. This is common practice among the churches of the city.

THE WRITER SPOKE earlier of having something in common with Mr. Flanagan. A cardiac patient who has spent the better part of her last five years in a hospital bed, knows . . . she feels that "power of prayer" every day of her life. Sensing it, as she does, it was only natural then to write and ask to do the story on the billboard sermons.

Not all of us will travel to St. Petersburg to see the prayers in print. Not all of us will visit the Sunshine City and stand at the corner of 16th Street, North and First Avenue—meditating on the prayers. But then, we don't have to! We can, everyone of us, experience that power of prayer in our own everyday life. We don't have to wait for illness to strike!

In saying my prayers, I shall not forget to add a prayer that God will continue to bless the mind and powers of this dedicated man who lives and talks Christianity and brotherhood every day of the year. It is my prayer that Pat Flanagan will long remain a "Copy writer for the Lord."



"Are You a Square in the Family Circle?"

By Pauline V. McConnell



THE POETS HAVE been writing endearing things about home and family since time began. "Home is where the heart is", says one writer. We have been singing "Home, Sweet Home" for generations. Among your friends and relations, it is possible that you know of some young person who is rude and demanding. He may excuse himself by saying something like this—"After all, they are my brothers and sisters. They understand me! Why waste manners on your family? Manners are for company and friends." Are they, really? What about you and your manners? How do you measure up in your family circle? One's home should be a happy place. It is up to you to make it so. Tact, forbearance and consideration for others are necessary for every condition in life. Even in the simplest household, certain formalities should be observed.

Let's get busy on this quiz. You can find out, as some of your young friends say today, how you rate. Are you a "square" in your family circle? Be honest now. Answer each question with "yes" or "no." When you have finished, add up your "yes" answers, allowing 10 points for each one. Then look at end of this article for your score and rating in the eyes of your family and those who love you.

1. Punctuality at all meals is important. Do I make every effort to be on time at every meal?
YES NO
2. Being cheerful at the table helps digestion. Do I contribute, as best I can, to pleasant conversation? YES NO
3. When asked to assist with the dishes, to mow the lawn or help with the care of the younger members of the family, do I act promptly and am I pleasant about it? YES NO
4. Do I respect the property of my brothers and sisters? Am I careful not to take anything belonging to them without their permission? When they have been kind enough to loan me something, do I return it promptly in good condition?
YES NO
5. If an older brother or sister has callers, am I courteous and kind? Being a pest and a tease is childish and discourteous. Am I always mannerly? YES NO
6. When my parents offer advice, do I realize they have lived longer than I and that they are experienced in life and I can learn a great deal from them? YES NO
7. Do I pick up all my clothing and belongings and realize that it is my responsibility? Do I do all I can to spare my mother the work of picking up after me? YES NO
8. My family are all human beings. Their feelings, like mine, can be hurt. Do I refrain from making mean, unkind remarks about the things they do and say? YES NO
9. When requests to do something are denied, do I refrain from sulking? YES NO
10. If on occasion my parents wish to go out and there is no one to sit with the younger children, do I willingly give up any pleasures of my own?
Am I happy to be the baby sitter? YES..... NO

Now, what have you found about yourself? Would you call yourself a "square?" How do you rate in your family circle?

Ten "Yes" answers and 100 per cent means that you are not only a good Christian, but you know how to enjoy your home, how to bring enjoyment and pleasure to your parents and to all who make up your family circle. You could sing "Home Sweet Home" at the top of your lungs and really mean it! 7-9 "Yes" answers, 70-90 per cent.

(Continued on page 22)

More Coupons!

By Esther Miller Payler



WHAT A BIKE!" Andy whistled and flattened his nose against the window of Marsh's Market. "It's just what I've wanted for so long! It'd take me another year to save for it and then I couldn't get one as good!"

The chrome on the bicycle sparkled. The enamel gleamed black. Andy pictured himself flying down Main Street on that bike. The red sign leaning against the bicycle read:

"Prize for most coupons turned in this month. One coupon with each 50-cent purchase."

As Andy walked home, he thought: "How can I get lots of coupons?" He thought of several schemes, then kicked a pebble in disgust. "Why should I try? Where would I get 'nough coupons? Only four in our family so we don't use much food. Grandma and some of the neighbors might give me some, but that's not enough."

Andy stopped in the middle of the sidewalk, cracking his fingers. "I got it!" he said aloud.

It was almost supper time but Andy stopped in the house on the corner. "I'll do errands or odd jobs, if you'll give me your merchandise coupons from Marsh's. I want to earn that bike."

The woman of the house shook her head. "I already promised my coupons. Sorry you didn't get here first."

"Who?" asked Andy surprised.

"Jim, my paper boy."

Andy stopped in at the next house. When he asked for coupons, the answer was the same. But next door to his house, Mrs. Wilson answered cheerfully: "Sure, Andy. I'll be glad to save them for you."

"What can I do for you in return?" asked Andy.

"Cut the lawn next week," said Mrs. Wilson.

"All right, call when you want it," answered Andy. He did not like to cut Mrs. Wilson's lawn because she was so particular, but he did want her coupons.

Andy was late for supper because he had gone to so many houses asking for coupons. Jim had been there before him to all except Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Towne, who lived alone and did not use much food.

When Andy barged into the kitchen, his mother said: "You're late. Where've you been?"

"Trying to get coupons to win that bike in Marsh's window."

"How were you trying to get them?" asked Dad.

"Offering to do errands or odd jobs in exchange,"

said Andy. "Jim, the paper boy, had been every place before me except Mrs. Wilson's and Mrs. Towne's."

"An enterprising boy," said Dad.

"A butt-in," snapped Andy. "Just moved here about a month ago."

ON SATURDAY, Andy went to Marsh's store. "I'm waiting around," he told his mother. "I'll ask to carry bags to cars and take coupons in exchange. Lots of people won't be interested in the bike."

Andy ran down the street whistling. He suddenly stopped when he was close to Marsh's. Jim was leaning against the sign post. A lady came out with two bags of groceries. Jim took both bags. She gave him a strip of coupons.

"Why did he ever come here?" Andy snorted. Jim was stuffing coupons into a brown paper bag, then shoving the bag into his pocket. "You beat me to carrying bags," mumbled Andy.

"There's enough for two, if we take turns," grinned Jim. "This afternoon I'll be on my route."

It seemed to Andy that Jim got more coupons, but he could not be sure. Andy said: "I'm going home for lunch."

"I brought my lunch," said Jim, producing another bag from another pocket. Andy thought it a small bag, but he was busy counting coupons.

At three o'clock, Jim said: "Got to leave for my paper route."

Andy had all the customers now. He was happy as his stack of coupons got bigger. That night he counted 60.

On Sunday before Sunday School, as Andy talked to the boys at the door, none had nearly as many coupons. Jim and his sister came up to the church door. "How many coupons you got?" asked Andy.

"Eighty-five," replied Jim.

Andy shuffled into the classroom.

Every day after school, Andy stayed around Marsh's carrying packages while Jim was on his route. Mrs. Wilson gave him 20 coupons. He had to cut her grass and could not get any coupons that evening. Mrs. Towne surprised him with fifteen coupons.

Andy was happily sure he was in the lead. Every day he looked at the bicycle and wanted it more. The last week of the contest, he had 155 coupons. The

(Continued on page 22)

You . . .



By Robert Walker

Editor, *CHRISTIAN LIFE MAGAZINE*

POPULAR TOPIC of conversation in evangelical Christian circles today is Christian literature. This is good and proper. But talking is not enough.

I'd like to ask, "What are you *doing* about it?"

So vast is the subject of Christian literature and so vital has it become that it affects all walks of life. Pastor, missionary, Christian worker, layman—no matter who we are, we are all involved. In missionary circles, it is providing fresh incentive for the thrust of the gospel in our day. In desperate haste, mission boards are setting up literature committees, launching literature studies.

On the field, low cost, popularly slanted magazines are being started by missionaries to reach the man on the street. On their pages, the gospel is plainly presented, along with practical suggestions on health, baby care, and brightly written news and feature material. Our own publication through its missionary adjunct, *Christian Life Missions*, has had a part in helping to finance, in the past three years, eleven such magazines from Africa to Hong Kong.

At home, far-sighted churches and church organizations are picking up the torch. Some are writing missionary literature into their budgets. Others are seeing that the potential of Christian literature is presented in their missionary conferences and conventions.

Such emphasis is paying out in many ways. A California church the other day, sent \$1500 to Japan to finance the publication of the first evangelical Bible commentary in the Japanese language.

A few Christian colleges and Bible institutes and seminaries are recognizing the need for providing courses on subjects relating to Christian literature. Although their number is still small, more are seeing the need each year.

One well-known college has set up a major in Christian literature. It has been my privilege to teach Christian journalism the past five years in a concentrated missionary literature program during the summer term at Moody Bible Institute. Several Bible institutes are seriously considering opening classes on various phases of Christian journalism.

The Christian literature snowball process started several years ago on the mission field where missionaries suddenly discovered that a rising tide of nationalism was curtailing their activities.

Previously, they had found that natives were willing to put up with their poor efforts at the language or read hastily translated English books on the gospel, in order to hear what the foreigner had to say. Now they had discovered that the proud national wants to read or hear his language in the true idiom of his

and Christian Literature

own people. He is no longer interested in the white man's culture; he wants his own. Moreover, in some areas the missionaries' ability to travel the areas where the Gospel had not been preached is limited by government restrictions. Here, literature often proves to be the only means by which the message of Christ can be proclaimed.

At the same time, Christians at home have come to the staggering realization of the peril of obnoxious literature in their homes and churches. Suddenly engulfed by the miasma of smutty, obscene and objectional literature that flood the newsstands, bookstores and mails, some have struck out blindly. Still others, with the help of churches and civic organizations, have seen the fruit of their labors.

IN A FEW CITIES, vigilant committees have been able to stem the tide. But often for every newsstand that is cleaned up or pornographic publisher put out of business, a dozen spring up in its place.

Meanwhile, in some homes and churches, determined efforts have been made to replace objectional literature with Christian books and magazines.

All of this is encouraging. But all too often, the individual Christian hides behind the cloud of dust stirred up by such activity. A few Christian leaders here and there have been roused into action. But the subject is so vast that to successfully employ the tremendous potential of Christian literature today, complete mobilization of the church of Jesus Christ must be accomplished.

This means that each individual Christian has a responsibility. Here is what you can do about it.

First, begin at home and with the Word of God.

See to it that you have regular daily personal devotions and study the Word of God. See that your family likewise has family devotions centered on the Word of God with the use of other Christian literature.

Subscribe to one or more Christian magazines for yourself and your family. Begin a regular program of building a Christian library for yourself and your family. (Visit your local Christian bookstore for help in the latter.)

Second, see that your church has a program to advance the cause of Christian literature. This means a well-staffed and supplied Christian library. It also means emphasis on Christian reading from the pulpit and in the Sunday School. Here again, the balanced program includes Christian magazines and the basic old-time Christian books as well as current late titles.

Third, see that the newspapers serving your community carry news and feature articles on the activities of the evangelical churches—others as well as your own. This means the appointment of a publicity chairman in your church who knows how to write and understands how to prepare material for the press. If other churches do not have qualified persons, you or someone else who has real vision for this ministry can soon make yourself so invaluable to the local newspaper that you may find yourself the religious correspondent or religious editor for the paper. If you have the desire but not the knowledge or experience for such a task, you will find books available in the library on journalism. Also, at least one correspondence course in Christian journalism is available. (*The Christian Writers' Institute*, 33 South Wacker Drive, Chicago 6, Ill.)

(Continued on page 23)



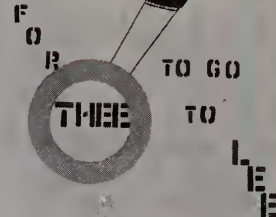
"GOD'S SCHOOL FOR GOD'S BUSINESS"



LEE COLLEGE
CLEVELAND, TENN.

"STUDY TO SHEW THYSELF APPROVED UNTO
GOD, A WORKMAN THAT NEEDETH NOT TO BE
ASHAMED"—2 TIMOTHY 2:15.

SEARCHING



God's School for God's Business

Georgia

Lee College - Y.P.E.

Poster-making Contest

By Floyd D. Carey, Jr.
Georgia Chapter President
Lee College Alumni Association

IT IS VERY interesting to note the keen interest young people display in making posters. It seems like everyone, whether they possess artistic ability or not, enjoy engaging in poster-making. This appears to be especially true among high school students. Poster-making offers opportunity for a young person to express his inward or true feelings. Many times an individual is unable to say what he really feels or believes verbally, but this same person quite often may be endowed with a special sense of being able to project his opinions and mental pictures on paper. Poster-making produces undiscovered areas of promotion, provides wholesome recreation and aids a person in the full development of his hidden resources.

The Georgia Chapter of the Lee College Alumni Association, being continually on the alert to institute new angles and areas of promoting and boosting Lee College,

brought into existence the Lee College—Y.P.E. Poster-Making Contest. After carefully and comprehensively analyzing and surveying the overall affect and results of such a contest, it was revealed that this project would provide activity in three regions of important church functions.

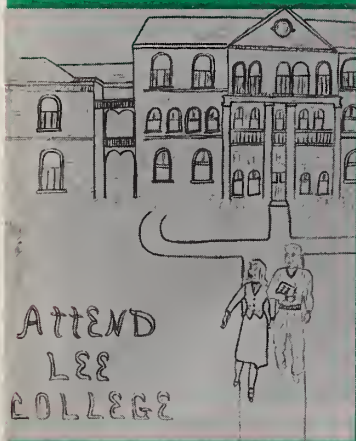
1. This contest would allow Lee College to be advertised in classic form by Y.P.E. supporters endowed with the freshness of youthful vigor and ability. The exquisite simplicity of teen-agers would present Lee in a new style that would be colorful and beneficial. Too, this contest would create and stimulate an interest for Lee College among our young people.
2. A special attraction for local Y.P.E. services would be contained in this project.
3. Interest among teen-agers of the local church would be invigorated and a unique challenge would be offered.

Each Y.P.E. was permitted to enter two posters. Poster construction materials included paints, pen-

(Continued on page 19)



SPREADING TRUTH



ATTEND
LEE
COLLEGE

Portland Church of God Elects a Queen, Miss Y.P.E.

By James W. Childress

PORTLAND, THE CITY of Roses, is located on the Willamette River as it empties into the mighty Columbia. This beautiful sprawling metropolis, with almost 500,000 population, lies almost under the shadows of Mt. Hood, the most Majestic of the snow-capped mountains in the northwest.

Portland is in the very peak of celebrating Oregon's 100th birthday, the centennial.

One of the highlights of this celebration is the famous Rose Parade. From the twelve Portland high schools a queen is chosen to reign at these festivities.

Taking advantage of this centennial celebration, our Y.P.E. President, Mrs. Betty Watkins, made plans to elect a queen, Miss Y.P.E. So for four consecutive Y.P.E. nights, a princess was elected by secret ballot. The princesses were: Martha Lewis, Mary Foltz, Patsy Nicks, and Sharon Hayes, all high school students. The simple beauty of these four Church of God lassies would rival, if not excel, those selected for the grand parade.

Sister Betty Watkins worked hard in getting everything in preparation for the night of coronation. At the start it looked simple enough, but many details had to be straightened out.

Each princess was to give a talent plus a speech not to exceed ten minutes on "The Royal Priesthood of Christ." The one elected queen was to be awarded an expense-paid trip to youth camp. The grand night finally arrived, and a more wonderful Y.P.E. program I have never seen. From the very beginning, it was a service in which Christ was lifted up. The royal court sat on the platform in formal dresses, but most outstanding of all, they were clothed in the righteousness of Christ.

As each talent was presented, one could feel the anointing of Christ. The twelve impartial judges sat with pencil and paper, judging each princess by pre-arranged standards.

Time for the speeches arrived, and the tension mounted. A wonderful crowd of 87 was present to watch the proceedings.

The not-so-simple theme, "The Royal Priesthood of Christ" was delivered; and as each contestant presented her views from the Word of God, the audience began to realize that this was no ordinary Y.P.E. service. Tears were seen on many cheeks.

Finally, the speeches were over and a hush fell over the congregation as the points were tabulated back stage.

The pastor and Junior queen of

(Continued on page 19)



Oklahoma Makes History

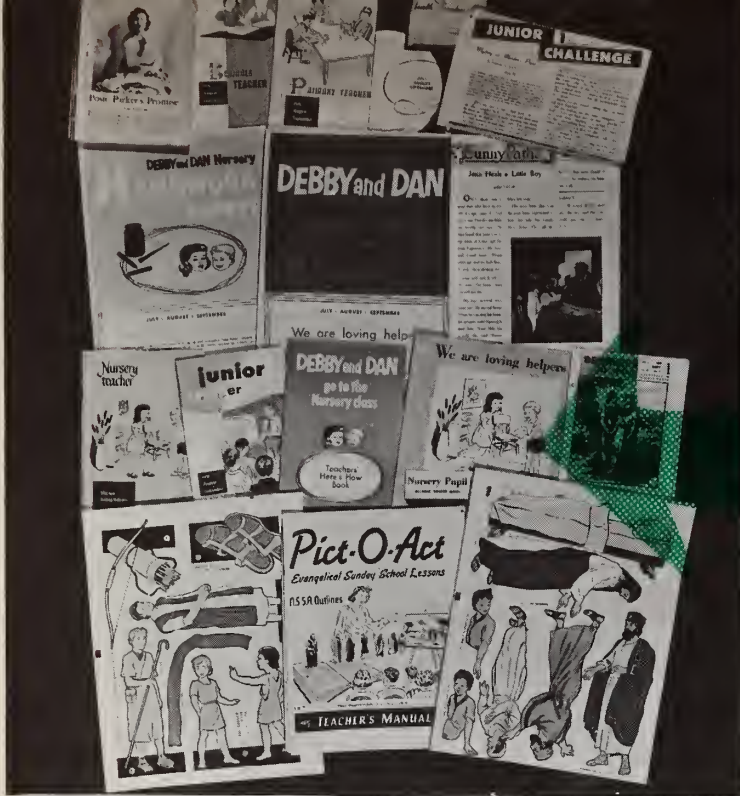
Betty Madison, reporter

Youth Day, Friday, July 10, at the Oklahoma Camp Meeting, was a day filled with enthusiasm, excitement and expectancy. One of the highlights of the day was a Youth Luncheon held at Howard Johnson's, located on the Turner Turnpike in Stroud, Oklahoma. There were forty-five present, including G. W. Hodges, State Overseer; the State Council; Jim Madison, State Sunday School and Youth Director; and the State Youth Board. It was a real pleasure to have as our guest speaker, Rev. O. W. Polen, National Sunday School and Youth Director. Brother Polen challenged every young person present with his dynamic talk. It was stated by Brother Polen that to his knowledge this

was the first such event ever to take place on Youth Day at any Church of God Camp Meeting. The Youth Luncheon was an event long to be remembered in the hearts of those who attended.



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MATERIALS AVAILABLE

For Nursery (Ages 2 and 3)

Teacher's Manual, Teaching Pictures,
Pupil's Activity Book, Pupil's
Handwork Packet

For Beginners (Ages 4 and 5)

Beginner Teacher's Manual, Beginners
With Jesus, Workbook, Flannelgraph

For Primary (Ages 6, 7 and 8)

Primary Teacher's Manual, Sunny Paths,
Workbook, Flannelgraph

For Juniors (Ages 9, 10 and 11)

Junior Teacher's Manual, Junior Challenge,
Junior Workbook, Flannelgraph

For Junior Hi (Ages 12, 13 and 14)

Youth Teacher's Manual, Junior-Hi
Challenge

For Youth (Ages 15, 16 and 17)

Youth Teacher's Manual, Youth Challenge

JUNGLE NIGHT

(Continued from page 5)

people?"

"My father, he chief of tribe."

Hal's heart leaped. The son of the chief! If he could get him to the station—help him understand essential things—grasp the key of entrance to this tribe! For several minutes he talked to Malu, using all the persuasion he possessed.

Malu tried to understand, being impressed by Hal's sincerity. Finally, he agreed to go as requested. He pointed to Ray.

"He go with us. Never come back to Konga people. Stay away. You tell him."

"Thanks, Hal," Ray expressed his gratitude the next day at the station. "You surely saved my life."

"Better thank Malu," Hal advised. "Now that you have had this experience, I would like a frank answer to an important question. In dealing with the natives, would you tell me which level of conduct should be followed, our way or your way?"

Ray hesitated for a moment, realizing there could be but one answer. "If it hadn't have been for your way, where would I be? That's your answer."

Hal nodded. "The Christian way is always the right way. Now that you acknowledge it, why not accept it in your own life?"

PORTLAND OREGON SELECTS QUEEN

(Continued from page 17)

last year's youth camp, Brenda Waldrop were chosen to crown the queen and present her with the royal bouquet. As the Y.P.E. President touched her shoulders and spoke her name, Patsy Nicks cried out with a cry of excitement. She could not hold back the tears. The audience gave her a standing ovation and a thundering burst of applause. Miss Portland Y.P.E. looked radiantly lovely as she viewed her subjects through unashamed tears (her words were: "You're honoring me, but the honor is really due to Christ").

As the service drew to a close, the people decided they wanted to give the entire royal court an expense-paid trip to youth camp.

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This, in no wise, dimmed the honor of the queen, as Miss Portland Y.P.E. of 1959.

Since this unforgettable service, the State Overseer, Brother Estel D. Moore, has invited Queen Patsy to give her winning speech at camp meeting this year on Youth Day.

LEE COLLEGE POSTERS

(Continued from page 16)

cils, crayons and ink. Cut-out letters, pictures or photographs were also allowed. Any type of shading, shadowing or silhouetting was permissible. Posters could depict Lee College in four ways: (1) Advertisement by a lettered poster; (2) Abstract presentation; (3) Picture, photograph or complete drawing; (4) Any combination of the above. Prizes were awarded on the bases of originality, neatness, clearness of thought, and projection of theme. First prize—four books for the Y.P.E. library: **Just for Fellows, Just for Girls, Successful Socials, Recreation Time.** Second prize—three books for the Y.P.E. library: **Just for Fellows, Just for Girls, Fun**

for Everyone. Third prize—two books for the Y.P.E. library: **Just for Fellows and Just for Girls.**

— Contest Winners —

First Prize—Canton Y.P.E.; O. L. May, pastor; Hazel Ellis, supervisor of poster construction.

Second Prize—Gainesville Y.P.E.; Theo Arnett, pastor; Mrs. Theo Arnett, supervisor of poster construction.

Third Prize—Southside, Atlanta Y.P.E.; Charles Clark, pastor; Wayne Barnes, supervisor of poster construction.

Honorable Mention—Calhoun Y.P.E.; C. H. Chambley, pastor; Faye Langston and Joyce Shoupe, supervisors of poster construction.

You can see by the winning posters that this contest was very intriguing, adventurous and profitable. Directed principles mixed with excitement produced what we term "desired results." Our youth have a clearer, more vivid impression of Lee College—a Church of God Institution. Our church needs Lee College; our youth needs Lee College—this contest focused attention in that channel.

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CHRISTIAN WRITING

(Continued from page 7)

read last Sunday, definitely calling
me to greater service than I am
now giving Him." Richard leaned
back in his chair. "But, to be per-
fectly frank, Brother Cox, some-
times I can hardly wade through
an article. It leaves me cold. I
wouldn't want to write that kind."

"A good writer strives to gain
the reader's interest by a short,
catchy title; he tries to arouse
the reader's curiosity by the open-
ing paragraph; and his energies are
bent toward maintaining that in-
terest until the end, leaving the
reader with a sense of satisfaction,"
Mr. Cox said.

"How?"

"By using the five senses to
arouse emotions. A good writer
tries to arouse an emotional re-
sponse in his reader in every para-
graph."

"Can one learn to do that?"

"Every writer has to learn it."

"It sounds like fiction," an-
swered Richard.

"Today's good nonfiction is writ-
ten in fiction style."

"I might try fiction," Richard
said. "I'd like to write a good short
story that would lead someone to
accept Christ."

"May I suggest you start with
nonfiction?" answered Mr. Cox
"You have written that, for one
thing. For another thing, fiction
writing requires more skill than
nonfiction. In the third place, re-
ligious press editors average ten to
twenty nonfiction acceptances to
one short story which they buy, so
that fiction proves more difficult
to market."

"I know where I could start,"
Richard jumped up in his excite-
ment. "I could write those little
short articles which are tucked in
here and there. The newspaper
folks call them 'fillers.'"

"Fine," smiled Mr. Cox.

"The Bible is full of ideas I could
use," Richard began to stammer
again in his enthusiasm. "I think
I'll start with an article on how
caring for a linotype or a car or
any piece of machinery can be
compared with caring for one's
spiritual life so as to grow in grace
and in the knowledge of our Lord
and Saviour Jesus Christ."

"Splendid!" added the pastor.
"It's an original theme; it's also
beginning with what you know.
Both excellent."

Richard rose to go. As he reached
the door, he hesitated, then came
back into the room.

"But how do I know whether or
not I could qualify?" he asked anx-
iously.

"You already possess the first
qualification for a Christian writ-
er," answered Mr. Cox. "You have
been born again and are living the
life that is 'not I, but Christ.'"

Richard flushed at the praise
and said nothing.

"You will need to learn more
about the place Christianity holds
in today's world, and the chal-
lenge presented to Pentecostal
Christians today, so that what you
write will have proper perspective."

"That sounds difficult," stam-
mered Richard.

"No worthwhile job for Christ is
easy," informed Mr. Cox. "The min-
ister has to study constantly, as
well as pray without ceasing. Can
the Christian writer do less?"

"I'm willing to try," Richard
agreed.

"Good! And remember that it is
not consecration or training, but
consecration plus training. You
must become technically proficient.
The time has gone when the re-
ligious press will accept carelessly
prepared and amateurish writing."

Richard again reached the door.
"Thank you, Brother Cox," he said.
"Who knows but that the Lord will
use even my small talent for the
advancement of His Kingdom?"

"If you continue in His will, daily
seeking the counsel and guidance
of the Holy Spirit, He will help
you: of that I am confident," an-
swered Mr. Cox.

"Everything I write will be pre-
ceded by prayer," responded Rich-
ard. "Good-bye and thank you."

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WHERE IS IT WRITTEN?

(Continued from page 3)

never flinched, SEEING Him who is INVISIBLE." That seeming conundrum thrills me . . . "SEEING the INVISIBLE. . ."

Now again I say, we must not gauge what we do for the accomplishment of God's will on earth by what SEEMS to be the order of the day. Let me repeat, the outward is delusive, not conclusive. Let there be active faith in God, which of course, presupposes a harmony with His plan and will, and men will STILL "by faith conquer kingdoms, administer justice, obtain promises, shut the mouths of lions, from weakness go to strength, prove valiant in warfare and turn to flight the armies of aliens." Hebrews, chapter 11.

"When all this host of witnesses encircling us, we must strip off every handicap . . . including pessimism, fear, trepidation . . . strip off sin with its clinging folds, to run our appointed course with steadiness, our eyes fixed upon Jesus as the Pioneer and Perfection of our faith." Hebrews 12:1, 2. Make much of "perfection" . . . you cannot overdo it! Nothing or no one, can stand in the way of God's cause in the world, unless unbelief allows it. Faith and confidence . . . even with God omitted . . . makes a man well-nigh invincible. WITH God, then, faith can do anything that God can do!

Let's think for a moment about a Bible verse: "As a man (JUST A MAN mind you) thinketh in his heart, so is he." Proverbs 23:7. Here's an illustration.

A COMPETENT British scientist reported the results of a test with three men in the British army. He asked the three men to submit themselves to a test designed to measure the effect of their mental attitude on their physical strength, this strength to be registered by a single gripping device operated by the right hand. In their normal state, these three men all had an average grip of 101 pounds. When under hypnosis, he told them they were very weak and their utmost effort registered only 29 pounds. But when, still keeping them under hypnosis, he told them they were very strong, their average strength jumped back to the normal 101 pounds, then rose to 142 pounds. They were actually 40 per cent stronger when they believed they were strong, and 70 per cent weaker when they believed they were weak.

When I read this, I said to myself almost audibly, as a man under a sudden flash of feeling will do, "This little story ought to be read by every professor of faith in God . . . by every leader in our land, by

every statesman, and by every Christian editor and pastor." If a man can be that strong just by faith alone, how strong can men be with faith in God!

Where is it written that a man bereft of outward resources is a weak man? Listen one moment again to what is written . . . "This is the victory that overcometh the world . . . even our faith. I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." And those "all things" include the total and complete prosecution of the Great Commission, notwithstanding all comers! Thus it is written, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature . . . make disciples of all nations, and lo, I am with you always."

"Faith, mighty faith the promise sees, and looks to God alone; laughs at impossibilities and cries, 'It shall be done!'" Every promise of God claimed is a promise of God possessed. Weary pilgrim, distraught church or nation, "Believe, and thou shalt see!" (Available in digest tract form at Vision, Inc., Box 1, Spokane Washington.)

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"ARE YOU A SQUARE IN THE FAMILY CIRCLE?"

(Continued from page 12)

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and do your part from now on, you have no idea how enjoyable everything can be. You are pleasant to your friends when they ask you to do something. How about turning the tables and doing the same for your mother and father, your sisters and brothers? Every person should feel a little happier if he has tucked a little work in his daily life. "All work and no play can make Jack a dull boy," but all play and no work can act in the same way. Try to remember to pick up your socks and shirts from the floor, won't you? Don't expect your busy mother to pick up after you. Baby-sitting can be fun! Try giving your manners a work-out on this project. Why, you'll discover some things about the baby you never knew before! It's the little things that make life worth living.

Under 7 answers or 70 per cent. Lending should be done cheerfully when a brother or sister needs something you have. Be generous, but also be careful of those things your brothers and sisters loan you. Accidents to borrowed things should be put to rights by the person who borrowed them. Grace at meals should be said by the family all together. Make a point to be on time from Reveille to supper. Start the day right; get up the second time you are called instead of the fifth. A pleasant greeting at breakfast will last all the day; the in-between times will be pleasant times. Big sister and big brother's friends should be treated with respect. Greet them in a pleasant manner; then leave the room and stay out. After all, the day will come when you are grown and you begin to have dates too. Put into effect that old and wise saying, "Treat others as you wish to be treated yourself."

Remember the Three Musketeers and their motto? "All for one—and one for all." That is how we should think about our families. It's a good way, don't you agree?

We can all be members of the Happy Family Circle with just a little thought.

MORE COUPONS

(Continued from page 13)

next day at school Andy saw the boys crowded around Jim. "Jim's got 191 coupons!" sang one of the boys.

Jim was shoving coupons into a paper bag and pushing it into his back pocket as Andy answered the boy's question: "How many you got, Andy?"

AFTER SCHOOL Andy went to Marsh's. A sudden shower sent him scurrying home for an umbrella. "I'll put it over ladies so they won't get wet." He thought they would pay in coupons.

Jim was delivering papers way down the street. As Andy crossed the street, he saw a small paper bag lying on the curb. Andy kicked it. A coupon edged out. He picked up the bag. Coupons were inside. "Now I'll win!" Andy felt himself riding the bike.

He knew Jim kept coupons in such a bag. He had seen it often. "Jim's name's not on it. It's an ordinary bag! I found it. It's mine!" Andy declared. He went inside his house. He threw the bag into the wastebasket, counting the coupons. There were 96.

Suddenly Andy grabbed the bag from the wastebasket, put back the coupons and dashed outside. Jim was not in sight. Andy went on down the street. Soon he saw Jim coming slowly toward him, looking at the sidewalk. "Did you lose something?" asked Andy.

"About a hundred coupons!" Jim looked ready to cry. "I needed that bike so I can get a bigger paper route and do more odd jobs to earn more to help Mom."

Andy handed the bag to Jim.

"Thanks, Andy. You're an honest friend. When my father died, he asked me to promise him to be a Christian, be honest and take care of Mother and Sis. I'm trying hard to keep my promise."

Andy nodded, too choked to speak. "I'll give you rides on the bike," promised Jim.

"When I earn enough for mine, we'll ride together," smiled Andy. He ran down the street whistling.

GREAT

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AMMUNITION FOR TROOPS

(Continued from page 8)

standing in a railroad station in Formosa with a missionary friend. We were passing out Christian "literature"—used Christmas cards with a Scripture text. Soon even these had all been distributed, and we had been forced to stand shaking our heads apologetically while empty hands still reached out imploringly.

Yes, thank God, the church is fighting back on the battleground of literature. But all too often our "front line troops" fight with inadequate or outdated literature "ammunition"—while apparently inexorable supplies continue to pour forth from Moscow and Peking.

Remembering all this, my heart cried out with the prophet of old: "Let the Word of the Lord go forth!"

YOU... AND CHRISTIAN LITERATURE

(Continued from page 15)

Fourth, become informed yourself on the wider aspects and opportunities of Christian literature, particularly on the mission field. Evangelical Literature Overseas, Wheaton, Illinois, a non-profit agency serving all mission boards, will provide you with helpful background material. As you read about this exciting new development, you will be led of the Lord to pray and contribute to Christian evangelism and thus have a definite part in its spread.

Fifth, use all the means of mass communications open to you to present the cause of Christian literature. This means writing letters to your local newspaper editor when you see the gospel disabused. Do not write carping critical letters, but friendly constructive ones, pointing out that the Bible and Christian literature, presenting the gospel of Jesus Christ, is the cure to the troubles of men and nations.

Write letters to magazine editors also when you see articles that challenge your thinking.

ABOVE ALL, compliment editors when material appearing in their newspapers and magazines is helpful to the spread of the gospel. You will be amazed at the fruit from this seemingly insignificant exercise.

Radio station managers, motion picture operators and managers as well are susceptible to the voice of the public.

You are the public. Too long, Christians who make up this public

have remained silent and allowed Satan to dominate the mass media techniques which, in turn, so mightily influence the mind of the public.

Christian literature is nothing more or less than communication. As Christians, we are called upon by the Holy Spirit to be "ready always to give an answer for the hope that is in us." This means that we must not only speak up as individuals in testimony to what God has done for us, but it means also that we must use the mass media available to us by which our testimony for Christ is multiplied by the hundreds and thousands and millions.

These are the reasons why Christian literature today is so significant a subject. These are the reasons also why you and I must participate—not only in talking about it but in doing something about it. Let us do it now.



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The Junior is intensely active. Grippled by the spirit of adven-

ture, he wants to know what lies beyond the narrow sphere of his immediate surroundings. The desire for discovery burns within him. This is a period of health and hardiness. He loves nature and outdoors. He resists confinement. His memory is at its best and ready for drill work. Self-assertiveness makes him impatient with authority because it conflicts with his independence.

He is a worshipper. The Junior is plastic and capable of grasping the solemn things of life. This is the opportune time to prepare the child for a decision for Christ, as adolescence usually brings a spiritual decline. Since the Junior has his life before him, salvation is important. It is useless to try to help

a Junior grow into a fine Christian without planting the roots in the foundation of Jesus Christ. The Junior is receptive, sincere and very exacting in the matters of leaders "practicing what they preach." He appreciates Jesus as Saviour, Friend and Hero and can be led into a real experience with Him.

Childhood conversions are usually permanent conversions. Many great and good men date their conversions from childhood. It has been found that those who accepted Christ early make some of the most outstanding leaders in the church.

The great majority of boys and girls drop out of Sunday School during the days of early adolescence unless they are firmly an-

chored in Christ and committed to His care. Then the firm hand of the Great Pilot will guide them safely over the treacherous waves of adolescence.

Decisions for Christ in childhood prepare the way for other important decisions in adolescence. By accepting Christ in their youth, the entire course of their life will be changed.

OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL DEPARTMENT

Our Sunday School is departmentalized. Our children have their own department and are separated from the older people. This department includes the Beginner, Primary and Junior classes. At the Sunday School hour, the children go directly to their individual classes where class activity is begun immediately. This enables the teacher to have more time to teach the lesson and to conduct other interesting projects. This may include additional Bible stories or stories concerning other children. The majority of the time, however, is spent in teaching the lesson, because I believe more time is required to teach children in an interesting manner than is required in the classes of older groups.

The older people have their opening assembly at the beginning of the Sunday School hour. After the lesson is completed, the children gather in the larger section of the basement where they have their assembly period. Since our church is small, we have one superintendent over the entire Youth Department. He has an assistant who helps him prepare interesting assembly programs. Besides singing choruses, sometimes scripture verses are assigned to be learned for the following Sunday. Sometimes, there are special solos rendered by some of the children. This part of the service is interesting to them and keeps them busy. Even though this is work for all those involved, I am proud of the way our Sunday School Department is conducted and I feel this sort of training is helping our children and will be a greater help as they develop into teen-agers.

THE TEACHING OF THE JUNIOR CLASS

The Junior is responsive to the gospel, and is eager to be saved when shown his need. The most important purpose of a Junior teacher should be to show each individual his own need of Jesus Christ. We should have this thought in mind throughout the lesson. A lot of prayer should go into the teaching of the class. How well the Junior remembers is based upon how well the class is taught.

The class has to be taught in an interesting way to keep the attention of the Juniors. They are "bubbling over" with activity, and hence, demand the same in their stories, songs, games and memory work. The age of make-believe is past and all story happenings must have been possible. He is a "hero-worshipper" and admires a character, whether fictitious or real, whose life is one of thrilling adventure and heroic deeds. The stories of the old-time Patriarchs and their victories and of the conquering Christ fill these demands. He still has a sense of the dramatic and enjoys the Bible stories told with all their natural drama and color.

Of all the things a teacher should know, one of the most important is to be able to tell a story. Story-telling is one of the most vital, interesting and effective ways of presenting spiritual truth. "Truth, convincingly portrayed, is the mightiest force the world has ever known." Thus, by means of a well-told story, the interests, desires and emotions of a child may be made to respond to that which is good and beautiful and to react against that which is evil and ugly. In all lands and in all ages, great has been the power of the story to mold character, impress ideals, create attitudes and to teach Christian standards. Then we can say that the skillful telling of the inspired stories of the Bible is the mightiest force in the world for influencing people for God and righteousness.

My class prefers the flannel-graph pictures to portray the lesson. The story then seems more real. In several instances, one of my Juniors has used the pictures

and related the story of the previous lesson. It has been amazing how well they remember that particular lesson.

My class wants to be busy either helping to tell the lesson or working for a goal. At one time I sponsored a contest to increase our attendance. They worked very hard and in only a short time our attendance was almost doubled. If they are given a task to perform, they are usually eager to do their best.

Because children this age can always ask unexpected questions, we must seek God's guidance. Once, one of my girls asked, "If we mustn't hate anyone, should we hate the devil?" It is very important that we be able to give a proper answer pleasing to God.

We should always show a concern for these Juniors. I believe it helps them to know that we are genuinely interested in their spiritual condition and that we love them. They are able to feel these things even without our telling them. Many of the children in the Junior class have parents who do not attend church. A child this age can be a great influence on his parents. By planting the seed of Christ in his heart, he may be the cause of the parents accepting Christ as their Saviour. We should encourage Juniors at every opportunity and let them know we are their friend and stand ready to help them at all times.

WHAT THE JUNIOR DEPARTMENT MEANS TO ME

I am sincerely glad and feel honored to be a teacher of one of our Junior classes. I feel the job I am doing is a part of God's work and I feel I am in His will. Not only do I endeavor to be a help to my Juniors, but working with them has been a tremendous help to me. I have come to a better understanding of children and feel that this is one of the best ways God can use me in His service. To help win one soul for Christ may mean many saved as a result. The most satisfying reward for my work is to see one of my Juniors praying through to salvation and accepting Jesus Christ as his personal Saviour.

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Sunday School and

YOUTH WORK STATISTICS

SUNDAY SCHOOL

BY O. W. POLEN, National Sunday School and Youth Director

Average Weekly Attendance July, 1959

500 and Over	125-199
Greenville (Tremont Avenue), South Carolina	Lancaster, South Carolina
Kannapolis, North Carolina	Birmingham (South Park), Alabama
400-499	Radford, Virginia
Middletown (Clayton Street), Ohio	Cleveland (South), Tennessee
Atlanta (Hemphill), Georgia	Pomona, California
300-399	Langley, South Carolina
Erwin, North Carolina	Greenwood (South), South Carolina
Chattanooga (North), Tennessee	La Follette, Tennessee
Detroit Tabernacle, Michigan	Marion, South Carolina
Hamilton (7th & Chestnut), Ohio	Birmingham (Pike Avenue), Alabama
South Gastonia, North Carolina	Akron (Market Street), Ohio
Wilmington, North Carolina	Plant City, Florida
Chattanooga (East), Tennessee	St. Louis (Grand Avenue), Missouri
Griffin, Georgia	West Danville, Virginia
Cleveland (North), Tennessee	Greenwood, South Carolina
Biltmore, North Carolina	Jesup, Georgia
200-299	Valdosta, Georgia
Atlanta (Riverside), Georgia	Paris, Texas
Charlotte, North Carolina	Perry, Florida
Whitwell, Tennessee	Eldorado, Illinois
Jacksonville, Florida	Greer, South Carolina
Rome (North), Georgia	McCall, South Carolina
Orlando, Florida	Dayton, Tennessee
Daisy, Tennessee	Marked Tree, Arkansas
Pulaski, Virginia	Knoxville (Eight Avenue), Tennessee
Monroe (4th St.), Michigan	Austin, Indiana
Dayton (Oakridge Drive), Ohio	Charleston (King Street), South Carolina
Rock Hill, South Carolina	Sanford, North Carolina
Pontiac, Michigan	Greenville (Park Place), South Carolina
South Lebanon, Ohio	Walhalla (No. 1), South Carolina
Dillon, South Carolina	Norfolk, Virginia
Lakeland, Florida	Miami, Florida
Buford, Georgia	Eloise, Florida
Sulphur Springs, Florida	Avondale Estates, Georgia
Newport News, Virginia	Chattanooga (Fourth Avenue), Tennessee
Savannah (Anderson Street), Georgia	Erwin, Tennessee
Dallas, North Carolina	Sevierville, Tennessee
West Gastonia, North Carolina	Columbus (29th Street), Georgia
South Rocky Mount, North Carolina	Princeton, West Virginia
Anderson (McDuffie Street), South Carolina	Honea Path, South Carolina
Tampa, Florida	Huntington, West Virginia
Alabama City, Alabama	Clearwater, Florida
Nashville (Meridian Street), Tennessee	Fayetteville, North Carolina
Lenoir City, Tennessee	Augusta (Crawford Avenue), Georgia
Mercedburg, Pennsylvania	Lakedale, North Carolina
Dayton (4th Street), Ohio	Greenville, North Carolina
Goldsboro, North Carolina	Anniston, Alabama
Brooklyn, Maryland	York, South Carolina
West Flint, Michigan	Mableton, Georgia
Columbia, South Carolina	Somerset, Pennsylvania
Ft. Lauderdale, Florida	Wyandotte, Michigan
Easton, Maryland	Rifle Range, Florida
Greenville (Woodside Ave.), South Carolina	Tifton, Georgia
Millford, Delaware	Calhoun, Georgia
Chattanooga (East Ridge), Tennessee	Hester Town, North Carolina
Sumitron, Alabama	Demorest, Georgia
Salisbury, Maryland	Brunswick, Georgia
Rossville, Georgia	McMinville, Tennessee
Van Dyke, Michigan	Benton, Illinois
West Lakeland, Florida	West Indianapolis, Indiana
Belton, South Carolina	Fitzgerald, Georgia
	Lanes Avenue, Florida
	Anderson (Osborne Avenue), South Carolina
	Lebanon, Pennsylvania

Willow Run, Michigan	148
Mobile (Crichton), Alabama	147
White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia	147
Lake Wales, Florida	147
Mooresville, North Carolina	147
Williamsburg, Pennsylvania	146
Tarpon Springs, Florida	146
St. Louis (Northside), Missouri	145
Gaffney, South Carolina	145
Jackson, Tennessee	145
Lawton, Oklahoma	144
Dividing Ridge, Tennessee	144
Valdeese, North Carolina	144
New Orleans (Spain St.), Louisiana	144
Bartow, Florida	144
East Orlando, Florida	143
Dalton, Georgia	143
Knoxville (West), Tennessee	143
Winter Garden, Florida	143
Elkins, West Virginia	142
Lake City, Florida	142
West Miami, Florida	142
North Birmingham, Alabama	141
Alcoa, Tennessee	141
Parkersburg, West Virginia	140
Georgetown, South Carolina	140
Hamilton (Kenworth), Ohio	139
Huntsville, Alabama	139
Naples, Florida	139
La France, South Carolina	139
Garden City, Florida	138
Barnardsville, North Carolina	138
Lindale, Georgia	137
Cleveland (E. 55th St.), Ohio	137
Muskegon, Michigan	137
Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina	137
Rockingham, North Carolina	137
Warrenville, South Carolina	137
Cocoa, Florida	136
Cross Mill, North Carolina	136
Ninety Six, South Carolina	136
Solway, Tennessee	135
Patetown, North Carolina	135
Tallahassee, Florida	134
West Hollywood, Florida	134
Athens, Tennessee	133
Dyersburg, Tennessee	133
Lawrenceville, Georgia	132
Orangeburg, South Carolina	132
Woodruff, South Carolina	132
Bainbridge, Georgia	130
Johnson City, Tennessee	130
Lake Placid, Florida	130
Douglas, Georgia	129
Lemmon, South Dakota	129
Ferndale, Michigan	129
Bristol, Tennessee	129
Memphis (Rosamond Ave.), Tennessee	129
Nashville (North), Tennessee	129
St. Louis (Gravois Avenue), Missouri	129
Parrott, Virginia	128
Thomaston, Georgia	127
Marietta, Georgia	127
Hamilton Tabernacle, Ohio	127
Willard, Ohio	127
North Danville, Virginia	127
MacClenny, Florida	127
Henderson, North Carolina	127
Trafford, Alabama	126
Cambridge, Maryland	126
Bluefield, Virginia	126
Avon Park, Florida	126
Ft. Pierce, Florida	126
Mullins, South Carolina	126
West Fayetteville, North Carolina	125
San Pablo, California	125

NATION'S TOP TEN IN HOME DEPARTMENT ATTENDANCE

Total Monthly Attendance for July	
Greenville (Tremont Avenue), South Carolina	7,271
Nashville (Meridian Street), Tennessee	1,120
Kannapolis, North Carolina	723
Atlanta (Hemphill), Georgia	527
Mitchell, Indiana	510
Louisville (Portland), Kentucky	485
Birmingham (South Park), Alabama	440
West Indianapolis, Indiana	361
Columbia, South Carolina	350
Dothan, Alabama	303

CORRECTION!

In the August issue of the Lighted Pathway, Arkansas should have been listed as having 20 Home Departments.
 Sorry for this oversight, Arkansas!
 —National Director

TEN STATES HIGHEST IN HOME DEPARTMENTS

South Carolina	46
Alabama	38
West Virginia	35
Ohio	28
Georgia	26
North Carolina	25
Florida	23
Arkansas	22
Pennsylvania	15
Virginia	11

REPORT OF NEW SUNDAY SCHOOLS

Branch Sunday Schools organized since June 30, 1959	2
Branch Sunday Schools reported as of July 31, 1959	839
New Sunday Schools organized since June 30, 1959	7
Total Sunday Schools organized since June 30, 1959 (Branch and New)	9

Y. P. E.

Average Weekly Attendance July, 1959

200 and Over	
Greenville (Tremont Avenue), South Carolina	205
150-199	
Middletown (Clayton Street), Ohio	180
Lakeland, Florida	170
Daisy, Tennessee	168
Dayton (4th Street), Ohio	153
Pomona, California	156
Highway, Alabama	154
100-149	
East Bernstadt, Kentucky	146
South Mt. Zion, Georgia	145
Erwin, North Carolina	145
Russell Springs, Kentucky	138
Hamilton Tabernacle, Ohio	131
Detroit Tabernacle, Michigan	130
Dressen, Kentucky	130
Garden City, Alabama	129
Brooklyn, Maryland	129
Everts, Kentucky	129
Pikeville, Tennessee	128
Wilmington, North Carolina	128
East Orlando, Florida	126
Garyton, Indiana	124
Torrence, California	124
Cross Roads, Alabama	120
Allens Chapel, Arkansas	118
Mercersburg, Pennsylvania	114
Grays Knob, Kentucky	112
Ft. Lauderdale, Florida	112
Atlanta (Riverside), Georgia	111
Ravenna, Kentucky	110
Paris, Texas	110
South Lebanon, Ohio	109
Home for Children, Tennessee	108
Harlan, Kentucky	108
Rifle Range, Florida	108
Graham, Texas	108
Parrott, Virginia	108
Sulphur Springs, Florida	106
Dallas, North Carolina	106
Dayton (Oakridge Drive), Ohio	105
Anniston, Alabama	105
Benton, Illinois	105
Pulaski, Virginia	105
Hamilton (7th & Chestnut), Ohio	104
Chattanooga (East), Tennessee	104
Cleveland (E. 55th St.), Ohio	103
Jacksonville, Florida	103
Lake Placid, Florida	103
Orlando, Florida	101
Columbus (25th Street), Georgia	100
Stinnett, Kentucky	100
West Lakeland, Florida	100
Houston, Texas	100
75-99	
Radford, Virginia	99
Van Dyke, Michigan	98
Lenoir City, Tennessee	97
Zion Ridge, Alabama	96
Chattanooga (North), Tennessee	94
Mitchell, Indiana	94
Northport, Alabama	93
Nashville (North), Tennessee	93
Marion, South Carolina	92
Somerset, Kentucky	92
West Hollywood, Florida	92

Austin, Indiana	92
Tifton, Georgia	92
Dayton, Tennessee	92
Akron (Market Street), Ohio	91
Arcadia, Florida	91
Ft. Worth (Riverside), Texas	91
Lenoir, North Carolina	91
Rome (North), Georgia	90
Milford, Delaware	90
South Gastonia, North Carolina	90
Lakedale, North Carolina	90
Christian, West Virginia	89
Perry, Florida	89
Goldsboro, North Carolina	89
Pumpkin Bend, Arkansas	89
Oxford, Ohio	88
Pinsonfork, Kentucky	88
Pelzer, South Carolina	88
Combs, Kentucky	87
Inman, South Carolina	87
Clarksburg, Maryland	85
Garden City, Florida	85
Plant City, Florida	85
Nashville (Meridian Street), Tennessee	84
Jewell Ridge, Virginia	84
Louisville (Highland Park), Kentucky	84
Black Water, Arkansas	84
Seneca, South Carolina	84
Woodruff, South Carolina	83
Calhoun, Georgia	83
Augusta (Crawford Avenue), Georgia	83
South Benton Harbor, Michigan	83
Princeton, West Virginia	83
North Wichita Falls, Texas	83
East Fayetteville, North Carolina	83
Mt. Dora, Florida	82
Darlington, South Carolina	82
Salinas, California	82
Valdosta, Georgia	81
Bristol, Tennessee	81
South Richmond, Virginia	81
Parkersburg, West Virginia	81
Georgetown, South Carolina	80
Huntington, West Virginia	80
Bernard, Kentucky	80
Dwarf, Kentucky	80
Akron (Kentucky), Ohio	79
Memphis (Park Avenue), Tennessee	79
Lake Worth, Florida	79
Lanes Avenue, Florida	78
Riviera Beach, Florida	78
Tampa, Florida	78
Lawrenceville, Georgia	78
Monroe (Rosalie), Michigan	78
Sparta, Tennessee	78
Bartow, Florida	78
Charleston (King Street), South Carolina	78
East Haywood, Tennessee	77
Eloise, Florida	77
Fayetteville, Alabama	76
Orme Mt., Tennessee	76
Lawrenceville, Illinois	76
West Gastonia, North Carolina	76
Hazelwood, North Carolina	76
Hester Town, North Carolina	76
Cave Creek, Arkansas	75
Rossville, Georgia	75
Detroit (Trumbull), Michigan	75
Chattanooga (East Ridge), Tennessee	75
Chattanooga (Fourth Avenue), Tennessee	75
Logan, West Virginia	75
Manatee, Florida	75
Starke, Florida	75
Dallas, Texas	75
Greensboro, North Carolina	75
Mt. Holly, North Carolina	75
Sanford, North Carolina	75
Langley, South Carolina	75
Fresno H/M, California	75
Lawton, Oklahoma	75

SPIRITUAL RESULTS AMONG OUR YOUTH

July 30, 1959	
Saved	2,820
Sanctified	1,533
Filled With Holy Ghost	1,225
Added to the Church	913
Since June 30, 1959	
Saved	2,820
Sanctified	1,533
Filled With Holy Ghost	1,225
Added to the Church	913

Report of New Y.P.E.'s

New Y.P.E.'s organized since June 30, 1959	7
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FORWARD IN FAITH

SERMON OF THE MONTH

as
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☐ HOW TO PRAY
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☐ YOUTH THEN
AND NOW

☐ THE NEW SELF

[check sermon(s) desired] ☐ WHEN THE FIRES
BEGIN TO DIE

USE THESE FOR YOUR

- READING PLEASURE
- PERSONAL DEVOTIONS
- PRIVATE STUDY

"TRUTHS THAT NEVER DIE"

FORWARD IN FAITH, P. O. BOX "A," CLEVELAND, TENNESSEE

NOVEMBER, 1959

The **LIGHTED** *Pathway*

DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR



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YOUTH WANTS TO KNOW

By Avis Swiger

Dear Editor:

I would like to have some pen pals. I am a shut-in, for I have had polio for nine years. I get a great blessing from reading THE LIGHTED PATHWAY. May God bless you in your work.—Hazel.

Dear Hazel,

It is sweet and refreshing to get such a nice letter from one who has no complaint, even though you must be lonely and blue at times. I hope dozens of young people will write to you from all around the world so that you will be able to travel to many interesting places from your home. I am sure you must have some interesting hobbies that keep you occupied and that other young people will enjoy reading about.

Miss Hazel Sheppard
Route 1
Tazewell, Virginia

Young people, wouldn't you like to write to Hazel and maybe send her a little reminder that you thought of her from your part of the world?

PEN PALS

Miss Barbara Tetrick (16)
639 West Main Street
Clarksburg, West Virginia

Miss Barbara Russell (22)
919 Cedar Street
South Pittsburg, Tennessee

Miss Carolyn VanWinkle (17)
1027 South Malcolm
Chanute, Kansas

Miss Judy Welch (16)
25 South Forest
Chanute, Kansas

Miss Nancy Brown (15)
301 Jones Avenue
Thomaston, Georgia

(Continued on page 23)



Vol. 30 NOVEMBER, 1959 No. 11

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Subscription Rates

Single Subscriptions, per year . . .	\$1.50
Rolls of 10	1.00
Single Copies15

Published monthly at the Church of God Publishing House, Cleveland, Tenn. All materials intended for publication in THE LIGHTED PATHWAY should be addressed to Lewis J. Willis, Editor. All inquiries concerning subscriptions should be addressed to Bookkeeping Department, Church of God Publishing House, Cleveland, Tennessee.

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INGRATITUDE



SOME WORDS ARE DESTINED to leave a sort of disdain and sourness with the mouth that speaks them. They are couched in implications which suggest unpleasant and despicable circumstances. To speak them is to feel sad, for if they adequately describe one, he has more than likely acquired contemptible characteristics. One of those words is "ingratitude." To understand its true meaning is to agree with a great man who said, "Ingratitude is treason to mankind."

Unthankfulness seems to be the capital sin of the age. Perhaps there has never been a time when man had more and was less appreciative than today. However paradoxical it may appear, ingratitude is the product of prosperity. It seems that to have more is to want more, but to have less is to appreciate that which remains. It is a pity that God cannot bless a people without their becoming selfish and independent.

Perhaps Timothy Dexter was not too harsh when he said, "An ungrateful man is like a hog under a tree eating acorns, but not ever looking up to see where they come from." Man, the highest of God's creation, enjoys the maximum in advantages, comfort, and real pleasure, only to play a poor second to dumb animals in gratitude. Even the dog will indicate his thankfulness when loved, sheltered, and fed. Maybe the person who said, "Brutes leave ingratitude to man" was not far astray.

Shakespeare's memorable words, "Blow, blow, thou winter wind, thou art not so unkind as man's ingratitude. Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky, thou dost not bite so nigh, as benefits forgot," are not only a graphic but a true appraisal of unthankfulness. The sinfulness of the sin is multiplied by its needlessness. Every person has more to be thankful for than he can ever possibly express. He is not necessarily a saint if he shows gratitude, but he is certainly a sinner if he doesn't.

The cause of unthankfulness is summed up rather profoundly by Bishop Hall in the words, "There be three usual causes of ingratitude upon a benefit received—envy, pride, and covetousness; envy, looking more at others' benefits than our own; pride, looking more at ourselves than at the benefit; covetousness, looking more at what we would have than at what we have." This superb analysis of the contributing factors to an ungrateful attitude should cause each of

us to do some sincere appraising of our own life.

PLATO, SEEING GOD only in nature, felt deeply thankful for three things. First, that he was created a man and not a beast; second, that he was born a Grecian and not a barbarian; and third, that he was not only a Grecian but also a philosopher. A real born-again Christian should see infinitely more for which to be thankful. He has been created in God's own image, redeemed through the sacrifice of Christ on Calvary, received into the spiritual sonship with all the unspeakable and unimaginable implications, and filled with the graces and powers of the Holy Spirit.

The words of C. Simmons express well the normal workings of the grace of thankfulness in the life of a Christian. He said, "Gratitude to God should be as habitual as the reception of mercies is constant, as ardent as the number of them is great, as devout as the riches of divine grace and goodness are incomprehensible." The real heart of thanksgiving is a practical, spiritual experience by which we can say with Paul, "Thanks be to God, which always causes us to triumph in Christ" (2 Corinthians 2:14). Thankfulness is not to be limited to a symbolic Thanksgiving Day, but is to be a constant attitude of Christian experience.

The believer sees God's providence in every aspect of his life, and is "giving thanks always for all things unto God" (Ephesians 5:20). He knows it is God who pours the light of day over the horizon, who smiles the sun to paint the flower, who breathes the clean, gentle breezes and causes the trees to sing. God is recognized as the Creator behind all creation, the Wisdom behind all philosophy, the Fact behind all science, the Purpose behind all history, the Lover behind all love, and the Giver behind all gifts. Thus it is God "who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with a span, and comprehended the dust of earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in the balance" (Isaiah 40:12). The good man recognizes the incomparable greatness of God with the realization that God is his Father, and he is filled with gratitude and contentment. Izaak Walton was correct when he said, "God has two dwellings: one in heaven, and the other in the meek and thankful heart."



TRAILER

By Irma Hegel

Illustrated by Walter Ambrose

HELEN TONN, a sweater over her blue housedress, walked eagerly toward the battered trailer on the edge of camp. Martin had given her fifteen dollars to buy a turkey, and all the fixings. Gratitude for Martin's new job in a new state should be shared, Helen thought. It was Thanksgiving. What better way of expressing their thanks than to invite the three Canis over for dinner tomorrow. More than anything else, the Canis needed a good meal.

She saw Alison Cani sitting on the steps before the trailer. Gabriel was sleeping in her arms. It was odd, the two of them meeting in Florida as they had done. She and Alison had attended high school together back in Indiana, moved apart, and had never met again until this meeting at the trailer camp.

"Alison," Helen called gaily. "I've come over to invite you, and Alfred, and Gabriel to our trailer for Thanksgiving."

"Shhh." Alison placed a warning finger to her lips. Her eyes looked red-lidded in her pale face as if she had been crying. "Alfred's inside, and he's in one of his moods. Mrs. Folsom invited us for dinner, and Alfred says he isn't taking charity from his neighbors. Oh, Helen—" She hugged the sleeping Gabriel tighter to her. "There isn't *anything* to eat for tomorrow. Not even milk for the baby."

"Then why?" Helen's blue eyes opened wide in bewildered questioning.

"Alfred's independent. He always was. He's so sure his big opportunity is coming today or tomorrow. It never does. If only he could sell *one* picture."

"Let me talk to him," Helen pleaded.

"Go ahead. Only be careful."

Helen entered the trailer of the artist. Paintings were stacked everywhere behind the built-in furniture. A cookie tin held smears of paint in oily mounds. Several brushes stood in tumblers of cloudy water. Alfred looked up from the table. He wore a full beard at twenty-three and his green corduroy suit looked as if he had been sleeping in it. "Well," he greeted her. "Is this another Lady Bountiful come to ask the beggars for Thanksgiving?"

DEFEAT CAN DO strange things to a man's spirit, Helen decided. She clutched her fifteen dollars forlornly. Maybe there were some things more important than food. She had a sudden inspiration. "I've come to buy a painting," she announced.

"To hang in your trailer?" Alfred laughed.

"Not exactly. Martin's boss has a birthday on Thanksgiving. Mr. Harvey's something of a collector even if he is in construction work. We have only fifteen dollars. I know your paintings are worth much more. But if you had something small—"

Alfred dug down into his paintings. He drew out a framed eight by ten picture. Helen stared at it, not knowing whether she was looking at it upside down or crossways. Blobs of color, wheels, pistons, lights. "This," said Alfred, "is what I call *Inspiration*. You may have it for fifteen dollars."

Helen felt a complete sense of helplessness as she counted the ten dollar bill and the five ones into Alfred's hand. It was too late to

draw back now. "Thank you," she murmured, and taking the painting, fled.

Outside Alison kissed her warmly. "I listened. God bless you, Helen," she sobbed. "I'll never forget you and Martin for this. The money and that confidence from even one sale mean so much."

There was still Martin to face, Helen thought. What was he going to say when she handed him this hideous smear in place of the turkey and food?

MARTIN, BIG and blond, was sitting in their neatly kept trailer. As Helen entered, the picture held before her, he began laughing. "Zowie! What's that? One of Alfred's?"

"I had to buy it, Martin. The Canis have nothing to eat tomorrow, and Alfred wouldn't come here."

"Don't look so tragic. The question is, have we got anything to eat for tomorrow now?"

"We could warm over the stew that was left today."

"So we'll eat warmed-over stew. Payday's Friday."

"Oh, Martin, you're so good." Helen hugged her husband.

"*Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift*," Martin quoted from the Psalms. "And speaking of the unspeakable gift," he paused, pointing at the painting. "What are we going to do with that?"

"I remembered Mr. Harvey's birthday is tomorrow and that the men are pitching in to buy him a gift. I thought—well, Mr. Harvey does buy a painting now and then for his home in Virginia."

"We've already bought Mr. Harvey a wallet. I'm supposed to

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THANKSGIVING





The Jewel of Thankfulness

By Mont Hurst

THE WORD OF GOD admonishes us: "In everything, give thanks." Thankfulness is a trait which so many individuals do not possess or fail to express because of carelessness or selfishness. The thankful person is one who has in his makeup a jewel of rare value. Thankfulness to God for His countless blessings and manifestations of His divine love is the key to His treasure house and the way to His approval. For the most part, prayer should be praise. Praise recognizes God, and God honors praise. Is the bulk of our prayer life devoted to praise to Him?

Each person should strive to make his life one of thankfulness to God and to his fellow men. One ancient writer said that our whole life should speak forth our thankfulness; every condition and place we are in should be a witness of our thankfulness. This will make the times and places we live in better for us. When we ourselves are monuments of God's mercy, it is fit we should be patterns of His praises, and leave monuments to others. God gives us this life to do more than just to live it. We live not merely to live; this life is not the end in itself, but we should live it in praise to the Giver of it. Are we grateful even in the face of problems, sorrows, and disappointments?

God's Word says, "Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!" It will surprise us when we pause to reflect on the wonderful way God does work with us. We shall quickly realize that He always does more for us than we merit. That is a cause for sincere thankfulness. God does not deal with us according to the degree of our service to Him. Very few of us measure up to His yardstick. However, we can all thank Him for His mercy and patience with us in our shortcomings. When we take an inventory of our failures and shortcomings we may be appalled at our condition. It is here that we should give Him sincere thanks for not dealing us justice. He always deals mercy instead

of justice. We should thank Him for that!

Our friends, loved ones and associates in daily activities merit our thanks when they manifest their regard for us. When we express thanks we manifest one of the finest traits of human character. Every time we express thanks we manifest freedom from selfishness. Most of us have experienced the absence of thanks at times from those whom we have served or favored in some manner. We know how the feeling affects us. How marvelous is our feeling when someone thanks us for something we have given them or for some help or favor we have extended to them! Such an expression serves to keep them on a high human plane and to increase our appreciation of them.

AS WE OBSERVE our official Thanksgiving Day we are made to think of God's eternal goodness with greater appreciation. We must allow nothing to hinder us in this special emphasis on appreciation to him. J. R. Miller wrote that Thanksgiving Day is a public recognition of God as the Author of all prosperity and good things that we enjoy. It is the erection of a memorial to the honor of Him who has led us through another year. The annual proclamations which call to the duty of thanksgiving are calculated to remind the people of their indebtedness to God, to stir in their minds and hearts emotions of gratitude and praise, and to call out thanks and sincere worship which otherwise might not find expression. However, if the observance of the day be not marked by real remembering of mercies and by real lifting of hearts to God in thanks, what blessing can possibly come with it? God's Word tells us: "O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good: for his mercy endureth forever." May God help us to be more and more unselfish, more thankful, and more contented as we inventory our blessed assets and partake of the boundless joys He wants each of us to enjoy. Thankfulness is an emphatic acknowledgment of the sovereignty of our heavenly Father and His constant flow of love into us.

COUNT THEM

OFTEN

By Chester Shuler

SOME PLACE—TO—LIVE!" panted Dan as he paused on the steep incline and reached a hand to Doris. "Poor Jim."

"We have something for which to be thankful," Paul agreed, as he and Ann gained the shabby, unpainted porch of Jim's house. "Thankful for nicer places to live, at least."

While the four paused to recover breath, Paul lowered his tone. "Look," he said, "let's try to say only cheerful things to the poor guy. If we had to be cooped up half this long, I'm sure we would appreciate a little sunshine from someone. Jim's a great fellow, too; I surely feel sorry for him."

"What shall we do?" whispered Ann. "Sing for him?"

Paul nodded. "If it suits. Jim used to like singing. I recall that he was in a quartet before his accident."

"We can sing some sacred numbers which we're going to do at the Y.P.E. service, can't we?" asked Doris. "We may not know them too well yet, but—"

"They'll do. Let's go inside."

A weak voice called in response to their knock, and they found Jim in bed. His pale face lighted with a smile of welcome.

"This is great! Welcome to our mansion," he sang out. "Good to see you again. How are you, anyhow? Well, I hope."

"We're fine, Jim," said Dan.

"So glad to hear it. You know, I've just been lying here looking out the window at the beautiful blue sky, and asking the Lord if He wouldn't find someone to send around and chat a little while."

Jim's smile widened. "He surely does answer prayer in a hurry sometimes, doesn't He?"

"We were out for a little hike and decided to stop and see how you were doing, Jim," Paul told him, cheerfully. "Sure must be tough to lie there so long during this lovely weather. But then you seem to be your own cheerful self, just the same."

JIM'S beaming smile did not indicate any trace of self-pity as he said, "Oh, I'd enjoy getting out of doors, all right. But really, it's not half bad here, Paul. Could have been so much worse, you know. I don't see how I escaped being killed in that wreck." Jim pointed to several chairs and a box. "Have the overstuffed chairs, girls. Sorry the stuffing's not so thick in the one."

They all laughed, and Ann exclaimed, "Tell me, Jim, how do you do it?"

"Do what, Ann?"

"Keep so cheerful when you have—well, when you must stay indoors like this, and—why, if I had to do this, I'd—"

"You'd do it just as well, Ann," Jim chuckled. "At first I found it a little irksome, but later, after I'd invented my new game, it wasn't half bad, and—"

"Your new game? What game is that, Jim?"

"I call it my game of 'Count Them Often,'" Jim said, smiling. "Sounds silly, doesn't it? You see, it's just lying here and counting the blessings God has sent into my life—past, present. And sometimes I even try to figure out some He may send in the future, too. It's fun. Anyway, it helps pass the

time."

"That's a great idea, Jim," Dan said. "But I doubt that I'd get very far with it if I were in your place."

"Sure you would, Dan. You probably could think up a lot of blessings. After my accident things looked plenty dark. Self-pity was getting me down, and I knew I had to do something. This little game seemed to work."

Ann said, "I'm too busy, usually, even to think of counting my blessings. I should be ashamed to admit it. I doubt that any of the girls in my office ever so much as think of their blessings. But they surely do talk about their misfortunes, aches, disappointments, and things like that."

Jim smiled. "I know. I was too busy, also, before my accident. I got my eyes off the Lord. Now, lying here on my back it's easier to look up. Maybe God had to knock me down. Anyway, my accident and pain have come to be listed as 'blessings.'"

"You list *those* as blessings, Jim?" asked Doris.

"Surely. I was thinking too much about my job, making money, sports, and other things. Had little time left to think about God, although I've been a professing Christian for ten years or so. That's why I think perhaps God had to let this happen to me so that I would look up to Him again."

NONE OF THE four callers could think of any reply to that, but all knew it was reasonable. "Jim," said Paul finally, "you make me feel ashamed of myself. If you have blessings to count, I ought to have many, many more."

(Continued on page 21)

BEAUTY OUT OF RUINS



WHEN AMERICA declared war against Spain in 1898, Ned Langford laid his college textbooks aside to join the ranks of Uncle Sam's 75,000 patriotic volunteers. After a brief training period, his regiment sailed for the Philippines. They experienced very little serious fighting until the Filipinos themselves caused trouble by demanding immediate independence. Real war ensued for several months, and Ned Langford was in the thick of it until his enlistment period expired and he sailed for home.

During his stay in the Philippines, Ned had been subjected to unfavorable conditions which he thought very little of at the time. Smallpox and typhoid were prevalent, and low economic conditions afforded little of the proper food requirements. While on garrison duty in the south, Ned lived with a Filipino family, the Nolascos, and grew very fond of their daughter, Carita. He even entertained the idea of marrying and remaining in the islands, but gave up the plan in his eagerness to return home at the time his enlistment term ended.

Ned's father, a large-scale farmer, offered his son the opportunity to enter the business with him after his return home, which Ned accepted after a great deal of consideration. Before a year had gone by, his father passed away, leaving the business entirely to him.

Eight months elapsed before Ned heard from Carita. They had exchanged promises to write, and Ned wrote twice without hearing from her. Then he learned why. One of his comrades whom he had fought with in the Philippines and who had remained there to enlist with the constabulary, wrote him of a visit with the Nolasco family. Carita's younger brother had contracted leprosy and had been sent

Margie Mixon

to a leprosarium. Carita had asked him to write, explaining that she had been too worried to write.

This news stunned Ned Langford, for had he not been exposed to this dreadful disease also by living in that home! However, his fears became quieted after awhile, and he gradually let it slip from his mind.

He settled down to a busy, uneventful schedule on the farm until a girl by the name of Jane entered his life. Nine years had passed since he left the Philippines when he met Jane, and after a month's courtship, they were engaged to be married. She was an accomplished pianist and composer, and was attending an Eastern school of music when they first met. She insisted on finishing school before they were married. Real happiness was theirs as they planned for their future wedding.

NED EXPERIENCED a bad burn when one of their barns caught fire shortly after his courtship with Jane had begun. This resulted in a trip to the doctor's office. His doctor insisted that his arm had received a bullet or kick by a mule at some previous date because of a numb area. Ned, however, had no knowledge of such a thing happening to him.

His burns healed, but the numb spots remained.

It was only a few months until his wedding day when he discovered another numb spot on his shoulder. Reporting this to his doctor, he received very little help, as it was something that this doctor could not diagnose. In a few weeks, another spot appeared on his leg. His doctor realized something must be done, and started making plans for him to call on a doctor of wider experience. It was decided that he should go to St. Louis. It was to Dr. Watkins, the St. Louis

physician, that Ned Langford spilled his fears.

The past few weeks had caused him to do much thinking. The letter he had long before received containing news of Carita's brother had been faced frankly. In that home he had been exposed to the same disease that had overtaken that young man. All this he related to Dr. Watkins.

Dr. Watkins knew of a major in St. Louis who had served in the Medical Corps in the Philippines, and since had entered private practice. To him, he sent Ned Langford, and here Ned learned the hard, bitter truth—he had leprosy. This, he felt, in one sense, brought his life to a close.

Ned Langford never returned home. He never saw his mother and sister and Jane again. The supreme happiness that had been his quickly came to a halt, and another future far different from the one he had planned had to be embarked upon.

He formed a friendship with Major Thompson which was to last a lifetime. Major Thompson took him to a deserted shack down the Mississippi River to remain until some plans for his future could be made. Four plans were presented to him by Major Thompson—he could perhaps remain there in the shack in seclusion, but would run great risk of publicity in doing so; he could go to the National Leprosarium at Varville, Louisiana; return to the Philippines and enter the leprosy colony at Culion; or go to New York and receive specific instructions from the medical profession for remaining there. The latter he chose.

Here, through arrangements with Major Thompson, he sent for his younger brother Tom to come to him. No other member of his family, he felt, must ever know of his plight.

THAT MEETING was not an easy one. Shaken up tremendously over Ned's mysterious departure from home, Tom had even more to disturb him when he learned of the tragedy that had overtaken his brother. Plans were made between them to prevent the rest of his family and Jane from knowing the real truth—they were going to think him dead within a few weeks when he would stage a suicide act in New York. He promised Tom that he would never actually commit suicide.

Before his return home, Tom had a car sent to him in which to make the trip to New York. Major Thompson saw that he got all needed supplies, and gave him full instructions as to what to do before and after reaching New York. He was to report to Dr. Todd in New York for treatment and for instructions for remaining there.

Dr. Todd had rented a small cottage for him in Greenwich Village where he would prepare his own meals and wash his own clothes. He must, above everything else, avoid all contact with others.

For a year Ned lived as lonely a life as can be imagined. The treatment given by Dr. Todd did no good. He realized a change must be made, and decided to return to the Philippines and enter the home for lepers at Culion. He wrote Tom, through Major Thompson, of his decision. In ending his letter, he said, "Don't think I've quit. I've just accepted what can't be avoided—I've lost my life—I shall try to find it again."

NED LANGFORD did find life again—partially at least—at Culion. The many years he spent there make a poignant story—one which reveals courage, unselfishness and sadness.

How did he feel about his lonely plight? "There came to my mind

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The First Thanksgiving Feast



By Julia R. Davis

THE FIRST Thanksgiving feast was held in the Plymouth colony, near Cape Cod, Massachusetts, 338 years ago.

With Indian guests about tables loaded with game and fish, wild fruit from the forest, cornbread, and vegetables from their own new gardens, the Pilgrim Fathers celebrated their first American harvest festival in October, 1621. This was the first autumn of the exiles in their new home.

The Indians had been friendly, and they had prospered, so to show their appreciation they gave a big feast for their new friends.

The men of the colony had gone hunting, killed wild turkeys, and deer in abundance, so there was plenty of meat for a big crowd. They gathered baskets of fruit from the forest, and the women cooked plenty of bread, and several kinds of pastries.

The Thanksgiving feast lasted more than one day, but there was no lack of food.

When you sit down to dinner this Thanksgiving in a cozy, warm room at a table covered with a beautiful cloth, food served in china and silver dishes, suppose you imagine how it was with the group of people at that first Thanksgiving dinner so long ago.

They must have eaten from rudely constructed tables, out in the open, uncovered, and with very few, if any, dishes.

Probably, after dinner the children played games. Perhaps they stopped their games and watched with awe as the Indians did some of their strange dances.

As you think of that first Thanksgiving feast and compare it with the many comforts and pleasures you have to enjoy, your heart will fill with gratitude for all your blessings, this wonderful Thanksgiving Day of 1959.

TAKE TIME TO TAKE INVENTORY

By
Katherine Bevis

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL said: "God is the only being who has time enough; but a prudent man who knows how to seize occasion can commonly make a shift to find as much as he needs."

This is a time for Thanksgiving! May we take time to take inventory, to count as many of the innumerable blessings as we can at this season when, throughout the English-speaking world, one day is set aside in which we give thanks.

Yes, in a social order obsessed by grasping greed, we take time out to give thanks for the good things of life that have been bestowed upon us. Amidst men and institutions beset by extremes of selfishness, we proclaim *Thanksgiving*, a day on which we offer thanks to the Giver of all good gifts.

What about the other 364 days of the year? Lest we forget, let us "enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise" every day in the year.

The Israelites are not the only ones who forgot God, and who are even today overlooking past mercies. Long ago the Lord said of Israel, "My people have forgotten me days without number" (Jeremiah 2:32).

God blessed them, but they forgot Him. They failed to take time to take inventory. Lest we be guilty of forgetting to praise God every day for all that He so freely gives to us, let us begin today to give "thanks always for all things unto God and the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ" (Ephesians 5:20).

We should take time to inventory our blessings, lest we forget!

JUDY'S ALASKA THANKSGIVING

By Julia R. Davis

JUDY WAS GETTING ready to attend her first Thanksgiving feast in Alaska. Her father was a missionary preacher who had come to Alaska to tell the Eskimo people about Jesus.

Judy pushed her head up into her parka, a fur-lined coat with a hood.

Then she flip-flapped the sleeves like bird wings. In went her arms and then pull. The parka was on.

"Hurry, Debbie," she shouted as she was leaving, "we mustn't be late to the Thanksgiving

feast." Her sister was helping Robby dress.

As she hurried across the soft Arctic snow, she wondered what the Thanksgiving feast in Alaska would be like. She knew it would be different from any she had attended in her old home in Ohio.

Then she hurried up the steps of the community hall. Mother had baby brother on her back inside her parka, as the Eskimo women carry their babies. Debbie had little Robby by the hand.

People were sitting all over the room. Each family sat together. In the middle of the hall was a large stack of boxes with food inside. Everyone had brought something for the feast. It was according to what they had in their cellars, or could buy from the store, not a great variety, but what the Eskimo people liked.

"Father brought a box of frozen fish. See," whispered Judy to Debbie, "the people are getting ready to pass the food out."

BEFORE THE FOOD was passed, Father gave thanks to God for all the food and the many other blessings that they had received.

Then the servers began to pass out the frozen caribou meat, and the frozen fish. They carried it in cardboard boxes, lifting out pieces for each family.

Judy hurried back to where her mother sat. She took off her parka and sat on it. The floor was cold, and her parka was soft!

A server put a piece of meat and fish into their dish. It looked good. Judy was hungry, and wanted to eat.

Mother took an ooloo from her purse. It was a rounded knife, with a handle at the top. She cut off pieces of meat for each one.

Judy began to eat the caribou and fish. She had to peel off the skin and scales from the fish. There was plenty for all. There was rice and canned vegetables, and even canned fruit for dessert.

Everyone was quiet after eating. Baby was asleep, and Robby was almost asleep. The older people were visiting together after piling their dishes back into their boxes.

Judy stood up and slipped on her parka to go home.

"I'm thankful for the good Thanksgiving feast," Judy thought. "It was different, but I enjoyed it, and hope everyone remembers to say 'thank you' to God for such good food."

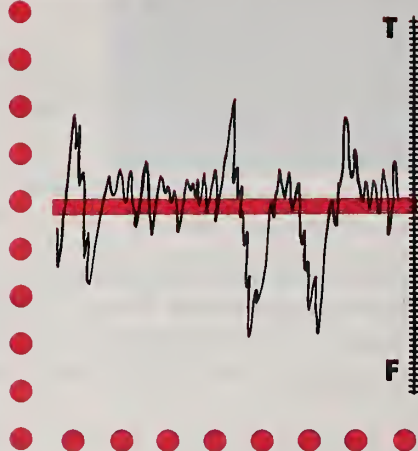


PAGING DIOGENES

By Pauline V. McConnell

REMEMBER DIOGENES? He was looking for an honest man! Speaking of honest men (and women), how do you feel about lie-detector machines? Would you willingly take a lie-detector test if asked? To find out if you would be chosen by Diogenes, answer the ten questions below truthfully. Allow ten points for each "Yes" answer and skip the "No's." Then check below for your score and rating as you would look in the eyes of Diogenes.

1. You are applying for a position. There are several applicants with more experience than you. Will you avoid misrepresentation? YES..... NO.....
2. Someone gave you a foreign coin in change. It's the same size as a transportation token. Even though short of cash, will you refrain from trying to pass it? YES..... NO.....
3. The meals and service have been poor at a resort hotel. Would you refuse to stuff a bath towel or washcloth into your luggage when someone makes the suggestion? YES..... NO.....
4. Your little sister or brother is actually seven, but looks five. Will you pay the expected full fare for the child? YES..... NO.....
5. You have been letting money slip through your fingers. You've spent your entire week's allowance. A friend asks you to join a club and pay dues in advance. Will you admit to being low in funds? YES..... NO.....
6. Involved in a car accident, you went through a red light. There are no witnesses. Will you confess to the blame? YES..... NO.....
7. It's almost closing time in the ice cream and sweet shop. You are the last customer. Anxious to close up, the cashier gives you change for a ten-dollar bill instead of a five. Will you call it to his attention? YES..... NO.....
8. You are selling your camera. In the two years you have had it, it has never taken really good pictures. The prospective buyer asks why you are selling the camera. Will you tell the truth? YES..... NO.....
9. You find a pet parakeet flying around in your yard. Your little brother and sister beg to keep it. Will you try to find the bird's owner? YES..... NO.....
10. Your best friend bought a piece of clothing that is downright hideous. You would be ashamed to be seen in his company while he is wearing it.



Knowing you are always frank in your opinions, your friend asks if you like the garment. The friend adds, "I got this at an 'ALL SALES FINAL' sale." Will you frankly state your mind regardless of your friend's feelings? YES..... NO.....

THAT'S ALL, FELLAS AND GIRLS. Would Diogenes pick you as an honest man—or woman? Let's see what your score says.

A score of 100 is definitely superior. If you have been entirely honest and your conscience doesn't bother you—and if you did take a lie-detector test and the needle didn't waver the tiniest bit, you can feel pretty smug about this whole thing. As a rule, women score slightly lower than men. Come what may, *Diogenes would definitely choose you*. Congratulations!

70-90 is good, but you had better work on your weak points. Pet parakeets are quite reasonable, get one for the youngster, and remember to watch the ads for the owner of the bird you found. Even if the meals are putrid in the hotel, who wants someone else's property anyhow? Everytime you looked at the washcloth or towels your conscience would hurt.

Under 50—You may be sure Diogenes would not pick you. Please don't come to my house. If I see you on the road, I'll turn around and go the other way. See what you did? You broke the whole lie-detector machine. The needle just couldn't cope with your fibs. You had better take yourself in hand right now—how about it?

IT'S THINKS GIVING TIME AGAIN

By Violetta Gammon

OH, NO, THE WRITER did not misspell; neither did the printer make a typographical error. It is "thinksiving" time again. We do have a national holiday this month called Thanksgiving Day, but do we actually give thanks or do we think about giving thanks? I'm afraid the great majority think about it, but their hearts are void of true gratefulness.

Today in America we are enjoying great prosperity and blessings. Our farmers are growing bumper crops of corn, wheat, oats, and other wonderful foods. Our factories are turning out automobiles at a rate to make one-car garages obsolete. Beautiful furniture can be easily purchased to fill the hundreds of spacious homes mushrooming up in all states of our Union. Our schools are expanding, our hospitals are modernizing, and recreation facilities are increasing yearly. Who brought us these immeasurable blessings? Is it our labor unions, our physical greatness, or our superb brain power? I'm afraid not. We have one source to look to for our bountiful harvest and blessings. God!

If we continually praised God all our lives we could never reach the plateau where we could be justified in stopping our thanksgiving. Yet, some persons thank God only a few times in their lifetime, others never thank Him. That is shocking, but true. We Christians should examine our hearts and see if we have a justifiable record of thanksgiving. In Psalm 113:3, we read this verse: "From the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same the Lord's name is to be praised."

This year of 1959, on Thanksgiving Day when we all gather around tables laden with roasted turkeys, vegetable dishes, tempting salads, sugary desserts, and all the goodies that Mom could think of preparing, will we sit down and think about giving thanks? While Father asks the blessing, will we let our minds wander, anxiously waiting for a big piece of the white breast meat or a taste of the new salad Mom made? During the meal will we let the thankfulness that

we felt during the prayer slip away forever as we serve the children, talk of old times, and catch up on the family news? The more we have the more we should raise our heads skyward and say, "Thank you, God, thank you." It is strange that people seem to thank God more when times are hard.

I WAS BORN DURING the depression so I have little recollection of the hard times of the people. There is, however, one incident which stands out in my mind quite clearly. I was five years' old and the year was 1936. My father was out of work and he had been for a long time. He was offered a ride to the General Assembly convening in Chattanooga, Tennessee. I remember distinctly my parents discussing the money situation and our lack of food. While Dad was away at the Assembly we were given a lot of apples. To me, a five-year-old, this was the solution to the food problem. We would live on apples. When I saw my dad walking up the hill upon his return from Tennessee, I eagerly ran to him. "Daddy, you won't have to worry anymore about something to eat. Someone gave us a whole lot of apples!" And truly our whole family was thrilled. I remember my parents talking about persons who never forgot to ask the blessing at meal time or pray before retiring at night when they were down to a bare existence, but as the 1940's approached their prayer life ceased to be. Shame, shame on us Americans.

Starting now as you read these words you can renew your spirit of Thanksgiving. The Christians of our land should take a bolder initiative in bringing God's name back into our Thanksgiving Day celebration. May we strive to teach those around us the true meaning and real joy of thanking God for His gifts to mankind.

In closing this article I should like personally to wish you and yours a most wonderful Thanksgiving Day, and in my heart I pray that these humble words will be remembered in each reader's heart. Let's celebrate Thanksgiving Day—not "Thinksiving Day."



CONTRIBUTIONS OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TO THE CHURCH

ARTHUR FLAKE wrote in 1930 (and it is still true) that, "The Sunday School presents an unparalleled opportunity for the successful promotion of practically every phase of church activity as well as the utilization of every member of the church and congregation in useful service without detracting from the effectiveness of the Sunday School as a Bible teaching agency, or interfering in the least degree with the work of any other desirable and useful church agency."*

In the experience of most American churches, the greatest single organizational and promotional factor in building churches has been the Sunday School. Every outstanding church has had, and continues to have, a great Sunday School. *The Sunday School is the greatest single instrument for building a great church.*

The church received its command to reach people from Christ. "Go ye therefore, and *teach* all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: *teaching* them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world" (Matthew 28:19, 20). "And the Lord said unto the servant, Go out into the highways

and hedges, and compel (constrain) them to come in, that my house may be filled" (Luke 14:23). Therefore, as a command of Christ, *it is imperative that the church reach people for Bible study, worship, and service.*

One of the most successful ways the local church may reach people in ever-increasing numbers is through the Sunday School. When properly organized and administered, the Sunday School knows who ought to be reached through its census. It secures and keeps an adequate number of the right kind of officers and teachers. It seeks to provide adequate space for all classes and departments. The Sunday School trains its workers for the work assigned to them. Then it maintains a regular, systematic visitation program—the chief factor in the growth of any Sunday School and church.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL is designed to provide the best means of visitation and reaching people because the teachers and class officers are responsible for contacting absentees, new members, and regular attendants. It has a well organized plan for a *vigorous visitation program* which reaches children, youth, and adults, the sick, the bereaved, the troubled, the non-churched, the unsaved, the

new, and the indifferent. Sunday School members and workers can make scores more family contacts than can any one pastor. Sunday by Sunday the purpose and program of the church are carried into hundreds of homes by means of the Sunday School visitation program.

A properly functioning Sunday School is a church's most effective means of *teaching the Bible*. The textbook of the Sunday School is the Bible. Every Sunday it provides Bible study for all—from the little child through the years to the oldest adult. It has graded pupils, graded lessons, and graded activities.

In the Sunday School each pupil receives personal attention in Bible study. He is led to study the Bible for himself in preparation for each Sunday's lesson. The Sunday School provides for learning activities, participation, and self-expression, thus becoming an important training agency of the church.

The Sunday School should be one of the chief agencies of the church in the field of *evangelism*. The Sunday School has as one of its primary tasks the teaching of the Bible to lost people. It is the only church agency that seeks to enroll the unsaved in its membership. The Sunday School can evangelize those

By J. Martin Baldree, Jr.

who never attend any other service of the church. It is easy, as the Sunday School immediately precedes the preaching service, to lead the lost members of the classes to remain for the preaching service. This provides a perennial evangelistic opportunity. In reaching the lost, in teaching the Bible, in putting the lost into the preaching service, in doing personal work, the Sunday School officers and teachers are a force that is regular and that results in evangelism and soul-winning.

THE SUNDAY School is ideally the most effective means of *enlistment* in the local church. "People want to preserve that institution of which they are a functioning part," pertinently observes R. D. Heim. "They want to see such an enterprise succeed. Christian work is a satisfaction, an encouragement, and a challenge. The Sunday Church School which puts its people to work at engaging tasks has a full list of investors who want to promote its dividend earning power."*

A Sunday School can provide a place of attractive, worth-while service for the majority of the church members. *Everyone's talent can find a place of service in the Sunday School*—executive, teaching, clerical, social, musical, soul-winners, and those gifted in carrying comfort and joy to the sick and needy. Active church members are interested and productive members. The opposite is true of inactive members. Through the activities of the Sunday School, thousands of Christians with latent talents can be discovered, enlisted, utilized, and grown into powerful and influential members of the church.

The enlistment of *laymen* in the church through the Sunday School prevents the church from becoming centered around the minister. A minister-centered church is usually a weak church. Thus the

Sunday School organization provides for a strong church by providing for laymen to work in and through the church. It has been truthfully stated, "It is better to get ten people to do the work than do the work of ten people." Pastors and superintendents need to put this in practice.

Enlistment in service best carries the meaning of Christian growth to the individual. *People learn by doing* rather than by talking or listening.

The means and opportunities for a Sunday School to contribute to *missionary enlistment* and giving are almost unlimited. In the department and class, a concept of, and a desire for, a world-wide missionary participation can be created. Through the Branch Sunday School is brought home to the church its responsibility to the immediate community. By observing Mission Sunday once a month or a quarter, it can develop knowledge of and interests in missions to the uttermost part of the earth. By praying for missionaries and mission causes, using illustrations from the *Macedonian Call*, and through emphasizing the missionary message of the Sunday School lessons, the Sunday School contributes to missionary enlistment and giving in the local church.

MORE THAN any other church agency, the Sunday School can contribute to *Christian fellowship* on the local church level. If the classes and departments plan and regularly conduct social activities, a better sense of fellowship is maintained and church members get to know each other. When rightly directed and utilized, the social and recreational activities through the Sunday School can work wonders in the development of a warm fellowship among the members of the church.

In fact and in truth, the Sunday School promotes the work of the

whole church. *The Sunday School develops church loyalty and appreciation* by forming a medium through which can be promoted the entire program of the church. Through its various department and class meetings, and through its visitation program, the Sunday School forms the most effective medium for publicizing and promoting the various activities within the church program. The Sunday School educates and enlists its members in systematic and scriptural giving, especially those churches using the Six Point Record System.

There are many other contributions which the Sunday School makes to the local church. Some of these *miscellaneous, though important, contributions* are: helping provide adequate buildings and equipment, getting better use of existing equipment, improving music, helping the church exert a Christianizing influence on the community life, keeping amusements and recreation of its membership wholesome, and helping the church obtain the Christian attitude on moral and social issues, as the liquor problem and race prejudices.

In summary, the Sunday School reaches out into all ages in the family, from the new babies (Cradle Roll Department) through the aged and infirm, to the shut-ins and shut-outs (Home Extension Department), in a program of visitation, Bible study, doctrinal instruction, evangelism, stewardship, worship, missions, fellowship, prayer, and church activities touching the entire family and enlisting them in the whole program of the whole church, plus developing in them church loyalty and appreciation.

* Arthur Flake, *The True Functions of the Sunday School*, page 5.

** Ralph D. Heim, *Leading a Sunday Church School*, page 301.



Mr. Khrushchev Says . . .

By Clay Cooper

President of Vision, Incorporated

NIKITA KHRUSHCHEV says, to the fathers and mothers of today, "Your grandchildren will live in a communist world." Nobody doubts the sincerity of his conviction, but a lot of other men are asking, "WHAT WORLD?" According to our top-flight scientists, today's grandchildren probably won't live in *any* world . . . communist or otherwise. There probably won't be one!

"There are enough super-bombs in existence to kill everybody, or nearly everybody, on earth," observes Dr. Linus Pauling, American Nobel prize-winning chemist. Pauling estimates the United States alone has a stock-piled seventy-five thousand nuclear bombs, and warns, "Four thousand (*only 4,000*) 'super bombs' dropped at intervals, could exterminate all human life."

No less an authority than Dr. W. H. Pickering, Director of California Institute of Technology's jet propulsion branch, claims, "In half an hour, the East and the West could destroy civilization." He asks, "How long can mankind go on living this way?"

Almost vainly do we mortals seek to write the prescription for our planet's problems. We experiment with summit meetings. Top conferees burn the midnight oil. Bilateral and tri-lateral dickerings result in deadlocks! High level haggings lead down blind alleys! All the while spreading plagues, threatening our very existence, remain immune to political poultices. However, that we should keep on trying is most understandable. Humanity's innate desire for survival drives us on to find the way out of the mess we are in. Every man's intuition tells him there *must* be an answer to the dilemma of our day. He knows Adam's race was never made to wind up hiding in a steel-reinforced concrete bomb shelter in the back yard, only to inevitably succumb days later to radiation . . . to the last man! He knows man was not created for so ignominious an end.

Where is that elusive remedy? On what rests the future hope of the world, if there is to be a future hope . . . or even a world! Confusion and doubt trouble honest

minds. "To be, or *not* to be" is more than ever *the* relevant question. We are nearer annihilation at this moment than ever before, and no one need be reminded of the near-futility of mere man's devices to fend off a man-made day of doom toward which the world accelerates. This is no time for guessing games! Man's survival, to say nothing of the honor of the God who created him for His glory, depends upon somebody coming up with the *right* answer!

THAT SAME Bill Pickering, of Cal Tech, feels confident a solution is in the offing, but he reminds, "That solution is *not* in laboratories, but in the heart and mind of man." Basically, then, the problem becomes spiritual more than political with the solution hinging on single individuals, one at a time, with national and international involvements as but overtones.

The disease, once properly diagnosed, points up a twofold cure. First, the necessity of rightly relating ourselves to God, *individually*, "through Jesus Christ our Lord." Second, and necessarily, follows the God-related man's proper, responsible relationship with the world. If the world is going to be saved, it is not going to be saved by an unsaved man. If we are learning any valuable lesson in this twentieth century, it is the lesson that our generation cannot be redeemed by men who are not themselves redeemed!

So we must begin where God begins, with the least common denominator . . . *a man*. The story is told of the weary dad at end of day, newspaper in hand, slippered and comfortably settled in the easy chair. His cuddly little daughter didn't add anything to his peace and quiet. To occupy her apart, he tore a world map into jigsaw pieces and gave her a homework assignment. He was amazed to find her tugging at him again in short order. She explained, "On the other side was the face of a man . . . and when I got the man right the world turned out right." Indeed, and if the world is to turn out right; if preservation is the

goal; if we'd like to see mankind avoid disappearing in the dust of an atomic explosion . . . the individual man has to be put right—right, first of all, in his own personal relationship with God, and then in proper relationship with his fellow man.

It follows that the greatest contribution any person can make toward the desired objective is for that individual to give unqualified his heart and life to God, be redeemed himself spiritually, and then commence in dead earnest to work for the redemption of mankind as commanded by Jesus Christ in the great commission. Should the worse come to the worst and cataclysm hit this poor earth, the greatest he could possibly suffer, along with all the rest, would be the loss of his life, and he's got to lose that eventually, anyway, so a few days more or less are really not too consequential. As for his redeemed soul, the holocaust the scientists are talking about would only be an Elijah's chariot of fire transporting him by a short-cut route to heaven. Whether school keeps or not, if the world is blown into smithereens, he died trying to avert disaster in the right way and can confidently expect God to "keep that which was committed unto him against the evil day." And who wants to die in bed anyway?

EVEN THIS philosophy, however, tends to escapism and is much too negative to correspond to man's inbred cry for self-preservation which may be regarded as divinely implanted. The chances are that that rightly-related-to-God man, that saved man, and another like him . . . and another . . . ever multiplying in number; counting more and more for God and humanity; seeking ever to further His cause throughout the world; faithfully witnessing and winning other men to God out of every kindred, tongue, tribe and nation; praying daily, according to Christ's instructions, "Thy will be done in *earth* . . . as it is in heaven," and putting feet to those prayers . . . and who knows, perhaps there won't be *either* the predicted communist coup . . . or . . . atomic

disintegration. Change enough individual men and you have changed the world. Save enough souls and you may save the world the tragedy the scientists predict. Wishful thinking? Perhaps, and yet who can tell what could happen to our world, for good, between right now and the "deadline" the physicists are giving the statesmen to work out their problems.

According to the Best Authority on all subjects, redeemed men are the "salt of the earth . . . and . . . the light of the world." Salt is a preserving quality and light a radiation dispelling darkness anywhere in the world. By Christ's own two definitions of that man who is rightly related to God, and consequently to the world, it is more than just inferred that he is an internationalist . . . of sorts! Actually, he is for salvation to the ends of the earth, spiritually and otherwise. No other agent, or agency, has ever been so endowed or appointed. Even the U. N. could not claim such a distinction. Jesus Christ, who was never known to minimize a fact or stretch the truth by a hair's breadth, puts His finger on the pulse of our sick age and says to His followers, "*Ye are the salt of the earth . . . Ye are the light of the world!*"

Now, let's assume that Mr. Khrushchev is wrong, that our grandchildren will *not* be obliged to live in the communist world! Let's assume our generation will be spared annihilation and that the question "to be or not to be" is to have an affirmative answer! If these postulates hold true, God grant they may, history will verify and our grandchildren will discover that salvation came not through the savants of science, *per se*, but through the servants of the Saviour. It becomes increasingly clearer all the time that the job of the Christian, be he statesman, clergyman or layman, is to save the world by riveting the eyes of the world upon the Saviour of the world. That disciple must take Christ to the world and bring the world to Christ . . . or there probably won't be any world.

It is folly to expect men who are

(Continued on page 23)

THANKSGIVING COMPANIONS

I walked today with Gratitude;
She smiled and talked to me
Of love and peace and happiness,
That I might thankful be.
For Gratitude has vision keen
That sees through darkest night
The ever shining light of Good,
And triumph of the Right.

But yesterday I walked with
Gloom;
Her thoughts were dark and
drear;
With fearful things she saw the
earth,
And filled my mind with fear.
Defeat her favorite topic was;
She saw no cause for joy;
Her hardened, narrow view of life
Would faith and hope destroy.

With whom tomorrow shall I
walk—
With Gratitude or Gloom?
For I can bid each to my side,
And for each one make room.
I'll welcome thee, O cheerful guest,
Who fills my path with praise;
Thanksgiving from a grateful heart
Will brighten gloomy days!
—Elva Horsman

THANKSGIVING IN THE COUNTRY

Oh, give me Thanksgiving in the country
With smoke-plumes ascending from the chimney
Of an old farmhouse in a maple grove
Where the family abides in peace and love.
Frost-rimmed hills stand against a leaden sky
While overhead silver wedges of wild geese fly. —Earle J. Grant
The table fairly groans with steaming food—
Mince pie and turkey and everything good;
And to God each heart offers thanks and praise
For blessings of this and all other days!

UNTO GOD THE GLORY

Lift a banner, raise it high,
God commands His people;
Shout the name of God to all,
From earth to highest steeple.

—Grace Cash

Call the name of God the King,
From sea to smallest fountain;
Shake the hand of everyone,
And sing ye from the mountain.

This is the command of God—
Our great, Almighty King—
And all who love Him will this day
Praise Him for everything.

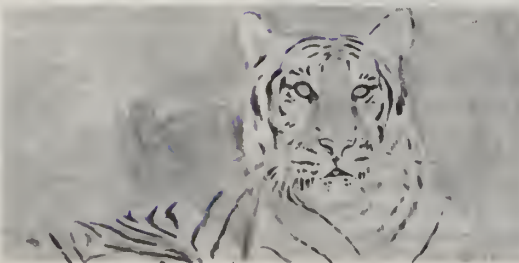
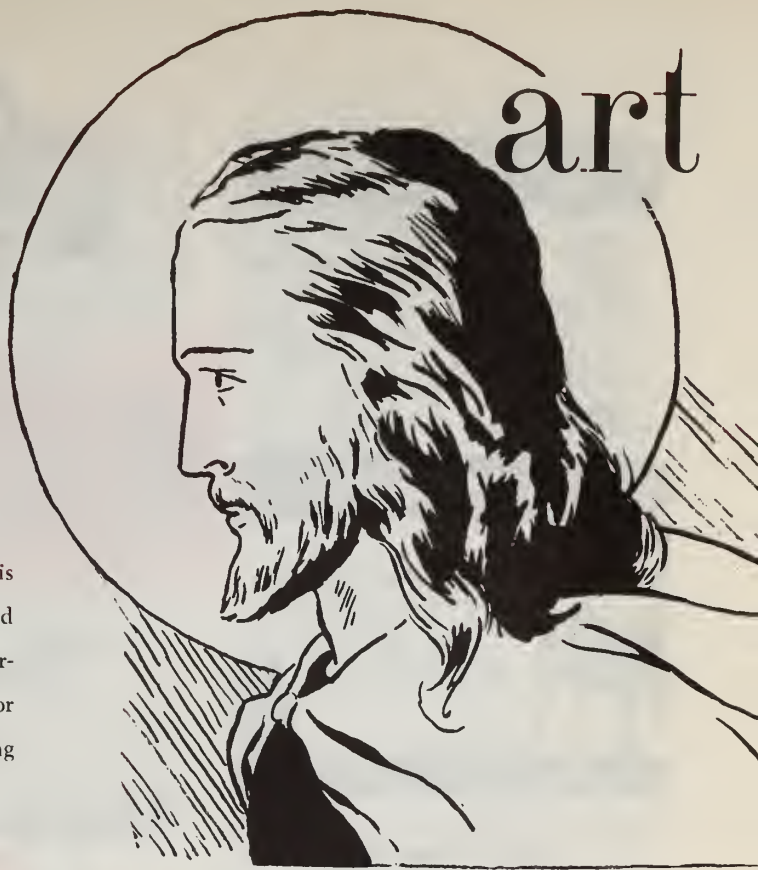


POETRY

SAMMY STEWART



This 22-year-old artist from Fairfield, Illinois is employed as Stock Manager by a local Fairfield firm. Mr. Stewart is a highly talented and versatile young man and has progressive ideas for his career. His talent for drawing and painting is used advantageously by his church.



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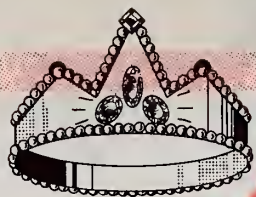
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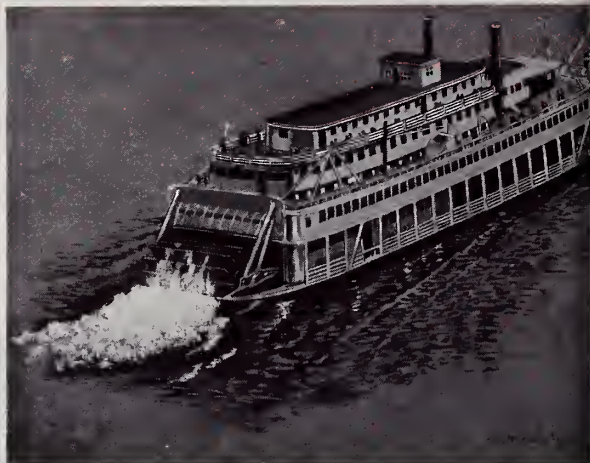
COUPON QUEEN CROWNED

One of the many interesting and inspiring features of the Minnesota-Wisconsin State Convention was the crowning of the State Coupon Queen. The crowning took place during the official youth service, and was ably supervised by Miss

Doreene Upton, State Youth Director. Miss Gayle Priest, age 10, from Mosinee, Wisconsin, was the radiant queen. She was responsible for raising 112,589 coupons. Her pastor is the Reverend B. F. Norris.

The Lighted Pathway extends congratulations to Gayle and those who helped her win this honor. Commendations are also due Miss Doreene Upton for the inspired leadership she is giving the state in this and other projects. The coupons raised in this drive are very important to the Church of God Home for Children, Sevierville, Tennessee. May many others be stimulated to engage in a similar project this next year.

"Down the Mississippi on the Admiral"



On June 13, 1959, the Churches of God in Missouri joined with the Baptist Association of St. Louis, Missouri, and East St. Louis, Illinois, in sponsoring a cruise down the Mississippi River on the Admiral Steamer.

The Reverend Wayne Hell, pastor of the Grand Avenue church in St. Louis, was responsible for the arrangement. We appreciate a job well done.

Sailing time was 2:00 p.m. and as the boat pulled away from the dock, 1,800 men, women, boys, and girls were on board for an exciting trip down the Ole Mississippi.

The Admiral Steamer is one of the finest ships of its kind, built especially for excursions. It has four decks with plenty of room for what-

ever type program one desires to produce. The main deck is a spacious ballroom with a balcony.

There were plenty of tables to use for picnic lunches and almost everyone had prepared one. After lunch the special program began. We had special singing from various groups and congregational songs which were enjoyed by everyone. An outstanding feature in the program was a Bible question and answer period. A question was asked and scriptural answer was given.

It took five hours to complete the round trip. As we docked you could hear plans being made for next year's trip. We hope many more young people will plan to be with us next year as we sail down the Mississippi.—J. F. Warren, Missouri Youth Director

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TRAILER THANKSGIVING



(Continued from page 4)

present it to him tonight. Wrap up your picture for an added gift, Helen. If it gives the boss night mares, he'll still have the wallet for compensation."

Helen started omelets for their supper. Back home in Indiana, she knew her mother was preparing pies. She could almost smell the spices, and see the huge drawn turkey in the refrigerator. Martin should have had a real Thanksgiving dinner. He worked so hard on that bulldozer all week. No money put by either. They had spent that in their trip south for construction men had to move where the work was. One comforting thought—because they were thankful, they were giving. *"Even as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."*

"Say," said Martin, returning home that night. "Harvey was actually pleased over that screwball painting. He was calling everybody in to look at it."

Helen brightened. "Maybe that will make our stew taste better tomorrow—at least we'll know the Canis are eating."

THANKSGIVING turned out to be a blue-skied sunshiny morning, the palm trees waving their fronds in the mild breeze, the mocking-birds singing. She and Martin rose early, and hiked the two miles into town for the church services. The magic of the music, and the inspiration in the minister's words gave them both an hour to remember. They walked home from the services with their hands clasped warmly together, the songs of gratitude still in their hearts.

Alfred was waiting at their trailer in his green corduroy suit now pressed. His young bearded face smiled at them. "I came over to invite you to a Thanksgiving dinner in our trailer, and I hope you won't be as pig-headed as I was yesterday and refuse. Alison's turkey is

almost done. You both belong at our Thanksgiving table because it was only after you'd bought my painting, Helen, that I had the gumption to bundle up six more. I carried them to an art dealer in town. He not only bought all six, he wants more. Tourist trade arriving—a potential market."

"I'm so grateful," Helen said, clasping Alfred's hand. "Congratulations."

"I'm not sure I deserve that, Helen. I've been acting like a sulky kid, not getting his own way. It may sound strange coming from me but this I know—Thanksgiving with a prayer, and friends like you, is the only real Thanksgiving in a trailer, a palace or anywhere in the world."

Martin hugged his arm about the young artist's shoulder. "That just about sums it up. Come on along. I'm hungry for that turkey."

COUNT THEM

1
2
3
4
5
OFTEN

(Continued from page 7)

"I'm sure I do plenty of complaining about the blessings which I don't have," said Ann. "How about a few songs, Jim? Could you endure us?"

Jim chuckled and fumbled among some papers on his bed. "Where is my Blessing Register? Here it is. Down goes a brand-new blessing—hearing you sing. Go to it—and thanks a million!"

Jim jotted a few words on his "register," then lay back to enjoy the singing.

After two or three hymns had been rendered, he said, "Thanks, very much. I can't tell you how much that helps my spirits. Now will you join me in my theme song?" He sang in a clear baritone:

*"When upon life's billows you are tempest-tossed,
When you are discouraged, thinking all is lost,
Count your many blessings, name them one by one,
And it will surprise you what the Lord hath done."*

As the four were about to leave, Paul said, "Thanks, Jim, for a very pleasant visit, and for the lessons you have taught me. If that game of yours can make a fellow in your fix as happy as you seem to be, I'm going to start playing it immediately myself."

"Same here," promised Doris. "And Blessing Number One is having been here this afternoon, Jim."

The others said the same, and Jim's smile was wonderful, as he said, "God bless you all—and do come again, soon."

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**BEAUTY OUT
OF RUINS**



(Continued from page 9)

pictures I had seen of old cathedrals, temples and palaces—beauty rising out of ruins. Why not man? Why must ugliness rise out of the ruins of a man? I had my answer to the problem that had been torturing me.

"I would find things to do. I would cheat the empty days. I would make beauty."

Ned Langford became one of Cullion's most respected, honorable and useful citizens. Through his efforts, the colony's refrigeration plant was enlarged to supply light and power to the islanders; a fishing business was established to give much needed work for the patients; his home became somewhat of a showplace through diligent and ingenious planning.

When an old man, Mr. Langford requested permission to return to America to finish his days at Carville, Louisiana, at the National Leprosarium. He died enroute to Carville. A New Orleans newspaper reported: "The body of Ned Langford, a veteran of the Spanish-American War, who contracted leprosy while serving in the Philippines, was taken from a compartment on the express when it arrived in this city last night. . . . He will be buried with military honors. The body will be interned in the United States National Cemetery at Baton Rouge. A number of former servicemen who became lepers are buried there."

AS MR. Langford bade Cullion farewell, he remarked, "Twenty-five years of a man's life on that little island. 'What did it mean?' I asked myself as I stood there clutching the rail. But within me welled the answer born of those years. Life, no matter how it is lived, is always a mystery. To take it as it comes, asking no question, fighting to the end, that is the creed the quarter century had brought to me. Balancing the scales

at the end of twenty-five years in a leper colony, this leper knows that he is, first of all, a man. For that man, life has been worth while."

Ned Langford is typical of thousands of persons who have felt that their lives closed when they contracted this dreadful disease. They are the unsung, unnoticed heroes.

To many persons, the disease is a terror of the long, forgotten past, associated only with the Sunday School lesson. Undoubtedly, it is the most ancient, most feared, most dreaded and most misunderstood of all diseases. Since the beginning of time, its victims have been shunned, mistreated, and even killed. Today, the thinking of the majority in relation to the disease is tinged by the past.

There are approximately three million leprosy victims in the world today, around 1,000 in the United States.

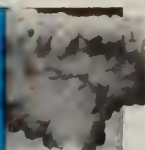
Why do people abhor and fear the disease? An authority on the subject answers, "That is a question to which no satisfactory answer can be given, since there is nothing in the disease to justify its being accorded such a special place of horror in the minds of people. Its point of infection is so low that a premeditated attempt on the part of the average individual to inoculate himself or to infect himself by association with the leprous would, in all probability, not meet with success. A heavy case of leprosy is not pleasant to look upon, but the same may be said for many other diseases which do not share in this almost universal repugnance. A very large proportion of patients bear little or no outer signs of their afflictions. The disease and its victims are cursed by being labeled with a name which has come to mean that which the nature of the illness does not in any sense justify."

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**MR. KHRUSHCHEV
SAYS**



(Continued from page 17)

not redeemed themselves, to redeem the world, however able, earnest and sincere. On the other hand, it is unadulterated dereliction of duty for the disciple of Christ to leave all the responsibility of unkinking the knotty world problems up to the ambassadors, congressmen . . . or even to our esteemed President. Each of these leaders has his part, but is not the chief part . . . and if he is an ungodly man, it is most certainly a very minor part, if, indeed, it is any part at all.

No, to successfully gainsay Mr. Khrushchev's prophecy, and still have a world left over, the individual must be, or become, a Christian. Then he must busy himself in a pursuit, compared with which all else is secondary. In all he must, "seek first the kingdom," and fervently pray, "Thy will be done in earth." He must engage in the monopolizing occupation of "making disciples of all nations." He must share the "gospel with every creature," as stated in his marching orders outlined in the great commission (Mark 16:15; Matthew 28:19, 20). Who knows, perhaps then there won't be either the predicted communist coup . . . or . . . thermo-nuclear disaster.

In the final analysis, if the world is to be saved from either Communism or catastrophe, or both, it must be saved by individuals who are themselves saved . . . by their personal and collective efforts in implementing the cause of world missions . . . the answer.

Courteous Christian, Mr. K. says your grandchildren will live in a Communist world. What do you say? Whether he's right or wrong depends upon you. You are vital, an integral part in the deciding factor. Get off your warm church pew and reach your arms around the world. Do your part to help make world evangelization a reali-

zation in this generation. Do more than your part. The answer is up to you.

*To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill—
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.*

YOUTH WANTS TO KNOW
(Continued from page 2)

Mrs. Mattie Lee Jones (34—widow)
P.O. Box 331
Clinton, South Carolina

Miss Jane Holt (14)
114 South 12th Street
Rochelle, Illinois

David Walker (11)
Box 443
Morton, Mississippi

Carl William Woody (16)
P.O. Box 864
Fort Pierce, Florida

Miss Nola Hale (16)
Route 1
Plymouth, Ohio

Mrs. C. W. Foster (67—widow)
843 Robbin Circle
Chester, South Carolina

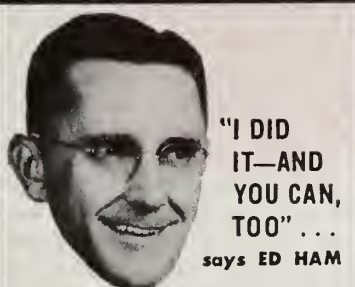
Miss Linda Howard (15)
1501 Scotland Drive
Wichita Falls, Texas

Miss Vickey Suits (15)
Box 169-A, Nashville Highway
Rocky Mount, North Carolina

Mr. Ollie Winstead (16)
617 Short Street
Rocky Mount, North Carolina

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"\$10,000 is within your reach, too. I recommend you try it."

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Here are a few examples of what people are doing: Mrs. Helen E. Hiatt made \$483 in her first six-week period, *part time*; J. C. Robison earned over \$15,000 this past year; Rev. Norman Hammers, with full-time church responsibilities, made \$597 in a recent month; Archie Kauffman, in his first week, earned \$176.50; George Richards' earnings totalled \$10,000 for a year; and Mrs. Hazel Garberson, housewife and mother, has made from \$3,985 to \$5,400 a year *part time*, over a 15-year period.

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SUNDAY SCHOOL SUPPLEMENT

THE VOICE OF SUNDAY SCHOOL

I AM A JUNIOR HI DEPARTMENT TEACHER

By Kathryn Porter

Indianapolis, Indiana

WHAT DOES THE Junior Hi Department mean to me as a teacher? It means a field of labor in a harvest of precious souls to be won and kept for our Lord. To me a Junior Hi Department offers a place to learn, worship, pray and play with these boys and girls. I feel that being a Junior Hi teacher gives me the opportunity to help them find a well-rounded and steadfast place in Christian service and fellowship.

Prayer and study are two of the main duties of a Junior Hi teacher. Prayer and supplication will bring about a better understanding of the Scriptures and help us to understand our students better, thus helping us to teach them more. Boys and girls of the Junior Hi age group are learning fast in school. We have to meet this same challenge in our classes or lose their interest. When studying for a lesson, we should study not only the Scriptures, but also the Biblical history and geography. These boys and girls need facts, not opinions. There are different methods of teaching to be used in our classes. The one best suited for a particular group should be sought after and used. The Junior Hi group needs a method that will give them a chance to participate; something to keep them busy. The question-and-answer method is a way to keep the class alive. Biblical maps and present-day maps for comparison will help hold their interest. Allowing a volunteer to read every other verse while the class reads the rest is another good way to hold interest. Encouraging the students to discuss the lesson gives the teacher a chance to see how they are accepting it, and helps to guide them into a better understanding. To let class interest lag will invite disturbance. Boys and girls can always find something to show to the one next to them. Distractions such as new clothes, bill-folds, pictures and friends are inviting to them. The forty-five minutes on Sunday morning is too short a time for study of the Scriptures to allow it to be used otherwise.

Another duty of ours is that of

contacting our students outside class. This not only lets us know the reason for their absence, but it also helps us understand the individual student better. This is one area in which too many of us in all the departments fail. We should be prompt in visitation because it is a vital part in the machinery of our Sunday School.

Recreation is a vital part in the lives of our young people. Our duty is to channel it in the right direction. Young people are active, and they need Christian types of recreation. Our District Director, Reverend Robert B. Thomas, has started a Little League Softball Team on our district. This offers a good outlet for this energy. The league plays other churches and has a great deal of clean, wholesome fun. Social gatherings with games and refreshments, visits to City and State Parks, wiener roasts, hamburger fries, and Sunday School picnics are excellent ways to channel this energy. These social activities should always be properly supervised. I know our mode of living is so time-consuming that we are prone to feel and say, "I don't have time," but let me say, *we don't have time to neglect them*. We need all the time there is for helping these boys and girls form a good Christian foundation. We want these souls at any cost. The sacrifice that was made in our behalf was greater than time.

Another thing to be taught is reverence and respect for the sanctuary. As a child, most of us felt like Moses did at the burning bush when we came into the house of the Lord. We felt like humbling ourselves in a worshipful attitude and paying due respect to the Deity. This is fast leaving our churches. We are drifting into a state of gaiety and good times when we come together. This time is meant for prayer and thanksgiving for God's bountiful blessings. We must teach this to our boys and girls.

These boys and girls are in the last stages of molding their life habits and morals. For them life is confused, and they have a feeling of insecurity. Their bodies,

minds and desires are changing. They don't understand themselves. They don't think anyone else does, and worse yet, they feel no one cares. They want to be liked, and they may go overboard to win this affection. It disturbs them for anyone to show disapproval, and they are quick to defend their own feelings. If we have a sincere desire to win these souls, we can do much to help them through these molding stages.

Our first concern should be the spiritual welfare of our students. We should teach them the Bible. As Psalm 119:105 says, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." We should teach these boys and girls that God speaks in a gentle, sweet and clear manner. If the boys and girls don't understand their calling, we should teach them to earnestly seek God's will. He will not be harsh or impatient with them. He will not say, "Act immediately, or you have sinned." He will come to them again with impressions, holy desires, visions, burdens or a deep sense of duty. Sometimes when we feel rushed into doing something for God, it may be the devil talking to us. The devil speaks in this manner and will confuse the young and old alike if we let him. We must teach them the goodness of God. We must make them feel the importance of prayer and of earnestly seeking the Lord.

A burden needs to be placed on our hearts, but God won't place it there unless we are willing to accept it. Now is the time to point our boys and girls to Christ and to convince them that He's the only way and the only thing on which to build their foundation. If we teach them this now, they will stay with the church, or come back if they have strayed, and will lead their own children in the same way.

I consider it a precious privilege to be a part of our Junior Hi Department. To have the honor of being a servant in the Lord's vast domain gives me a feeling of unworthiness but also a great satisfaction. It is a position of utmost importance, and I accept it with humble thanks.

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VERNE COLLIER, Dept. JL-19
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Please ship me 100 bottles of Gran-ma's Pride Flavoring by freight collect. Also include enough extra bottles to cover fully the freight charges. We agree to remit \$50.00 payment within six weeks.

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City _____ State _____
(Please have another officer write name & address below)

Name of Another Officer _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

SUNDAY SCHOOL

Average Weekly Attendance

August 1959

500 and Over

Greenville (Tremont Avenue),
South Carolina 781

400-499

Middletown (Clayton Street), Ohio 493
Atlanta (Hemphill Avenue),
Georgia 439
Kannapolis, North Carolina 403

300-399

South Gastonia, North Carolina 393
Hamilton (7th and Chestnut), Ohio 359
Wilmington, North Carolina 357
Cleveland (North), Tennessee 353
Jacksonville, Florida 347
Detroit Tabernacle, Michigan 346
Erwin, North Carolina 346
Biltmore, North Carolina 345
Anderson (McDuffie Street),
South Carolina 316
Chattanooga (North), Tennessee 314
Whitwell, Tennessee 307
Daisy, Tennessee 305
Alabama City, Alabama 301
South Lebanon, Ohio 300

200-299

Griffin, Georgia 299
Rome, Georgia 297
Monroe (4th Street), Michigan 296
Chattanooga (East), Tennessee 287
Atlanta (Riverside), Georgia 285
Charlotte, North Carolina 279
Rock Hill, South Carolina 275
Lakeland, Florida 269
Buford, Georgia 265
Pulaski, Virginia 262
Dallas, North Carolina 259
Newport News, Virginia 257
Dillon, South Carolina 253
Sulphur Springs, Florida 252
West Gastonia, North Carolina 252
Nashville (Meridian Street),
Tennessee 247
Pontiac, Michigan 244
Savannah (Anderson Street), Georgia 244
Louisville (Highland Park),
Kentucky 241
South Rocky Mount, North Carolina 240
Dayton (Oakridge Drive), Ohio 236
Lenoir City, Tennessee 233
Lenoir, North Carolina 230
West Flint, Michigan 229
Van Dyke, Michigan 224
Mercersburg, Pennsylvania 224
Columbia, South Carolina 222
Marion, South Carolina 220
Paris, Texas 220
McColl, South Carolina 219
Marion, South Carolina 219
St. Louis (Grand Avenue),
Missouri 215
Belton, South Carolina 215
Fort Mill, South Carolina 213
Milford, Delaware 210
Dayton (East 4th), Ohio 210
Birmingham (Pike Avenue),
Alabama 208
Fort Lauderdale, Florida 207
West Lakeland, Florida 205
North Birmingham, Alabama 204
Greenwood, South Carolina 204
Birmingham (South Park),
Alabama 202
Pomona, California 201
Easton, Maryland 201

125-199

Rossville, Georgia 198
Marked Tree, Arkansas 196
Goldsboro, North Carolina 196
Brooklyn, Maryland 196
Somerset, Kentucky 195
Greenwood (South), South
Carolina 195
York, South Carolina 195
East Laurinburg, North Carolina 193
Jesup, Georgia 193
Russell Springs, Kentucky 192
Lancaster, South Carolina 192
Vaidosta, Georgia 192
Wilson, North Carolina 192
Gastonia (Ranlo), North
Carolina 190
Columbus (29th Street), Georgia 189

Sunday School and

YOUTH WORK STATISTICS

BY O. W. POLEN, National Sunday School and Youth Director

Greenville (Woodside Avenue),
South Carolina 188
West Danville, Virginia 188
Perry, Florida 187
Knoxville (8th Avenue), Tennessee 187
East Orlando, Florida 186
Plant City, Florida 185
Salisbury, Maryland 185
Langley, South Carolina 184
Princeton, West Virginia 184
Williamsburg, Pennsylvania 184
Akron (Market Street), Ohio 184
Hestertown, North Carolina 183
La Follette, Tennessee 182
Watkins, Kentucky 181
Clearwater, Florida 181
Lindale, Georgia 181
Fayetteville, North Carolina 180
Dayton, Tennessee 180
Radford, Virginia 177
Charleston (King Street),
South Carolina 176
Greenville (Park Place),
South Carolina 176
Logan, West Virginia 173
Chattanooga (4th Avenue),
Tennessee 173
Seneca, South Carolina 172
Chattanooga (East Ridge),
Tennessee 172
Peizer, South Carolina 171
Eloise, Florida 171
Fitzgerald, Georgia 171
Sanford, North Carolina 171
Walhalla (No. 1), South Carolina 168
Huntington, West Virginia 168
Avondale Estates, Georgia 168
Norfolk, Virginia 168
Austin, Indiana 167
Eldorado, Illinois 167
War, West Virginia 167
Phoenix (44th Street), Arizona 167
Vico, Kentucky 166
Lumberton, North Carolina 165
Garden City, Florida 164
Rifle Range, Florida 163
Greer, South Carolina 162
Bartow, Florida 160
Benson, North Carolina 160
Crichton (Mobile), Alabama 159
Honea Path, South Carolina 159
Mooresville, North Carolina 159
Tarpon Springs, Florida 158
East Belmont, North Carolina 158
West Indianapolis, Indiana 157
Dallas, Texas 156

Anderson (Osborne Avenue),
South Carolina 156
Talladega, Alabama 155
Georgetown, South Carolina 155
Winter Garden, Florida 155
Demorest, Georgia 155
Pinsonfork, Kentucky 154
McMinnville, Tennessee 154
Lanes Avenue, Florida 153
Lake Placid, Florida 153
Winchester, Kentucky 153
St. Louis (Northside), Missouri 153
Greenville, North Carolina 153
Miami, Florida 151
Eikins, West Virginia 151
Parkersburg, West Virginia 151
McKinleyville, California 150
Lakedale, North Carolina 150
Rockingham, North Carolina 150
Willow Run, Michigan 149
Fort Myers, Florida 149
Piney Grove, Georgia 149
Newport, Tennessee 149
La France, South Carolina 148
Lake City, Florida 148
Daiton, Georgia 148
Lebanon, Pennsylvania 147
Adamsville, Alabama 147
Gaffney, South Carolina 147
Washington, D. C. 146
Benton, Illinois 146
Jackson, Tennessee 146
Lemmon, South Dakota 146
Tifton, Georgia 145
St. Louis (Gravois Avenue),
Missouri 145
Cocoa, Florida 145
Dividing Ridge, Tennessee 145
Lavonia, Georgia 144
Woodruff, South Carolina 144
Somerset, Pennsylvania 144
South Tucson, Arizona 144
Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina 144
Saddle Tree, North Carolina 144
Lowell, North Carolina 143
Hamilton (Kenworth), Ohio 143
White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia 142
Arcadia, Florida 142
Memphis (Rosamond Avenue),
Tennessee 142
Bluefield, Virginia 142
Rock Hill (North), South
Carolina 141
Manatee, Florida 141
Thomaston, Georgia 141
Cleveland (E. 55th), Ohio 141
Buhl, Alabama 140
Mobile (Oakdale), Alabama 140
Asheboro, North Carolina 140
Brunswick, Georgia 140
Calhoun, Georgia 139
Johnson City, Tennessee 139
Ninety Six, South Carolina 138
Parrott, Virginia 138
Tuscaloosa, Alabama 137
Dressen, Kentucky 137
Maccleddy, Florida 137
Naples, Florida 137
Bristol, Tennessee 137
Mullins, South Carolina 136
Albany (8th Avenue), Georgia 136
Sevierville, Tennessee 136
Riviera Beach, Florida 135
Grays Knob, Kentucky 135
Louisville (Faith Temple),
Kentucky 135

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Lake City, South Carolina	135
Crisfield, Maryland	135
Chandler, Arizona	135
Marion (Cross Mill), North Carolina	135
Middlesboro (Noetown), Kentucky	134
West Miami, Florida	134
Solway, Tennessee	134
Baldwin Park, California	133
Asheville, North Carolina	133
Nashville (North), Tennessee	133
Sylacauga, Alabama	132
Lexington, Kentucky	132
Henderson, North Carolina	132
Baldwin, Georgia	132
Lawrenceville, Georgia	132
Marietta, Georgia	132
Valdese, North Carolina	132
Lake Wales, Florida	131
Fort Worth (Riverside), Texas	130
Robinette, West Virginia	130
Franklin, Ohio	129
San Pablo, California	129
Athens, Tennessee	129
Dyersburg, Tennessee	129
Blackwater, Arkansas	128
Graham, Texas	128
Morristown, Tennessee	128
Winston-Salem, North Carolina	127
Wadesboro, North Carolina	127
Cawood, Kentucky	127
Lawton, Oklahoma	127
Greenville (Laurens Road), South Carolina	127
Oakley, California	127
Ft. Meade, Florida	127
Okeechobee, Florida	127
Bainbridge, Georgia	127
Hazlehurst, Georgia	127
Knoxville (West), Tennessee	127
Memphis (Park Avenue), Tennessee	127
West Hollywood, Florida	126
Dora, Alabama	125
Greenville (Washington Avenue), South Carolina	125
Walhalla (No. 2), South Carolina	125
Muskegon, Michigan	125
Jonben, West Virginia	125
Rhodell, West Virginia	125
Lake Worth, Florida	125
Cramerton, North Carolina	125
Everett, Pennsylvania	125
Memphis (Mississippi Boulevard), Tennessee	125

REPORT OF NEW SUNDAY SCHOOLS

Branch Sunday Schools organized since June 30, 1959	8
Branch Sunday Schools reported as of August 31, 1959	845
New Sunday Schools organized since June 30, 1959	18
Total Sunday Schools organized since June 30, 1959 (Branch and New)	26

NATION'S TOP TEN IN HOME DEPARTMENT ATTENDANCE

Total Monthly Attendance for August

Greenville (Tremont Avenue), South Carolina	9,230
Nashville (Meridian Street), Tennessee	1,350
Kannapolis, North Carolina	1,105
Louisville (Portland), Kentucky	667
Birmingham (South Park), Alabama	560
Atlanta (Hemphill Avenue), Georgia	540
Mitchell, Indiana	539
Uhrichsville, Ohio	526
West Indianapolis, Indiana	469
Mt. Airy, North Carolina	406

TEN STATES HIGHEST IN HOME DEPARTMENTS

West Virginia	36
Alabama	30
Ohio	30
South Carolina	28
Georgia	26
Arkansas	21
Florida	20
Pennsylvania	18
North Carolina	17
Illinois	13

Y. P. E.

Average Weekly Attendance

August 1959

200 and Over

Greenville (Tremont Avenue), South Carolina	276
Aiken, South Carolina	257
Middletown (Clayton Street), Ohio	235
Cincinnati (12th and Elm), Ohio	200
150-199	
Russell Springs, Kentucky	181
Daisy, Tennessee	167
Lenoir City, Tennessee	164
Erwin, North Carolina	155
Pomona, California	153
Fairview, Georgia	152

100-149

Wallins, Kentucky	147
Sumiton, Alabama	146
Dresden, Kentucky	143
Arcadia, Florida	141
Evarts, Kentucky	140
Dayton, Tennessee	136
Rifle Range, Florida	132
Columbus (Frebis), Ohio	132
Brooklyn, Maryland	131
Lake Placid, Florida	128
Crumbleys Chapel, Alabama	127
Zion Ridge, Alabama	127
Memphis (Park Avenue), Tennessee	127
Jasper, Alabama	125
Dallas, North Carolina	125
Oakdale, Alabama	124
Laurels, Tennessee	122
Bernard, Kentucky	121
Dwarf, Kentucky	120
Columbus (29th Street), Georgia	120
Perry, Florida	117
Dayton (Oakridge Drive), Ohio	117
West Lakeland, Florida	115
Knoxville (8th Avenue), Tennessee	115
Grays Knob, Kentucky	114
Chattanooga (East), Tennessee	114
Chattanooga (North), Tennessee	114
Mercersburg, Pennsylvania	112
Goldsboro, North Carolina	111
Sulphur Springs, Florida	109
Harlan, Kentucky	109
Dallas, Texas	109
Marion, South Carolina	109
Fayetteville, Alabama	107
Saddle Tree, North Carolina	107
Lake Wales, Florida	104
Austin, Indiana	104
Plant City, Florida	103
Louisville (Highland Park), Kentucky	103
Tribbey, Kentucky	103
Paris, Texas	103
Roswell, Georgia	102
Cleveland (South), Tennessee	102
Jacksonville, Florida	101
Ware Shoals, South Carolina	101
West Anniston, Alabama	100
Cleveland (North), Tennessee	100

75-99

Adamsville, Alabama	99
Dillon, South Carolina	99
Blackwater, Arkansas	97
South Lebanon, Ohio	96
Green Rock, Illinois	96
Calhoun, Georgia	96
Dilworth, Alabama	96
Pratt City, Alabama	95
Walls Chapel, Alabama	95
Ft. Worth (Riverside), Texas	95
Metter, Georgia	95
Dyersburg, Tennessee	95
Zion, Alabama	94
Seneca, South Carolina	94
McKinleyville, California	94
Cleveland (E. 55th), Ohio	94
Gulston, Kentucky	93
Georgetown, South Carolina	93
Graham, Texas	93
Lakedale, North Carolina	92
Adel, Georgia	92
McMinnville, Tennessee	92
Pulaski, Virginia	92
Combs, Kentucky	91
Princeton, West Virginia	91
Nashville (Meridian Street), Tennessee	91
Nashville (West), Tennessee	91
Whitwell, Tennessee	91

Newport News, Virginia	91
Birmingham (Pike Avenue), Alabama	90
Torrance, California	90
Avondale Estates, Georgia	90
Williamsburg, Pennsylvania	90
Woodruff, South Carolina	89
Campus, West Virginia	89
Palmer, Tennessee	89
Ravenna, Kentucky	88
Wilmington, North Carolina	88
East Bernstadt, Kentucky	87
Houston (No. 2), Texas	87
Benton, Illinois	87
East Orlando, Florida	87
Gray Hill, Alabama	86
Dallas (Elam Road), Texas	86
Christian, West Virginia	86
Cincinnati (Eastern), Ohio	86
Phoenix (44th Street), Arizona	86
Highway, Alabama	85
Rosalie, Alabama	85
New Summit, Arkansas	85
Lake City, Florida	85
Stinnett, Kentucky	84
Tampa, Florida	84
Lawrenceville, Illinois	83
Clearwater, Florida	83
Carrollton, Georgia	83
Sevierville, Tennessee	83
Hamilton (7th and Chestnut), Ohio	82
Garden City, Alabama	82
Monroe (Rosalie Street), Michigan	82
Bee Ridge, Florida	82
Baldwin, Georgia	82
South Mt. Zion, Georgia	82
Bancroft, Tennessee	82
Rossville, Georgia	81
Louisville (Portland), Kentucky	81
Middlesboro (Noetown), Kentucky	81
North Birmingham, Alabama	81
Hugo, Oklahoma	81
Parkersburg, West Virginia	81
Weyanoke, West Virginia	81
Washington, D. C.	81
Oxford, Ohio	81
Somerset, Kentucky	80
Lawton, Oklahoma	80
Van Dyke, Michigan	80
Poplar, California	80
Lakeland, Florida	80
Ocala, Florida	80
Quincy, Florida	80
West Hollywood, Florida	80
Patetown, North Carolina	80
Tuscaloosa, Alabama	79
Tecumseh, Oklahoma	79
Benton Harbor (South Side), Michigan	79
Chattaroy, West Virginia	79
Logan, West Virginia	79
Salinas, California	79
Clarksburg, Maryland	79
Mercer, Tennessee	79
Milo, Tennessee	79
Bethune, South Carolina	78
North, South Carolina	78
Brenton, West Virginia	78
East Lumberton, North Carolina	78
Grand Ridge, Florida	77
Parrott, Virginia	77
South Tucson, Arizona	77
Andrews, South Carolina	76
Marked Tree, Arkansas	76
Corona, California	76
Alva, Florida	76
Naples, Florida	76
Martinsville, Virginia	76
Lemmon, South Dakota	76
Columbia, Kentucky	75
Montgomery, Alabama	75
Ontario, California	75
Winter Haven, Florida	75
Findlay, Ohio	75

Spiritual Results Among Our Youth

August 31, 1959

Saved	3,257
Sanctified	1,329
Holy Ghost	980
Added to Church	936

Since June 30, 1959

Saved	6,077
Sanctified	2,862
Holy Ghost	2,205
Added to Church	1,849

Report of New Y.P.E.'s

New Y.P.E.'s organized since June 30, 1959	18
--	----

The new "Sunshine Line" Christmas Assortments sell themselves!

Let them earn money for your church projects.

"GLAD TIDINGS"

Twenty-one different folders. Ten are printed in four colors, gold and embossed. Eleven are printed in four colors and feature unique die-cuts. Two folders have a Virko finish. No. G8559—With Scriptures Price \$1.00

"BLESSED CHRISTMAS"

Twenty-one different folders. All different, all beautiful in the traditional "Sunshine Line" manner. Sixteen folders are printed in five colors, gold, and embossed. Five folders are printed in four colors only. Two folders have the Virko finish. No. G8579—With Scriptures Price \$1.00

"RADIANT CHRISTMAS"

There are eighteen folders in this assortment with two each of nine different designs. The size of these folders measures 3x9 inches. All folders feature the single fold and are contained within a two-stack box. Matching size envelopes.

No. G8959—With Scriptures Price \$1.25

"CHRISTMAS RED PARCHMENT"

This colorful assortment contains twenty-one folders with three each of seven different designs. The size of each of these folders measures 3½x7½ inches. Printed in five beautiful colors plus gold on attractive Christmas Red Parchment stock.

No. G8979—With Scriptures Price \$1.25

"SILENT NIGHT"

Reproductions from original charcoal drawings are featured on these eighteen folders. There are two each of nine different designs. Five beautiful colors make the most of these wonderful drawings.

No. G8539—With Scriptures Price \$1.00

"BIT-O-CHRISTMAS"

There are twenty-one different designs in this assortment ranging all the way from the classic scene of the Birth of Christ up to modern-day church and home illustrations. All folders are printed in four colors plus gold. All are embossed.

No. G8569—With Scriptures Price \$1.00



G8559

Check the quantity you desire.

Quantity	Stock Number	Quantity	\$1.00 Box Retail	\$1.25 Box Retail
.....	G8579 with Scriptures	7-12 boxes	.75 ea.	.85 ea.
.....	G8559 with Scriptures	12-24 boxes	.65 ea.	.75 ea.
.....	G8959 with Scriptures	25-49 boxes	.60 ea.	.70 ea.
.....	G8979 with Scriptures	50-74 boxes	.55 ea.	.65 ea.
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The **LIGHTED** *Pathway*

DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR

DECEMBER 1959



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Youth Wants to Know

By Avis Swiger

ISN'T IT WONDERFUL to be a Christian and to have the peace and joy of salvation bubbling up within? Youth is the time for happiness which comes from contentment within. Someone gave me a definition of patience recently that I would like to pass on to you: "To be patient

is like idling your motor when you feel like stripping all the gears." That is your task, young people—idle your motors long enough to listen to God speak in your heart, instead of being in such a hurry to live that you can't give Him your all. Peace with contentment is great gain!

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The LIGHTED Pathway

DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR

Vol. 30 DECEMBER, 1959 No. 12

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Subscription Rates

Single Subscriptions, per year . . \$1.50
Rolls of 10 1.00
Single Copies15

Published monthly at the Church of God Publishing House, Cleveland, Tenn. All materials intended for publication in The LIGHTED PATHWAY should be addressed to Lewis J. Willis, Editor. All inquiries concerning subscriptions should be addressed to Bookkeeping Department, Church of God Publishing House, Cleveland, Tennessee.

ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL
MATTER AT POST OFFICE
CLEVELAND, TENNESSEE

Holiday Greetings

All those concerned with creating and producing *The Lighted Pathway* join in wishing all of you a most joyous and happy Christmas. It has been a genuine privilege to present this magazine to you each month this year. It is our prayer the Christ whose birthday we commemorate will richly endow your life with His sufficient grace so that the New Year will be a superbly happy one.

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CHRISTMAS WITH its many demands was approaching rapidly, and Marjorie Brownwell, like most other persons, was busy preparing for the great event.

Previously, Marjorie had looked upon Christmas holidays as a festive season, a round of social duties, a time to make merry. But this year all was different. The preparations for the old-time gaiety had no charm for her.

The daughter of wealthy parents, Marjorie had always possessed everything that money could buy, and she had been busy seeking her own pleasure, with scarcely a thought for the happiness of others.

About a month ago, however, she had been taken to a gospel meeting. She had been there against her own wishes, due to the urging of a Christian friend. But the gospel message, so new to her, had touched her heart, and as the result she had been thoroughly converted. The world, with its glamor and pride, had been crucified to her heart and her heart to the world. Old things had passed away. Jesus, her Saviour, held first place now.

There was just one thing which marred the happiness and joy of Marjorie's new-found experience—a lack of sympathy and understanding on the part of her parents. Good, moral folks they were, but not Christians. They could not "understand." Nor could they sympathize with her new point of view and particularly with her ideas concerning those social functions which previously she had enjoyed.

And so it was that as this Christmas approached, Marjorie found herself without any real joy in the proposed festivities. There was the



MARJORIE'S CHRISTMAS SERVICE

By Chester Shuler

Illustrated by Chloe Stewart

usual activity in her beautiful home, but she found it uninteresting. She longed for something intangible—to be away some place where she could find sympathy and sweet Christian fellowship, and where she might help bring Christmas joy to others.

Desperately, Marjorie had talked this over with her mother, for the two still confided regarding most matters other than "religion." "Oh, Child," the mother had said a little impatiently, "you must get rid of these strange ideas! Why, you should be the happiest girl on earth. You have all that money can supply. In fact," she said, smiling suddenly, "your father has noticed that you do not seem very happy, and—this was supposed to be a deep secret!—he plans to buy something especially nice this year for your gift. You ought to cheer up, Child, and enter into things as you used to do. What will your friends think?"

"Dear Daddy!" sighed the girl. "How I wish he could *understand*. He is so kind. If only he could know the Gift of God! That knowledge would be the best gift he could give me."

Mrs. Brownwell looked puzzled, but said nothing. She simply could not understand this "strange" girl who seemed to have come suddenly into their home. That night she and her husband talked a long while about Marjorie. They were puzzled over her conduct. Of course, they had heard a great deal about her conversion in the gospel mission, but they had felt that it was a mere "emotional something" which would soon disappear.

"Frankly, I wish the girl had never been persuaded to take up this queer notion; but since it seems to have made such a change in her life, perhaps there *is* some-

thing to it after all. I have read of such things, and when I was a boy, some of the older generation appeared to 'get religion' in some such fashion. So, if it gives Marjorie pleasure—as it seems to do when she is doing those things she likes—I haven't any great objection to the idea."

"Marjorie is a dear, sweet child," the mother agreed, "and good, too. Possibly we are making a mistake to discourage her in this, but it is—er—embarrassing at times, especially during the social season."

IN THE RUSH of the Christmas shopping and other pre-holiday events, Mr. and Mrs. Brownwell failed to notice that their daughter was absent for an hour or two on numerous occasions during the weeks just before Christmas. She said nothing about these excursions, feeling that they might not understand. Each trip brought her home radiant and happy.

Christmas morning came bright and clear. Snow had fallen two days before, and the Christmas setting was almost ideal. At the Brownwell home, happiness was present that morning as gifts were exchanged, and a happy group surrounded the breakfast table.

Marjorie was the recipient of an expensive coat, the gift of her parents, and was as delighted as any girl could be with a really magnificent garment which was "exactly what she wanted!" As she tried it on, just before the family gathered for breakfast, she noticed that one pocket held some object.

The package contained a beautiful sealskin-covered Bible. A card conveyed the message, "To my darling Marjorie, from Dad."

"Oh!" Marjorie's delighted exclamation and radiant face brought

joy to her parents' hearts. "Thank you, Daddy!" she exclaimed, kissing him. "And you, too, Mother dear! The coat is so wonderful, and this blessed Book pleases me even more, coming from my daddy!"

As they were about to eat, Marjorie said, "May I read a few verses from my new Bible, Mother? And then we might have a word of prayer."

All listened reverently as she read with clear, sweet voice the story of the first Christmas in Bethlehem of Judaea. Then as a silence came upon the group, the girl asked God to bless their home, to make this an especially happy Christmas for her dear parents who had given such splendid gifts, and thanked Him for the greatest of all Gifts, the Lord Jesus, whose influence, she hoped, might change all their lives in the year to come.

Her parents' eyes were moist as she finished. They tried to laugh and have a merry time, as usual, but there was a strange softening of the heart and spirit with it all.

Shortly after the morning meal was over, Mrs. Brownwell's maid brought her a note from Marjorie. "Miss Marjorie had to go out somewhere," the maid explained, "and asked me to give this note to you. She said it would explain."

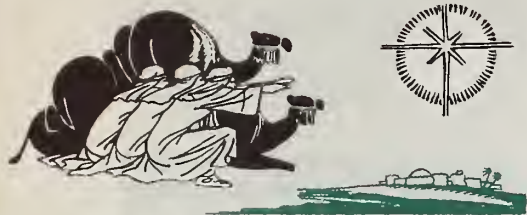
Her mother read:

"Dearest Mother and Daddy: Please forgive me for absenting myself in this way, after all your kindness to me. But it's necessary that I be away, and I fear I shall not be able to return in time for dinner, so please do not wait for me. I am in the Master's service today. I do wish you could understand. Please don't worry, and do forgive. Your loving daughter, Marjorie."

Mrs. Brownwell frowned. "Now,

(Continued on page 22)

BETHLEHEM OF THE HEART



By Lewis J. Willis
Editor

AS I TRAVEL about the country, occasionally I notice that in certain cities great prominence is given the fact that a great president, statesman, general, etc., was born there. I rejoice with those cities, for surely a worthy man is an honor to any community. It is well for his memory to be revered and preserved as a heritage for other generations.

At this particular season our thoughts turn to the greatest Person who ever lived, and to the little village where He was born. Although Bethlehem was not a great metropolis, it has earned an eternal place in history because of the Deity that was incarnated there. The prophet spoke of her thus, "But thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel; whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting" (Micah 5:2).

Outside Bethlehem, on a moonlit hillside, humble shepherds watched their sheep. Suddenly they were terrified but enthralled by a divine glory which "shone round about them." From the bosom of that glory an angel spoke triumphantly and caressingly. "And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people" (Luke 2:10).

The shepherds longed to see the Christ. "And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which

the Lord hath made known unto us. And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger. And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them" (Luke 2:15, 16, 20).

The eternal God hung a star above Bethlehem as an emblem of hope and guidance. It gleamed its way into the lives of wise men as they responded to its message. Across mountains, plains, and deserts they followed the messenger of heaven, until at last, over a stable in Bethlehem, it took a celestial vigil over a tiny Babe. There, in a morsel of flesh, they discovered the incarnate God, the Deliverer of Israel.

Within the stable which sheltered the Christ, the wise men "fell down, and worshipped him." Had not a prophet said, "For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace"? Here, indeed, was a King before whom all wisdom and royalty should bow in humble obeisance.

"When they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts." They had first opened their hearts and it then seemed natural to open their treasures. Somehow they felt constrained to share their possessions with this Child-King. They had received spiritual strength from their worship of Him, and He subsequently received material help in their offerings of re-

spect and gratitude.

TODAY THERE IS a serious need for a revival of all that was instituted in Bethlehem long ago. Christ's birth was the beginning of a wealth of good things for mankind. With infinitely more splendor, He has shone forth as the Star of hope and guidance for man since that day. He is the only true Light in a world enshrouded by terrifying darkness. Like an eternal lighthouse on the craggy shoreline of life, He pierces the storm with a beam of light which means rescue and safety for the struggling seaman.

The Apostle Paul recognized that the Babe who was born in a Bethlehem manger meant everything to those who would believe. He longed that something of the Bethlehem occurrence would take place in the lives of those he loved. With a prayer of soul agony he writes, "My little children, of whom I travail in birth again until Christ be formed in you" (Galatians 4:19). He knew that the Christ who transformed a stable into a palace could make a full life out of that one which hitherto had been merely an existence.

There is still a song in the night for those who will hear it. The angel's message rings out from the throne of glory with "tidings of great joy," for a Saviour has been born, "which is Christ the Lord." For over two thousand years the Christmas message has been the same. It cannot be improved, for it speaks of life, hope, happiness, and communion. Every person, whether a "wise man" or a "shepherd,"

(Continued on page 20)

IF CHRIST HAD NOT COME

By Avis Swiger

*There's a song in the air
There's a star in the sky!
There's a mother's deep prayer
And a baby's low cry!
And the star rains its fire
While the beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem
cradles a king!*

"They shall call his name Emmanuel . . . God with us," Matthew 1:23.

NEARLY TWO THOUSAND years ago HE was born—the Saviour, the Redeemer, the Messiah—and His coming changed the world!

Christ's birth, life, death, resurrection, and ascension separated men and time. Christ stands as the *Supreme* figure of all human history. He was the *supreme gift* of His Father; the exemplification of *supreme love*. His life was one of *supreme good*; His death a *supreme sacrifice*. His resurrection was an example of *supreme power*. His ascension crowned the *supreme plan* for the salvation of man.

*O what a Saviour
O hallelujah!*

We have what we have in our souls today—by the grace of God—because Jesus came! We feel "joy unspeakable and full of glory" today, because He came! Yes, we are happy because this is His birthday and that made it possible for us to feel His presence with us now.

You and I testify that Jesus means all in all to us. Do you guess we really understand what we mean by that statement? Let us look into the negative side this Christmas Day and see if we can find something that will help us to appreciate what He means to us

in a greater measure than ever before.

Go with me, please, to the land of "imagination" and we shall try to see what life would be like if Christ had not come.

The day before Christmas has been a busy one and I am tired and fretful because the tasks have been many. Nightfall finds me with numerous details yet to be completed. At midnight the last candle has been placed, the last gift wrapped and in order under the tree. As I fall asleep I find myself wondering—*is it worth it?—I am so tired—I wish Christmas would never come again—*

December the twenty-fifth dawns clear and cold and I awaken with a start. Why do I feel so strange, so heavy, so oppressed on such a glad day? This is Christmas Day! The children, why are they not awake, tumbling down the stairs, shrieking for the gifts that are under the tree for them. I hurry, hoping to be ready before the first one awakens, for then their excitement cannot be restrained. I tiptoe into the room to get one last look at the tree to see that everything is in order. But horrors, there is no tree, no gifts, no Christmas lights, no expressions of our love! In the kitchen I find no sign of preparation for a festive meal. Not a thing that points to the joyous day is apparent! I am bewildered—what has happened?

I call the family and ask them what has happened to all our preparations for the celebration of Christ's birthday. They seem not to understand. What did I mean—Christmas—Christ—who was He?—they never heard of Him—anyway

if He had been born, why should they celebrate His birthday? They could not be bothered to be awakened so early.

SURELY I can find understanding from my good pastor. I will go quickly to the church and inquire of him. To my complete bewilderment there is only a vacant lot where the church had been. I inquire of a passerby what has happened to the church house that was on this lot yesterday. His only answer is—"Church? You had better go home and sleep it off. What is a church? That lot has always been vacant."

I meet a weeping mother as I walk. Upon learning that her child had died, I seek to comfort her. But no comfort can be found for there is no preacher, no church, no compassion, *no Saviour*. "Ashes to ashes and dust to dust"—what despair settles over me! There is no hope—*no hope* anywhere! Oh miserable wretch that I find myself to be!

Then I remember my Bible, I can always find comfort there! I hasten back home and open the pages of God's Word. To my great surprise there are many blank spaces through it. Frantically I search for the consolation of the name "Jesus" or "Christ" or "Son of God," but always blank spaces meet my gaze. There is no promise of a coming Redeemer, no mention of One who would save His people from their sins! No story of a Babe in a manger, no wise men from the East, no angels singing, no shepherds keeping watch over their sheep! No Christ! Then I realize

(Continued on page 19)





R ROOM IN THE INN

By Angela Gall



LAST CHRISTMAS EVE we packed our car with gifts and delicacies for the following day and started down the winding, river road on the two-hundred-mile trip to our son's.

As we drove along, with long intervals of unusual silence between us marking our awareness of the night's significance, I remarked, "I wonder if Charles and Claire are having trouble getting the boys to bed, or if they are anxious to get to sleep so Santa will come?"

"I imagine those two live wires want to stay up to see Santa!" laughed my husband. After another interval of silence, he added, "Are there many stars out tonight? I can't see the sky well."

I answered, "Yes, there are many of God's lanterns glowing in the sky tonight, but one is far brighter than the rest. It is the one we all are following." Indeed it did seem that we were all headed for the same place. Each of the cars in the long parade kept the fast, even speed of the one preceding it, as we left mile upon mile of moonlit road behind us. To the right of us, the Ohio River reflected the full beauty of this silent, holy night.

On and on the star took us till suddenly, within fifty miles of our destination, our car began to sputter. In just moments it stopped. Fortunately, we were able to coast to the side of the road and did not interfere with the procession of passing cars.

In the first few moments that I sat in the stalled car while my

husband tried desperately to locate the trouble and car after car zoomed by, the beginning lines of the poem I had written for our Christmas cards came to mind:

*"O night when throats are filled
with song
As kings and shepherds join the
throng
To seek the holy manger place
Of selflessness, and lowly
grace. . . ."*

Finally my despairing companion informed me that he would stand on the road and hope someone would stop and offer to take us to the next town. The temperature was near zero and both of us had colds. As the lights from each passing car lit the shivering figure of my helpmate and as I became colder and colder in the unheated car, I realized that this night might well spell pneumonia or even death for us. Surely someone will stop and offer help, I told myself over and over. Then I remembered how seldom we stop and offer such help and wondered if we deserved aid.

How real the sentiment of the first Christmas Eve suddenly became to me, "There was no room in the inn!" Never before had I even tried to realize the true despair Mary and Joseph must have felt that night they so desperately needed shelter. I could understand how the lowing of cattle in the welcoming stable was sweet to their ears after the unconcern they had experienced from men.

AFTER WHAT seemed hours, I saw that a car had stopped. The driver was talking with my husband. In a few moments the car backed up to ours. "Come, Dear," called my excited and bone-chilled partner, "these people will take me to a garage to get someone to repair the car and then take you right to Charles' door! It won't be much out of their way."

We climbed into the back seat with all the gifts and goodies the young couple was taking to their parents. We tried to tell them how much we appreciated their help. When we arrived at the garage where an attendant agreed to try to repair our automobile, John offered the couple some money which they emphatically refused. "We don't often stop for people, for it seems to be a dangerous thing to do. Something told me to stop for you tonight, though!" said the young man.

Not something, but Someone told you to stop, I corrected him to myself. I pulled my new velveteen coat closer about me as I still chilled, reminding myself that soon I would be in the warmth of my son's home.

WE DROVE MOST of the way in silence. It was past midnight. "I hope you aren't going far out of your way for me," I offered lamely.

"It'll only take a few minutes to take you to the door. Mom's waiting

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MERRY CHRISTMAS!

By Katherine Bevis

MERRY CHRISTMAS! Christmas should be a time of joy and of merriment.

The supreme joy of Jesus Christ, who is indeed the radiant, active Source and Spirit of Christmas, is that His "joy may be in us, and that our joy may be full." When His joy is made full in our heart and in our environment, there is merriment, not only on Christmas but every day that we live. For His joyous presence is with us; He is our honored Guest and we feel the gladness of His love and joy. The glorious gifts of His Spirit, prepared by Him for us, permeate and penetrate the tangible gifts that we have prepared for others and that others may have prepared for us.

A day of merriment such as Christmas provides, a bit of fun, a bit of gaiety and laughter to relax the tensions of mind and body, adds a pleasant zest to one's thoughts, and lets the smile of our blessed Saviour, whose birthday this day is, shine in our lives.

CHRISTMAS is rightly a time of merriment, a time of feasting, not only on the material feast that God has made possible for us, but a time of feasting on the beautiful story of His birth (Luke 2), a time when we abandon ourselves to the happiness of all that this season means to us, and Jesus Himself is glorified because of our joy.

Merry Christmas! Every time the words are spoken, an unseen current of joy and peace and friendliness flows through us, and an invitation is given to all the world to enter into the joy of this glad day.

Merry Christmas! The two words form a beautiful symphony when Christ is enthroned in the heart of that one who speaks them.

To make a symphony complete,

every instrument in the orchestra is needed. To make a symphony perfect, every note written by the master composer and every expression indicated by him are needed.

Christmas is in itself a divine symphony of giving and receiving inspired by Jesus Christ, reborn in the heart of man. Its inception is in the birth of Jesus Christ in Bethlehem. Its theme is found in His gospel of eternal life, which offers love, grace, redemption, faith, forgiveness, abundance, and freedom for all mankind everywhere.

Christ's lilting melody of joy is repeated again and again, that "His joy may be in our hearts, and that our joy may be made full."

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

These words are the vehicle of the Christmas blessings of centuries. When spoken in the joyous Spirit of the Saviour, spoken in His blessed name, they lift burdens from weary shoulders; they bear joy to the sorrowing heart; they strengthen the weak with newborn faith; they release a current of Christmas joy greater in power than that of any atomic bomb.

Merry Christmas! Two words! Yet as they bear the joy of Jesus Christ from the hearts of the multitudes in one land to the hearts of the multitudes in every other land, we can rejoice that these two words form a divine symphony.

Merry Christmas! "For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace" (Isaiah 9:6).

MERRY CHRISTMAS! Listen, if you will, and may your heart be filled to overflowing with this DIVINE SYMPHONY.

The Words Are A Divine Symphony





The Children's Christmas Carol

By Charles W. Conn

ONE OF THE most charming of all Christmas carols was written by one of the greatest Christian reformers who ever lived. This man, Martin Luther, was a man of immense courage and faith, and is known for his fearless stand against a corrupt religious system, and its autocratic devotees rather than for his hymn writing.

Born in Eisleben, Germany, in 1483, Luther was reared by devout Catholic parents, who sacrificed their meager means to send him through school and the University in Erfurt. His father was a poor miner and the sacrifice was necessarily great. Herr Luther could not know that he was educating his son to break the back of the religious monster of Romanism, and to fling open the door to repentance and salvation once again.

The clash with Romanism was inevitable for a sincere man like Luther. He rebelled against the practices of the Church that were

neither authorized nor sanctioned by the Scriptures. Thousands of happy souls rejoiced and rallied around him during the conflict—the spirit of true Christianity was released from its ecclesiastical and hierarchical bondage. It is for this great thing that Martin Luther is known, and it is little known that he has another claim to distinction. He was a gifted hymn writer.

When Luther broke with the Roman Catholic Church, he was naturally released from his vow of celibacy; that is that he would never marry. He married and became the father of several children. His love for his children is reflected in the carol, "Away in a Manger," as in several other of his hymns.

The reformer was gifted as few writers are, in that he could compose the tunes and write the lyrics with equal ease. He advocated and encouraged hymn singing all his life. This can be appreciated when we stop to think that until four

hundred years ago the congregation did not sing, but only highly trained choirs and the clergy. Martin Luther brought hymns to the man in the pew. Four of the first eight Protestant hymns were written by him—published in Wittenberg in 1524. Under his guidance and influence, the Protestant Church became alive with song—glorious hymns such as Luther's "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God."

THERE HAS NEVER been another such man whose gifts and talents were so profuse and varied. He was a great scholar, a university teacher, dauntless Christian reformer, translator of the Scriptures, commentator on the Scriptures, theologian, minister, lyricist, composer, and family man. Of all his works, however, nothing ever exceeded the cradle song "Away in a Manger," for simple charm and imaginative beauty. Whether or not this sweet carol had some special inspiration is not known. It is generally accepted that the carol was composed for Luther's own small son, Hans, in 1530. If tradition can be trusted, the occasion was for a festival held on Christmas Eve of that year.

When you sing the carol this Christmas season, notice the delightful word pictures of the Christ Child Himself, of the stars who watched over Him in joy, and the cattle that lowed in adoration. The simplicity of the carol is continued in the petition of the lyricist in the last stanza. What other Christmas carols and hymns have done for adults toward making the season

(Continued on page 20)



Christmas Means SHARING



By Julia R. Davis

AS JIM MOBLY walked to work, he passed through a familiar business street. Signs of Christmas were everywhere. Garlands and lights swung from one side of the street to the other. Coming from the distance was the sound of a bell tinkling a Christmas greeting.

"Christmas is swell," thought Jim. "It brings a feeling all its own," he reflected. "No other time of the year feels just like it."

He was feeling especially happy as he stepped inside the toy department of the big Davenport Department Store where he worked.

There were gay and wonderful toys of every kind, and in a short time, crowds of shoppers were keeping the clerks busy.

Suddenly Jim was interested in a conversation between Miss Whitney, the head of the toy department, and a woman who seemed distressed.

"I'm sorry," the woman said, "but I won't be able to take all the things I asked you to set aside for me. I'm afraid it will be a sad Christmas for our children and for all of us. My husband is in the hospital, and I'm finding it hard to even meet our daily expenses."

"Certainly. It is all right for you to take what you wish to pay for," Miss Whitney told her. "I am sorry to hear of your husband's illness. It is especially sad at this season."

Jim noticed that the woman took only a few of the cheapest toys. When she left, he said, "Miss Whitney, I couldn't help hearing the conversation between you and the customer who just left. She

reminded me of Mrs. Cater, who lives on our street. The family moved there not long ago, and I heard that Mr. Cater was badly hurt in a car crash."

"It was Mrs. Cater," Miss Whitney replied. "I fear they are going to have a poor Christmas. There are three children who will be sadly disappointed."

SOME WAY THE incident cast a gloom over Jim's spirits. He remembered a Christmas several years in the past that had been similar to the one the Caters would have. There was illness in the Mobly family, and very little funds for Christmas cheer. He would never forget how disappointed he and his sister had been when there were very few presents and no Christmas tree.

Jim had worked in the toy department every afternoon for the past three weeks, and this last week he was employed for every day. He had earned enough to buy all the presents he expected to give, so the money due him this week he expected to spend in having a good time during the holidays.

Jim wanted to do something to help the Caters have a happy Christmas, but he didn't know how he could help. That night as he prepared for bed, he was still perplexed. As he opened the window, he saw a beautiful bright star near the eastern horizon.

"The Christmas star," he thought. Suddenly he knew what he must do. Christ taught us to help those in need. He would give all the money he would receive at the end of the week to Mrs. Cater as a Christmas gift. He would put it in

an envelope with a card saying, "Merry Christmas," but would not sign his name.

"Christmas is sharing," he thought, "and I, as a Christian, should be willing to share my good things with others."

The next morning he asked, "Miss Whitney, do you suppose that I can draw my pay for this week today?"

"Certainly, you can. Is there something special you want to buy?"

Then he told her what he wanted to do with his money, "I remember a sad Christmas in our family several years ago, and I can sympathize with children who are disappointed on Christmas morning."

"Why, Jim, that is the finest thing I ever heard of a boy's doing!" Miss Whitney exclaimed. "You will have fifteen dollars. Are you going to give it all?"

"Yes. I am going to put it in an envelope with a Christmas card, and slip it under her door," Jim explained. "She will never know who put it there."

JIM RECEIVED his money, and did as he intended.

The next morning Mrs. Cater returned looking like a different person. Her face beamed with the Christmas spirit. "Miss Whitney," she began, "I can take all the articles I'd planned to buy. A wonderful thing happened! This morning I found an envelope containing fifteen dollars pushed under my door. Inside was a Christmas card, but no name. Oh, I wish I could thank the good Christian who put

(Continued on page 19)

ISAIAH

Book of Expectation

By Bennie Bengtson

IN THE FIRST seven verses of the ninth chapter of Isaiah, we have a familiar and often used Christmas text. Here the prophet foretells the coming of the Messiah in language that is clear, unmistakable, and precise.

"For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace" (Isaiah 9:6).

In other chapters of the book there are other prophecies of the coming of the Saviour. Because of this, there are references to, and even direct quotations from, the book of Isaiah in many of the New Testament books. Isaiah has come to be called the Messianic Prophet and the Prophet of Redemption, and his book has been referred to as "the Book of Expectation." He lived and prophesied seven hundred to seven hundred fifty years before Christ, and made predictions which were unfulfilled in Old Testament times. The things he foretold were awaited by his people for hundreds of years before they came to pass. But they did come, and exactly as he had said they would. Thus in the book of Isaiah, we can read history written in advance, that is, before it happened. From the passage quoted (Isaiah 9:6), we learn of the divine nature of the Saviour; in Isaiah 7:14, His coming to earth is foretold: "Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel." Isaiah

11:1 tells us of His human descent: "And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a Branch shall grow out of his roots." The second chapters of Matthew and Luke record the fulfillment of these prophecies, more than seven hundred years after they were made, in the stories of the Nativity.

In the Gospels of the New Testament we read of the many who were healed from their diseases and infirmities by a touch from the Master. Isaiah makes a forecast of this, too: "Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing" (Isaiah 35:5, 6). He predicted that Jesus would be rejected by His own people: "And he [the Lord] said, Go, and tell this people, Hear ye indeed, but understand not; and see ye indeed, but perceive not."

The Saviour's victory over death was known to Isaiah. "He will swallow up death in victory; and the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces; and the rebuke of his people shall he take away from off all the earth: for the Lord hath spoken it" (Isaiah 25:8).

And then in the remarkable fifty-third chapter, the prophet describes the sufferings of our Lord, and His death on the cross for our sins. "He was taken from prison and from judgment: and who shall declare his generation? for he was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was he stricken" (Isaiah

53:8). The account even includes such details as His companions during the crucifixion and His burial in a rich man's tomb (verse 9).

HIS REJECTION by men is here again stated (53:3). Yet in spite of this rejection, He gave His life that, not just His own people, the Jews, but all men, might be redeemed. "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all" (Isaiah 53:6).

Isaiah prophesies, too, regarding the forerunner of Christ, John the Baptist. "The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God" (Isaiah 40:3). This verse is quoted by all four of the Gospel writers (Matthew 3:3; Mark 1:3; Luke 3:4; John 1:23).

Small wonder, then, that Isaiah is called the Prophet of Redemption, and that many of our favorite and best-loved Christmas texts may be found in his book. How did Isaiah come to know these things, and see them so distinctly that he could foretell them in detail centuries before they happened? He received his inspiration from God; there was no other way, and there is no other answer. As we read these prophecies today, and then turn to the New Testament accounts that record their fulfillment, it must strengthen our faith and belief that the Bible is indeed the inspired Word of God.

Nor was it in his Messianic

(Continued on page 21)

WHAT Has Happened to CHRISTMAS ?

By A. Whit Norton

FOR ALMOST two thousand years, "Peace on earth," heralded by the angelic throng bringing the good news of a Saviour's birth, has echoed around the world, so we might consider this a permanent thing.

We hope America is permanent, too, but the Christmas of today is such a far cry from that great first, when the wise men brought gifts of frankincense, gold, and myrrh as worthy offerings to the newborn Christ, that those of us who still remember the simple Christmas celebrations of the gay nineties can look upon the mad whirl of today and ponder in our hearts at the farce taking place around us.

When I was a child, we hung our stockings around the open fireplace, went to bed after family prayers, and started the next morning with joy at the sight of a tiny doll head or a pop gun protruding from the top of our stockings. Only the top gift was a surprise. Each of us knew that beyond that top gift we would find fruits, candy, raisins, and always a big red apple in the toe.

Christmas Day there was a family gathering for dinner. In the late afternoon friends dropped in for coffee and homemade cake. They came walking straight and left the same way. Frequently guests remembered to bring some small gift to the family, but more often it was just a get-together for plain com-

panionship and good neighborly politeness. Always sometime during the day we had an hour of worship.

COMPARE that simple ceremony with today.

Christmas doesn't even begin with December 24 anymore. Oh, no—as early as October the merchants begin to parade gifts, not simple gifts but expensive gifts—so expensive, in fact, that the smaller gift pales into insignificance.

Then suddenly we remember that if we expect expensive gifts we must give expensive gifts; once we begin counting those who must be remembered, we begin to wonder where the money for these things will come from.

Then seemingly we decide to let Father worry about that. The stores are crammed with marvelous gifts—we just can't let Susie and Janie and John and Dick down—remember they gave us far better gifts last year than we gave them. Then begins the 'stampede of stores.


The merchants watch the milling, buying throng with great satisfaction. "At this rate," they comment one to another, "the stores will be cleaned out by Christmas. The profits will be tremendous!" And who is as happy about the whole mess as the greedy merchant who raises his prices and lowers the quality of his product for the special Christmas sale.

This year, the increased postage will cost a pretty penny, but we have to keep up with the Jones family; they are sending the usual number of cards, gifts, and so forth, so must we.

But the real present-day three-ring circus begins on Christmas Eve when people open their homes for friendly gatherings. Quiet refreshments are too out-dated; they have no kick to them. You must have kick at Christmas, consequently, cocktails are in, and by the time you have visited three or four homes to spread good will and friendship, you are so sopped up with liquor that you don't even remember it is Christmas. The next morning, many drunken drivers, frequently under-age, wake up in a hospital to learn they were critically injured, and along with them a number of others must suffer also.

Is this, I ask you, what God gave His only begotten Son for? Is this why America has become so brutal, and blind to the danger of losing her precious freedom?

If only for once we Americans would lose sight of swapping gifts and give wholeheartedly to the hungry, the naked, and the lonely, we might recapture the spirit of the lost significance of Christmas, and find again in our own hearts the peace on earth and good will toward men that our blessed Saviour brought as a gift of God's love to a careless world.



I FOUND THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

ONE LONELY night six years ago, after spending much of my youth in misery and sin, I knelt down beside my cot and penitently begged the Lord to forgive my sins and grant me the joys of salvation. Then and there I found the "Lighted Pathway," for Christ heard my despairing cry and granted me the peace and joy that surpasses understanding.

Yes, I found the "Lighted Pathway," and I found it within the grim confines of a convict's cell in the maximum-security Branch Prison near Marquette, Michigan.

I was a headstrong youth and spent most of my time in pursuit of worldly pleasures. Leaving home at an early age, I drifted about

the country working at various jobs from time to time, then moving on. Finally I tried to raise money for riotous living by cashing a string of worthless checks while on a drunken spree, and was sentenced to serve fourteen years in the State Prison.

I was taken to the State Prison of southern Michigan to serve my time, but after being placed in solitary confinement for infractions of prison regulations, I was transferred to the maximum-security Branch Prison. The convicts call the Branch Prison "Little Siberia," and that is what it first was to me—a bleak desolation of chilling steel and stone.

My first two years in the Branch Prison passed uneventfully. As time dragged by, I began to take stock of myself for the first time in my selfish, sinful life. The deeper I looked into what I had been and was, the more hopeless and despairing I felt.

Perhaps my deceased Christian parents had been right after all, I thought. They had believed that a life without Christ was an empty one, but I was always too stiff-necked and headstrong to humble myself before God.

FINALLY THE DAY came when I could no longer face life on my own. I had made a complete mess of it, and I needed help desperately. And it was then that I called upon the Lord to forgive me; then I found the peace and joy for which my soul hungered. My entire outlook on life was changed that night, for I was truly made a new creature in Jesus Christ.

After this religious experience, I contacted the prison's Protestant Chaplain, Reverend Arthur C. DeVries, for advice and counsel. The chaplain gave me one of the Bibles that had been distributed to the prison by the Gideons, and advised me to study it prayerfully. He also arranged for me to enroll for some Bible study correspondence courses.

The further I advanced in my study of the Scriptures, the more I came to know Christ and love Him. Many Biblical statements which at first seemed contradictory

By Ex-Convict

No. 63381

to me were made clear. Consequently, my understanding of the Bible increased, and I was able to witness more effectively for Christ among my fellow prisoners.

True, there were times when I grew weak and discouraged, but my Redeemer would not suffer me to give up. Time and again I was tempted to abandon my struggle to live a Christian life in prison, but each time the Lord would speak to my heart and strengthen my faith. I learned then that Christ is only a prayer away, and I called on Him often.

In addition to the strength and faith I found through prayer, I received much inspiration through reading the religious magazines the chaplain distributed to inmates who requested such material. I found very real encouragement and inspiration not only in the literature itself, but also in the knowledge that there were Christians outside of prison who cared enough to send gift subscriptions for magazines to men behind prison walls.

ONE OF MY favorite magazines was *The Lighted Pathway*, which the chaplain sent to my cell each month. I had never seen this publication outside of prison, but I now read it eagerly. I was very much impressed with the helpful prose contained in this magazine, and I also loved the poetry. The magazine always bore an especially beautiful cover, and I used to save these to enjoy over and over again. In our grim environment, such beauty was a luxury indeed.

I had always cherished a secret desire to be an author, and, after reading the religious magazines for several months, I felt moved to try to write material for them myself.

Night after night I sat in my cell and wrote articles, fiction and poetry, which I submitted to editors of religious publications. At first I received nothing but rejection slips for my efforts, but eventually editors began to accept my writings for publication. I wrote carefully and prayerfully, asking God to direct my efforts so that others might be encouraged to seek Christ's forgiveness and guidance

as I had done. God blessed my efforts, and within a year my writings had appeared in numerous religious magazines and in some secular magazines also.

Time seemed to pass more quickly as I continued to follow Christ and, in November of 1956, I was called before the Parole Board. The members of the Board told me that a profound change in my attitude and behavior had been noted, and asked me to account for it. I told them Christ was responsible for the change in my life, and that I intended to cling to Him whether or not I ever received a parole. They encouraged me to do so, then told me they were going to release me from prison on parole as soon as arrangements for a job and home had been completed for me.

I prayed earnestly that God would show me a way to solve the problems of job and home placement. Within two weeks I had offers for a job and home from several kind Christians to whom I had written of my problem. I chose to go and live with a Christian farm family in a nearby state.

Several times during the eighteen months I spent on parole I grew discouraged, but each time I prayed for help and God gave me the strength to overcome my weaknesses.

FINALLY I WAS released from parole. Shortly thereafter I married my fiancée, and we are now enjoying a wonderful Christian life together. I earn our livelihood as a writer, and most of my material is written for the religious magazines, for I want to witness to others about what Christ has done for me.

After leaving prison, I no longer saw *The Lighted Pathway*, nor could I recall its address. Then one day last month a friend showed us a recent issue which contained one of her poems. Before returning the magazine, I copied down its address.

Now I have been moved to submit my true story to the editor of this magazine, so that others might know of how Christ showed me His Lighted Pathway, and of how this magazine helped inspire me to follow Him.

poetry

GIFT FOR THE SAVIOUR

By Nellie B. McIntyre

Did you get the Lord a present?
Did you have Him on your list?
Did you find that you had skipped
Him
When you checked for those you
missed?

In the rush of Christmas shop-
ping . . .
On the crowded thorough-
fare . . .
Did you take time to remember
It's *His* birthday we all share?

Did you realize, or want to,
That the gift He'd like from you
Costs you nothing, yet is priceless
From His sacred point of view?

Unlike other birthday presents
His won't be on any shelf,
And you'd make Him very happy
If you'd humbly give—yourself!

THE PRICE OF PEACE

By Grace Cash

They came near to Bethlehem,
Where glory shone around,
For they knew that here
The Christ Child would be found.

Humbly then they went
To where the small Prince lay,
In a lowly manger
Filled with sweet-mown hay.

There was no gilded throne,
And no diadems they found,
But they knelt before the Prince,
And glory shone around.



A CHRISTMAS PRAYER

By Edna Hamilton

Christmas Day is nearing,
Poinsettias are in bloom,
Mistletoe and holly
Add cheer to each room.
The mantelshef is lovely
With stockings hanging there. . . .
Before we retire tonight
We'll say a Christmas prayer
For poor little children
In war lands far away. . . .
Dear Lord, please be with them,
Make them happy Christmas Day!

ERA SCOTT

The paintings reproduced on this page are by this young artist from Tennessee, Miss Era Scott.

Era's only art training has been a 10-week course sponsored by the Y.M.C.A. She prefers oil to other media. Era became a Christian at the age of eight, and has worked as Sunday School teacher and Y.P.E. director in the local churches she has attended. She is a

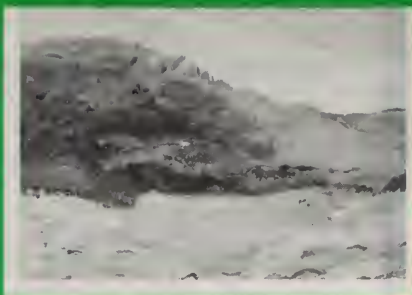
1959 graduate of the Bible College division of Lee College, where she was valedictorian of her class. For two

years Era was employed by the Church of God Publishing House as a proofreader and has recently accepted a position with a local newspaper, the *Cleveland Daily Banner*.

One of the highlights of her life came during the Summer of 1959 when she worked as a counselor with the underprivileged children of all races and religions at Trail Blazer Camps in Port Jervis, New York. Era hopes to do educational mission work for the church sometime in the future.



46



art



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Name of
Another Officer.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

ILLINOIS YOUTH CAMP

By Amos Ledford

THE 1959 CHURCH of God Youth Camp for Illinois is now history. It was held at the Church of God Campground in Benton, Illinois. The impression it made on those of us who attended will not soon be forgotten.

At least 70 young people left the camp saved who had not been saved when they came. At least 40 were sanctified, and 39 received the Holy Ghost. There were 45 who followed the Lord in water baptism, and 41 united with the church.

This, it was said, was one of the best attended youth camps Illinois has had. There were 204 registered besides the counselors, instructors, and workers.

In my opinion the behavior was the best I have ever seen for such a large group. There was very little trouble among the campers. It seemed as if the wheels had been oiled by the capable youth director and his Youth Board right down to the final bearings.

Along with his family, Bennie Triplett came back for the second time and graced the youth camp. Their singing and his preaching were very well received by all of us. It was a pleasure to have his service again this year.

Fine interest was shown in all the classes, and many of the young people commented on the benefits derived from them. A lot of preparation had gone into the "study" side of youth camp, but it was not at all in vain.

Recreation was very well supervised and handled by one of the

members of the Youth Board. The food preparation and serving, were under the supervision of the former director of Illinois and were very capably administered. The counselors did a marvelous job with their respective groups. These are the unseen heroes of any successful camp. To them go a lot of credit; such is the case in the Illinois Youth Camp in 1959.

It warmed my heart night after night to see the altars lined with young people seeking God with all their hearts. They were not alone in their seeking God, for many of the Christian campers served as very efficient altar workers. Many times the counselors merely rejoiced with them as they prayed through. I saw some of the most faithful altar workers I have ever seen. With few exceptions, they were Christian boys and girls who, in tears, were praying someone through to victory around the altar.

Rather than listing each of the highlights separately, it should suffice to say that God rewarded all the efforts of the capable Youth Director, C. R. Guiles, his fine Youth Board, and those assisting them, with the victory of many souls. At the same time, God seemed to smile on the recreational field and blessed boys and girls as they played together as well as prayed together.

Wholesome spiritual fervor prevailed throughout the camp. To quote a few words from Brother Guiles, "Only eternity will reveal the good that was accomplished." More appropriate words could not be chosen. I say very humbly to those words, AMEN!

VaRiETy

**A NEW, CHALLENGING-Y.W.E.A.
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**"ONE MILLION TRACTS PER
MONTH" PROGRAM**

By O. W. Polen

National Sunday School and
Youth Director

"If 100 Y.P.E.'s would raise \$10.00 per month, we would be able to provide ONE MILLION TRACTS PER MONTH for Latin America," are the words of Reverend Vessie D. Hargrave, Superintendent of Latin America.

What a challenge to youth there is in these words, especially when one realizes that the tract ministry is one of the greatest mediums there are of getting the gospel of Christ to the Latin Americans.

This program, which has been heartily endorsed by Reverend L. H. Aultman, Executive Missions Secretary, has already been accept-

ed by a number of our Y.P.E.'s. **THE GOAL IS 100 Y.P.E.'S WHO WILL CONTRIBUTE \$10.00 PER MONTH FOR ONE YEAR. Will your Y.P.E. be one?**

If your Y.P.E. is willing to accept this challenge—only \$10.00 per month—to help win thousands to Jesus Christ through the tract ministry, please write the National Sunday School and Youth Department for details.

Two-thirds of these tracts will be printed in Spanish, one-sixth in Portuguese, and one-sixth in French.

If Christ Had Not Come



(Continued from page 7)

the terrifying truth—*He Has Not Come!*

I weep uncontrollably, for now there is nothing worthwhile in life. . . .

* * *

Then I was awakened with a start and a great shout of joy escaped my lips for this had been a dream! He had come—the Saviour, Christ the Lord—had come and the joy of salvation was still present.

Then I felt the great weight of responsibility that is mine because I know the Christ. Can I not now let my heart go out to the people in heathen lands who have no glad Christmas Day because they have no Christ?

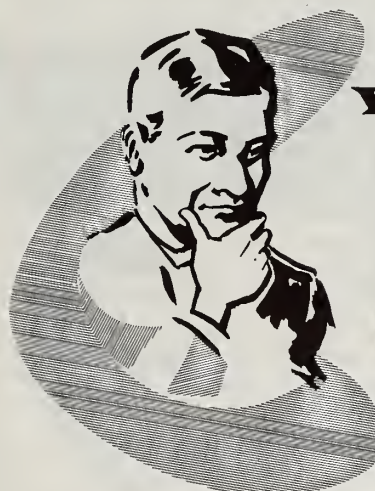
"Go your way, eat the fat, and drink the sweet, and *send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared,*" Nehemiah 8:10.

CHRISTMAS MEANS SHARING

(Continued from page 11)

it there! It has made a different Christmas for my children."

Jim, standing near, heard it all. A glad feeling of joy was deep inside. "Dear Jesus," he prayed, "as you told us long ago, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"



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BETHLEHEM OF THE HEART



(Continued from page 6)

may receive Him and worship Him. Perhaps the great need of us all this Christmas is to rediscover true worship.

Our Lord awaits our gifts. He will receive "gold, frankincense, and myrrh," but He prefers the individual. Christ wants you—all of you. The Apostle summed it well when he said, "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect, will of God" (Romans 12:1, 2).

As surely as the Galilean shepherds went forth from their visit with Christ "glorifying and praising God," so will every person who is humble and wise enough to approach Christ. Actually, such an experience is the source of all true joy. Of course, we can not visit Him in a Bethlehem manger today, but as the Apostle Peter so aptly phrased it, "... Jesus Christ: Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory" (1 Peter 1:7, 8).

THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS CAROL



(Continued from page 10)

an occasion of worship and adoration, this little carol has done for children. It presents to their imagination a child as sweet and lovely as themselves, and teaches them of both His human charm and His divine majesty. The tune perfectly matches the words, the effect of which is enchanting. The carol has won its place under every lighted tree, beside each sparkling fire, under each wreathed window, and in every Christian's heart at Christmas time.

So then, at this Christmas season, may we realize amidst our hurrying to and fro that the great need of us all is to discover the personal application of the Nativity. Especially in these days when "peace" is a stranger in the land, and "good will" has been kidnapped by bigotry and prejudice, we desperately need Christ to "be formed" in us. The greatest of all Christmas gifts to Christ and from Christ would be a *Bethlehem of the heart*.

PEN PALS

(Continued from page 2)

Miss Elsie Mae Brown (15)
Box 774
Landis, North Carolina
Miss Alma Pittman (19)
2700 W. Jordan Street
Pensacola, Florida
Belle Vitato (64) widow
4140 Hazelwood Avenue
Louisville 15, Kentucky
Miss Judy Lane (10)
Box 731
Bottineau, North Dakota
Pvt. Grady E. Barber (18)
NG 28053679 COC 13BG
4 Bde Class 155
Fort Ord, California
Miss Betty Whitton (19)
Box 123
Poplar, California
Miss Pam Cardwell (17)
217 West Jordon Street
Madison, Florida
Miss Faye Cardwell (16)
217 West Jordon Street
Madison, Florida
Miss Jane Ann Humphery (11)
217 West Jordon Street
Madison, Florida
In care of Mrs. C. L. Cardwell
Miss Ruth Lamb (14)
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Miss Rosemary Headley (17)
Route 2, Box 167
Cave City, Arkansas
Miss Tina Silver (13)
P.O. Box 807
Bryson City, North Carolina
Miss Faye Bowers (16)
Route 2, Box 35
Bryson City, North Carolina
Miss Hester Gibson (11)
Route 2, Box 18A
Bryson City, North Carolina
Mrs. Laura Hathaway (49) widow
1512 South Davis Avenue
Elkins, West Virginia
Mrs. Annie Lawrence (widow)
2520 12th Street, N.E.
Pompano Beach, Florida
Mrs. Watson Fondren (Lou) (19)
2311½ 12th Street
Tuscaloosa, Alabama
Miss Mildred L. Snow (30)
P.O. Box 161
Roxboro, North Carolina
Miss Jean Berry (16)
Route 1, Box 72-C
Williamsburg, Kentucky
Mrs. Olla Floyd (63-widow)
400 Musgrove Street
Clinton, South Carolina

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ISAIAH

Book of Expectation

(Continued from page 12)

prophecies alone that Isaiah was so specific and so accurate. He predicted that the Jews would be released from their captivity in Babylon by the Persian king, Cyrus, and he mentions Cyrus twice by name (44:28 and 45:1). This was more than one hundred fifty years before the event took place. And in the last chapter of his book (66:19, 23), he makes the statement that the glory of the Lord would be declared, and God would be known and recognized, even among the gentiles. When we consider that at the time of Isaiah, Jehovah was known only to the Jewish people, the rest of the world being pagan, and when we compare this situation with our Christian world of today, with many nations on every continent acknowledging the deity of the Lord and of the Messiah whose coming Isaiah foretold, this, too, is a most remarkable prophecy. Its fulfillment is one we can see with our own eyes.

IN ISAIAH, TOO, we find some of the finest and most poetic passages in all literature. There is the psalm of thanksgiving in the twelfth chapter, the song of confidence in God in the twenty-sixth, fortieth, fifty-fifth, and sixtieth chapters, to name a few of the most outstanding.

There are many who love the book of Isaiah, and each one may have his or her preference when it comes to a favorite verse. Isaiah 26:3, for instance, is one of the most wonderful verses in all the Bible: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee." One that I love, because it seems to epitomize the message of the book, is Isaiah 9:2: "The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light: they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined."

ROOM IN THE INN

(Continued from page 8)

up for us, but she won't mind," the girl assured me.

I slipped some money into one of the gift-laden parcels beside me. As we stopped in front of Charles' home, I was repeating to myself the remaining words of my Christmas card poem:

"O night of lighted spruce and fir,

*When countrysides of cattle stir
And all of heaven bends to earth
To recognize the Saviour's birth,
Your star of guidance cannot die.
Man's faith in God will keep it high!"*

The young man insisted upon walking to the door with me. As I

told his wife good-bye at the car, I could not help saying what I had been thinking all the way, "You two must have a rich, warm feeling this Christmas Eve. You so graciously made room for us in your inn!"

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MARJORIE'S CHRISTMAS SERVICE



(Continued from page 5)

where can that girl have gone?" She hurried to find her husband, who also was puzzled and somewhat worried.

"I do hope she hasn't gone off alone into that terrible slum district where that—that mission—or whatever she calls it, is located!" Mrs. Brownwell said, anxiously. "The papers carry so many stories about girls disappearing there and—"

"Oh, she'll be all right, Anna," her husband consoled, "but I rather wish I knew where she has gone."

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"I suppose Marjorie can care for herself, but she could have told us. And after we've had such a—pleasant time together at breakfast," she added, a sudden catch in her cultured voice. "O John, do you think we've made a mistake—in—in not trying to 'understand,' as she puts it?"

The man nodded slowly. "I'm afraid we may have done just that," he commented, gravely. "Perhaps—we can make amends."

When Marjorie failed to put in an appearance after dinner had been eaten, Mr. Brownwell declared that he intended to go look for her. His wife said this probably was useless, but he was insistent. "I need a little exercise after all this dinner," he said, trying to smile, "and I'll just stroll around a bit."

But when his wife insisted that she, too, ought to go, they entered their limousine and started out. Not having any very definite idea where to look, Mr. Brownwell finally instructed his chauffeur to drive them to the Gospel Mission where Marjorie had been converted. He had rummaged a bit in the girl's room and found a tract containing the address.

The mission was located in what seemed to be a very "tough" section of the city. The superintendent was considerably surprised to receive two such fashionably dressed visitors, but he ushered them politely to the best seats the place afforded. Mr. Brownwell

quickly told his reason for coming. Had the superintendent seen Marjorie that day?

The man hesitated a bit, then told his story earnestly. The two visitors listened with interest. Presently their expressions of anxiety vanished.

"Say, I'd enjoy seeing that!" Mr. Brownwell exclaimed presently. "Do you think we could—?"

"Surely, Sir; glad to go with you, if you wish," the superintendent assured him.

"I'd like to go," Mrs. Brownwell agreed, "if you think Marjorie would not be embarrassed."

"I'm sure she would be delighted," the man said, smiling. "Come with me, please. Unfortunately we will have to walk, but it isn't far down this alley."

MRS. BALINSKI'S two small rooms were crowded with tubs and dimmed by steam from the hot water. Five little Balinskis left their tasks and play and stood in a row, smiling happily, as their mother dried her hands and hastened to answer the timid knock at her door. After all, it was Christmas morning, and sometimes there were kind people who brought baskets even into that section.

Mrs. Balinski started back at the sight of a beautiful girl, expensively dressed, who smiled at her. "Oh, good morning," she stammered. "I—excuse my appearance—I—please come in!" She pushed the five eager little Balinskis back so her guest could find standing room at least.

"For just a moment, thank you," replied the girl with the sweet face. "I am Miss Brownwell. Mr. Mason of the Gospel Mission sent me here. I'm wondering what you are going to have for your Christmas dinner today."

The washerwoman's face became troubled, as she picked up the baby to quiet his cries. She glanced toward the bare table. "Why—really, I guess we'll have about the same as usual, Lady," she stammered. "But if—that is if you'd stay, I'll try to—" She looked embarrassed. "We'd be very glad to have you, Lady."

The girl smiled. "Thank you so much, but I have a basket here

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and if you would accept it—"

"Oh, thank you, Lady!" the woman exclaimed, fervently. "Thank you so much."

Marjorie motioned to a truck driver down the alley and soon the bulging basket was delivered. "I wish you could eat with us," the woman said. "It's not stylish, but you'd be welcome, Miss!"

"I'm sure of that, Mrs. Balinski, and thank you very much indeed, but you see I have other baskets to deliver. I shall return at three o'clock, however, and I hope you and the children can go with me to the mission just around the corner. There will be Christmas services there for the folks living in this community. I'm sure you'd enjoy them."

The lady promised to be ready. "We'd be glad to have you to dinner," she added again.

Marjorie considered a moment. "I could come, if I finish my work in time. Yes, if you wish it, Mrs. Balinski, I'll be here," the girl promised suddenly. "Thank you so much!"

THROUGHOUT THE forenoon Marjorie and the truck driver made deliveries. Many of the baskets were her own gifts, from Christmas money which in other years had gone to buy selfish pleasures. The girl's face was radiant with joy in making others happy by the time she returned to the humble Balinski home.

The table was set and ready. The woman had worked hard to make the small room presentable. All the children had been "scrubbed" and dressed in clean clothing. There was a spotless cloth on the rough table. The pre-roasted turkey and the "fixings" were numerous and complete. The children were eager to begin eating, but their mother restrained them.

"Will you—pray, Miss?" she asked, timidly.

Marjorie thanked God for all His good gifts and offered a prayer for this home, for this brave mother and the little ones who looked to her for support, and for the services to be held later that Christmas Day.

How they did enjoy the meal! Marjorie found herself eating with

real zest, and complimented the mother on her skill as a cook.

The rich girl enjoyed helping with the dishes, and getting the children ready for the three o'clock meeting. Promptly at three, they were in the little hall, which was a branch of the Gospel Mission up on the broader street. Each of the families who had received a basket was present, and others began to come in groups of two and three.

When the mission superintendent, who was to conduct the service, failed to appear, Marjorie feared that the audience might become restless, so she rummaged about, found some song books, and stepping to the platform, began to sing, "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name." She was glad that so many were familiar with the hymn and sang lustily if not too well. Then they called for their favorite hymns, and the sing-song continued. At three-fifteen the superintendent had not yet appeared. Offering a silent prayer for strength and guidance, Marjorie decided that she would have to substitute until he came. It would not do to have these people disappointed. She read from her new Bible the Christmas story, while most of those present listened with polite interest.

Then she began to speak earnestly of the Saviour who was born in a stable, cradled in a manger, lived, suffered, and died for our sins, and who had been resurrected and now lived in heaven. As she went on with the beautiful narrative, she herself was surprised how wonderfully the blessed Holy Spirit was helping her. Although this was her first attempt at telling this story in public, the words came without effort. There were moist eyes in the audience before she had spoken ten minutes.

JUST AS SHE was in the midst of her story and was telling of Jesus' love for sinners, the superintendent entered softly. Marjorie was so engrossed in her talk that she did not at once notice her parents enter behind him. She almost forgot her next words when she saw them, but quickly rallied and went on.

The superintendent sat down, and motioned to her to continue.

An invitation hymn was announced after she had closed the talk, and several present asked for prayer. The superintendent then took charge at the altar, where a group assembled for prayer. Marjorie knelt with the rest, her heart lifted in prayer to God for her parents. Would they understand? Would they forbid her ever to come to this place again? Why had they come? Were they angry because she had "run away"? Many other disturbing thoughts entered her mind as she knelt there. She tried to cast them upon the Lord, asking Him to direct and take full charge of the situation. When she finally arose, she was surprised and delighted to find her parents had knelt with the others, too. Their radiant faces showed that they, too, had found peace in that humble place.

"We could not rest until we had found you, Dear," her mother exclaimed, "so your father had this gentleman bring us here."

"We listened to your talk before we entered," Mr. Brownwell said smiling, "and I am so glad we did. We had no idea we had such a truly wonderful daughter!"

"And, Dear, we shall never fail to 'understand' again!" her mother promised.

Marjorie thanked God for that Christmas service!

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backs on the world or to follow the pleasures of the world. Usually what they have learned in school does not help them in their decision for Christ. Most schools do not have the Bible read in their classrooms as they used to do. So, their spiritual training becomes the responsibility of the church and Sunday School.

Teachers, our responsibility is a very serious one. The task of soul-winning is more serious than anything else in the world, for we are dealing with things eternal. Jesus said, "For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" (Mark 8:36). Teachers, we are to be soul-winners; we are not just in class merely to teach a lesson. We

of the church and their families, and that quite a few of our children accept Christ as their personal Saviour at an early age. Many full decisions, however, are made in their senior high school years, either for God or the world. If we, the senior high department teachers, come to class with a half-prepared lesson, not having prayed, and wishing to finish the lesson as quickly as possible, we may lose them forever. Their blood may be required at our hands. This must not be. We have a great responsibility. We must come to class with a well-prepared lesson. We must fast and pray, continually seeking the wisdom of God in dealing with these souls. We must feel our responsibility toward God and toward the young men and young women in our class. We must not shirk our duty. One of the most important things we must do is to study God's Word as Paul tells us in 2 Timothy 2:15, "Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."

THE VOICE OF SUNDAY SCHOOL

O. W. POLEN, Director

I Am A Senior Department Teacher

By Fred Rumler

I DEEPLY APPRECIATE the great privilege to work with the young people of our church in this department. I believe that this is one of the most important departments in the Sunday School. Why do I say this? Because at this stage in life young people usually come to "the crossroads" or "the valley of decision." They come to a complete standstill, not knowing which way to turn. They are undecided whether to accept Christ and turn their

are responsible for the spiritual training of every boy and girl who comes into the classroom. Many of them do not attend the other church services; therefore, they miss the pastor's sermons. Many of them do not have Christian parents. Probably the only spiritual food and knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ and of His love that they receive is that which they receive in the classroom.

I know that our Sunday Schools are composed mostly of members

STATISTICAL reports show us that a large percentage of the major crimes committed today are by boys of senior high school age. Why is this? The reports also show that very few of this number ever attended Sunday School. J. Edgar Hoover, Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, said that the 1956 figures showed that 45.8 per cent of all persons arrested for major crimes were under 18 years of age. Today the percentage is much greater. This is appalling.

What can we do about it? We can organize our classes into visitation groups, canvass the town or city in which we live, and invite people to Sunday School. Young people of high school age like to be doing something, so it will be easy to organize them into groups for this program. There should be a group captain for each group, and he should be well acquainted with the area in which they are to work. Group captains should have good personalities, but more important, they should be very spiritual, having a vision for lost souls.

This program would serve a two-fold purpose: (1) It would relieve the pastor and Sunday School superintendent of a big responsibility; (2) It would keep our young people busy and give them a feeling of doing something worthwhile for the Lord Jesus. We must keep our boys and girls busy, and I don't know of a better way of doing it.

I believe that one of the most important steps in a senior high teacher's life is to win the love and confidence of every girl and boy in his class. This task may or may not be easy. It will depend almost entirely upon the teacher. It will mean having a heart full of the love of God, and a loving and understanding heart toward each member in the class. These traits, backed by the power of the Holy Ghost (for I believe that each senior high teacher should be filled with the Holy Ghost), will help to make this possible.

Many times boys and girls are confronted with problems which they cannot or will not take to their parents, but feel that they must have someone with an understanding heart in whom they can confide. They will usually go to their Sunday School teacher if he has won their confidence. Teachers, we need to be filled with the Holy Ghost in order to be able to give the right kind of counseling and spiritual help that they need.

I FIND THAT most of the time senior high students are well behaved, having learned discipline at school. But sometimes when they come into class, a girl may be bubbling over with excitement over the party or date the night before, and she has to tell her best girl friend about it. It just can't keep until after church. Or perhaps the boys want to talk about the school game. They don't mean to disturb the class, but they sometimes do. There must be discipline and reverence in the Lord's house, so we must call order. We cannot be dogmatic or demanding like an army sergeant, for those tactics will not work in Sunday School; if we are to hold our young people, we must be loving, kind, and understanding at all times.

A senior high department teacher's work is not just in the forty minutes spent in the classroom, although that work is very important. In fact, it is one of the most important things in the world, because the students are being taught the Word of God. Yet there are outside activities to be considered. Young people have a lot of energy and it has to be expended in some way. It is up to us to see that it is used in the right way. We must plan social activities for them at least once a month. I believe that whenever possible the church should have a place for recreation where this group can meet and play games. If this is not possible, teachers, the next best thing to do is to contact the parents of your students about using their homes occasionally for these social gatherings. I am sure that almost every home would be open to you for this purpose.

These gatherings do not have to be confined to homes. You may have a wiener roast, a picnic, a hayride, or something similar for them. These are just some suggestions. There are many other ways to keep them happy and to give them the right kind of Christian fellowship. We teachers should be right in there playing their games with them, letting them feel as though we are really one of them. Be a good sport! Be a pal! We should not make the mistake of treating these things too lightly, for they are very important—not the most important, but very important, nevertheless.

Another thing of great importance is to let the class help plan these socials. This can be done by organizing one or more committees, or the class officers may have this responsibility. Also invite other young people who do not attend your Sunday School. In showing an interest in them, you sometimes gain a new scholar for your class. By planning these times of good, clean fun for our senior high students we will be less likely to lose them to some other organization or to the worldly amusement places.

AS A SENIOR HIGH department teacher, I feel the need

of the guidance and anointing of the Holy Ghost. Do you feel the same way? We should fast and pray until every time we stand before the class we can feel His anointing. He can do more in five minutes toward saving that boy or that girl in class than we could do in a lifetime. We should not be satisfied until every boy and girl in our class is saved, sanctified, and filled with the precious Holy Ghost, for if we let them slip through our fingers while they are in this department, they may never be saved. After they graduate from school and go out into the world to their different vocations in life, the 'worldly environment around them may soon entangle them in its web, and they may be lost forever.

The longer a person rejects God, the harder his heart becomes and it is harder to reach him. We do not have one boy or girl to lose to Satan, so we must do everything we possibly can to bring each of them to Christ. We need to put on the whole armor of God and have a great determination, by the help of the Lord to win our boys and girls to Christ.

Let all of us make a vow to God to do everything within our power to win every boy and girl in our class for Christ.

The senior high boys and girls of today will be the church of tomorrow. So it is our responsibility, along with the pastor, to see that their spiritual needs are met.

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Sunday School and YOUTH WORK STATISTICS

BY O. W. POLEN, Notional Sunday School and Youth Director

SUNDAY SCHOOL

Average Weekly Attendance

September, 1959

500 and Over	
Greenville (Tremont Ave.), South Carolina	781
Middletown (Clayton St.), Ohio	540
Atlanta (Hemphill), Georgia	503
400-499	
Cleveland (North), Tennessee	457
Detroit Tabernacle, Michigan	423
Hamilton (7th and Chestnut), Ohio	420
300-399	
North Chattanooga, Tennessee	391
Wilmington, North Carolina	378
Erwin, North Carolina	377
Kannapolis, North Carolina	376
Jacksonville, Florida	348
Anderson (McDuffie St.), South Carolina	345
Cleveland (South), Tennessee	343
Daisy, Tennessee	343
Gastonia (South), North Carolina	324
Biltmore, North Carolina	312
Monroe (4th St.), Michigan	309
Griffin, Georgia	307
South Lebanon, Ohio	307
Atlanta (Riverside), Georgia	305
Chattanooga (East), Tennessee	301
200-299	
Orlando, Florida	297
Charlotte (Parkwood), North Carolina	297
Whitwell, Tennessee	295
Rock Hill, South Carolina	295
Lakeland, Florida	290
West Flint, Michigan	283
Alabama City, Alabama	284
Tampa, Florida	279
Sumiton, Alabama	277
Rome (North), Georgia	275
East Laurinburg, North Carolina	272
Sulphur Springs, Florida	270
Pulaski, Virginia	267
Lenoir, North Carolina	266
Dallas, North Carolina	265
Pontiac, Michigan	261
Dillon, South Carolina	260
Buford, Georgia	259
Dayton (Oakridge), Ohio	256
Newport News, Virginia	255
Savannah (Anderson St.), Georgia	254
Nashville (Meridian St.), Tennessee	253
West Gastonia, North Carolina	245
Lenoir City, Tennessee	239
Louisville (Highland Park), Kentucky	239
Dayton (E. 4th St.), Ohio	238
West Lakeland, Florida	237
Milford, Delaware	235
Brooklyn, Maryland	234
South Rocky Mount, North Carolina	234
Canton (9th), Ohio	232
Mercersburg, Pennsylvania	230
Van Dyke, Michigan	226
St. Louis (Grand Ave.), Missouri	223
Greer, South Carolina	219
Ft. Mill, South Carolina	219
Birmingham (South Park), Alabama	218
Easton, Maryland	215
Ft. Lauderdale, Florida	214
Home for Children, Tennessee	212
Salisbury, Maryland	211
Birmingham (Pike Ave.), Alabama	209
Baldwin Park, California	208
Goldsboro, North Carolina	208
Wilson, North Carolina	207
Langley, South Carolina	207
Annisston, Alabama	206
Somerset, Kentucky	206
Columbia, South Carolina	206
Greenwood, South Carolina	203

Greenville (Woodside Ave.), South Carolina	202
North Birmingham, Alabama	201
Valdosta, Georgia	200

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Paris, Texas	198
Russell Springs, Kentucky	197
Gastonia (Ranlo), North Carolina	197
Belton, South Carolina	197
Pomona, California	195
Rossville, Georgia	193
Norfolk, Virginia	193
Clearwater, Florida	193
Jesup, Georgia	192
Augusta, Georgia	191
East Ridge, Tennessee	191
West Danville, Virginia	191
Sanford, Florida	190
McColl, South Carolina	190
St. Louis (Gravois Ave.), Missouri	190
Mableton, Georgia	188
Chattanooga (4th Ave.), Tennessee	188
Williamsburg, Pennsylvania	188
Wyandotte, Michigan	185
Avondale Estates, Georgia	184
East Orlando, Florida	184
Akron (Market), Ohio	183
Eloise, Florida	183
Plant City, Florida	183
Columbus (29th St.), Georgia	182
Knoxville (8th Ave.), Tennessee	182
Radford, Virginia	182
Rifle Range, Florida	182
Lancaster, South Carolina	182
Dallas, Texas	181
Bartow, Florida	181
Lake Wales, Florida	179
Sanford, North Carolina	179
Anderson (Osborne Ave.), South Carolina	178
Perry, Florida	177
East Belmont, North Carolina	177
South Greenwood, South Carolina	177
Princeton, West Virginia	176
West Indianapolis, Indiana	174
Talladega, Alabama	174
Lindale, Georgia	173
Charleston (King St.), South Carolina	173
Tarpon Springs, Florida	172
Fayetteville, North Carolina	172
Columbus (Freibis), Ohio	171
La Follette, Tennessee	170
Huntington, West Virginia	169
McNroe, Georgia	169
Miami (Lanes Ave.), Florida	169
Marion, South Carolina	169
Georgetown, South Carolina	167
Logan, West Virginia	167
Dayton, Tennessee	167
York, South Carolina	166
Ferndale, Michigan	166
Lebanon, Pennsylvania	166
Honea Path, South Carolina	164
Woodruff, South Carolina	164
Fitzgerald, Georgia	162
East Bernstadt, Kentucky	162
Ft. Myers, Florida	162
Parkersburg, West Virginia	161
Pinsonfork, Kentucky	161
West Hollywood, Florida	160
Marion (Cross Mill), North Carolina	160
Eldorado, Illinois	160
Douglas, Georgia	159
Lake City, Florida	159
Rock Hill (North), South Carolina	158
Mobile (Crichton), Alabama	158
McMinville, Tennessee	158
Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina	158
Greenville (Park Place), South Carolina	157
Dalton, Georgia	157
Tifton, Georgia	157
Erwin, Tennessee	157
Austin, Indiana	157

PLEASE NOTE

The North Chattanooga Sunday School notified the National Office that it should have reported its attendance for August as 399 instead of 314.

The McDuffie Street, South Carolina Church of God Sunday School had an average attendance of 324 instead of 243 for the month of August.

War, West Virginia	156
Winchester, Kentucky	156
Gaffney, South Carolina	156
Fresno (H/M), California	156
Cleveland (E. 55th), Ohio	154
Somerset, Pennsylvania	154
Naples, Florida	154
LaFrance, South Carolina	154
Cedartown, Georgia	153
Greenville, North Carolina	153
Saddle Tree, North Carolina	153
Seneca, South Carolina	153
Benton, Illinois	152
Wallins, Kentucky	151
Winter Garden, Florida	151
Pelzer, South Carolina	151
Marked Tree, Arkansas	150
Sulphur Springs (West), West Virginia	150
Marietta, Georgia	150
Cocoa, Florida	150
Lexington, North Carolina	149
Lawton, Oklahoma	148
Garden City, Florida	148
Graham, Texas	148
Hagerstown, Maryland	147
West Miami, Florida	147
Willow Run, Michigan	146
Hazlehurst, Georgia	146
Brunswick, Georgia	146
Lake City, South Carolina	146
Florence, South Carolina	145
Willard, Ohio	144
Ft. Meade, Florida	144
Elkins, West Virginia	143
Avon Park, Florida	143
Tallahassee, Florida	143
Montgomery, Alabama	142
Piedmont, Alabama	142
Walhalla (No. 1), South Carolina	142
St. Louis (Northside), Missouri	142
Lake Placid, Florida	141
MacClenny, Florida	141
Lincolnton, North Carolina	141
Lawrenceville, Georgia	141
Nashville (North), Tennessee	141
Crisfield, Maryland	141
Stinnett, Kentucky	140
Buhl, Alabama	140
Bristol, Tennessee	140
Sylacauga, Alabama	139
Memphis (Rosamond Ave.), Tennessee	139
Hamilton (Kenworth), Ohio	139
Valdese, North Carolina	139
New Orleans (Spain St.), Louisiana	138
Asheville, North Carolina	138
Mooresville, North Carolina	138
Reckingham, North Carolina	138
Adamsville, Alabama	137
Loxley, Alabama	137
North Prichard, Alabama	137
Demorest, Georgia	137
Parrott, Virginia	137
Riviera Beach, Florida	137
Mullens, South Carolina	136
Mt. Dora, Florida	136
Jonben, West Virginia	136
Lancaster, Ohio	136
West Durham, North Carolina	136
Knoxville (West), Tennessee	135
Richmond, Kentucky	135
Claysburg, Pennsylvania	135
Lake Worth, Florida	135
Paw Creek, North Carolina	135
South Tucson, Arizona	135
Chandler, Arizona	134
Springfield, Ohio	134
McKinleyville, Florida	134
San Pablo, Florida	134
Washington, North Carolina	133
Orangeburg, South Carolina	133
Morristown, Tennessee	133

Jackson, Tennessee	133
Dyersburg, Tennessee	133
Gainesville, Florida	133
Calhoun, Georgia	132
Benson, North Carolina	132
Dividing Ridge, Tennessee	132
Baltimore (West), Maryland	132
Ware Shoals, South Carolina	132
Everett, Pennsylvania	131
Columbus (Belvidere), Ohio	131
Warrenville, South Carolina	130
Mountain View, Alabama	130
Muskegon, Michigan	130
Solway, Tennessee	130
Cawood, Kentucky	130
Cramerton, North Carolina	129
Lowell, North Carolina	129
Wadesboro, North Carolina	129
St. Petersburg (North), Florida	129
Nashville, Georgia	129
Summerville, Georgia	129
Leadwood, Missouri	129
Toledo (Segur), Ohio	129
Eloy, Arizona	128
Middletown (Rufus), Ohio	128
Mobile (Oakdale), Alabama	128
Houston (No. 2), Texas	128
Tuscaloosa, Alabama	128
Gap Hill, South Carolina	128
Blacksburg, South Carolina	128
Oakdale, Georgia	128
Albany (8th Ave.), Georgia	128
Alma, Georgia	128
Thomaston, Georgia	128
Soddy, Tennessee	128
Dressen, Kentucky	128
West Charlotte, North Carolina	128
Vero Beach, Florida	128
Live Oak, Florida	127
North Miami, Florida	127
Frostproof, Florida	127
Pikeville, Tennessee	127
East Indianapolis, Indiana	127
Bluefield, Virginia	127
Ravenna, Kentucky	126
Findlay, Ohio	126
Arcadia, Florida	126
Manatee, Florida	126
Asheboro, North Carolina	126
Clarksburg, West Virginia	126
Piney Grove, Georgia	126
Athens, Tennessee	126
Alexandria, Virginia	126
Clinton, South Carolina	126
Port Huron, Michigan	126
Northport, Alabama	125
Sevierville, Tennessee	125
West Fayetteville, North Carolina	125
Narragansett, Illinois	125

NATION'S TOP TEN IN HOME DEPARTMENT ATTENDANCE

Total Monthly Attendance for September	
Greenville (Tremont Ave.), South Carolina	7,399
Kannapolis, North Carolina	932
Nashville (Meridian St.), Tennessee	650
Atlanta (Hemphill Ave.), Georgia	575
Mitchell, Indiana	531
Louisville (Portland), Kentucky	515
Birmingham (South Park), Alabama	439
Uhrichsville, Ohio	416
South Parkersburg, West Virginia	376
Henderson, North Carolina	367

TEN STATES HIGHEST IN HOME DEPARTMENTS

South Carolina	46
West Virginia	36
Ohio	27
Georgia	27
Arkansas	22
North Carolina	19
Florida	19
Pennsylvania	19
Illinois	14
Virginia	12

REPORT OF NEW SUNDAY SCHOOLS

Branch Sunday Schools organized since June 30, 1959	20
Branch Sunday Schools reported as of September 30, 1959	857
New Sunday Schools organized since June 30, 1959	27
Total Sunday Schools organized since June 30, 1959 (Branch and New)	47

Y. P. E.

Average Weekly Attendance

September 1959

200 and Over	
Daisy, Tennessee	327
Fairview, Georgia	267
Greenville (Tremont Ave.), South Carolina	265
Middletown (Clayton St.), Ohio	257
Home for Children, Tennessee	214
Russell Springs, Kentucky	206
150-199	
Tuscaloosa, Alabama	189
Erwin, North Carolina	187
Dayton (4th), Ohio	178
Cincinnati (12th and Elm), Ohio	172
Brooklyn, Maryland	159
100-149	
Wilmington, North Carolina	140
Ravenna, Kentucky	135
Goldsboro, North Carolina	135
Annlston, Alabama	134
Jasper, Alabama	132
Jacksonville, Florida	132
Manchester, Kentucky	131
Stinnett, Kentucky	131
Rifle Range, Florida	130
Savannah (Anderson St.), Georgia	129
Sulphur Springs, Florida	129
East Laurinburg, North Carolina	129
Pulaski, Virginia	121
East Bernstadt, Kentucky	118
West Lakeland, Florida	118
Christian, West Virginia	117
Delbarton, West Virginia	117
Junction City, Kentucky	116
Orlando, Florida	116
Dressen, Kentucky	115
Hamilton (Tabernacle), Ohio	115
Houston (No. 2), Texas	113
Birmingham (South Park), Alabama	112
Bancroft, Tennessee	112
Dunedin, Florida	112
Anderson (McDuffie St.), South Carolina	112
Pelzer, South Carolina	112
Seneca, South Carolina	112
Tifton, Georgia	111
Valdosta, Georgia	111
East Chattanooga, Tennessee	111
Santa Ana, California	111
Blackwater, Arkansas	111
Woodruff, South Carolina	111
Dayton, Tennessee	110
Mount Dora, Florida	109
Tampa, Florida	109
South Rocky Mount, North Carolina	109
Sumiton, Alabama	108
Grays Knob, Kentucky	108
Cleveland (55th), Ohio	108
Garden City, Florida	108
Live Oak, Florida	107
North Chattanooga, Tennessee	106
Canton (9th), Ohio	106
Palmer, Tennessee	105
Combs, Kentucky	105
Dwarf, Kentucky	105
Dayton (Oakridge), Ohio	105
Oxford, Ohio	105
Mercersburg, Pennsylvania	105
North St. Petersburg, Florida	104
Fairfield, California	104
Stanton, Virginia	104
Evarts, Kentucky	103
Lakeland, Florida	102
Benton, Illinois	102
Graham, Texas	102
Eloise, Florida	101
Lake Placid, Florida	101
Elberton, Georgia	101
Louisville (Highland Park), Kentucky	101
Tribbey, Kentucky	101
Demorest, Georgia	100
South Lebanon, Ohio	100
Arcadia, Florida	100
75-99	
Monroe (4th St.), Michigan	98
Bartow, Florida	98
Austin, Indiana	96
Charlotte (Parkwood), North Carolina	96
Dallas, North Carolina	96
Crumbley Chapel, Alabama	96
Carrollton, Georgia	95
Birmingham (Pike Ave.), Alabama	95
East Orlando, Florida	95

Rome (North), Georgia	94
Dillon, South Carolina	94
Battle Creek, Michigan	94
Zion Ridge, Alabama	94
Plant City, Florida	94
Fresno (H/M), California	94
South Mt. Zion, Georgia	93
Nashville (North), Tennessee	93
Gulston, Kentucky	93
Memphis (Park Ave.), Tennessee	92
McMinnyville, Tennessee	92
Dunlap, Tennessee	92
Trumbull Avenue, Michigan	92
Dividing Ridge, Tennessee	91
Columbus (29th St.), Georgia	90
Hamilton (7th and Chestnut), Ohio	90
Bethany, South Carolina	90
Avon Park, Florida	90
Coolidge, Georgia	89
Perry, Florida	88
Burkburnett, Texas	87
Georgetown, South Carolina	87
West Flint, Michigan	87
Lawrenceville, Illinois	87
Dilworth, Alabama	87
Sumiton, Alabama	87
Marlon (Cross Mill), North Carolina	86
Garden City, Alabama	86
Geneva, Alabama	86
Kenosha, Wisconsin	86
Parkersburg, West Virginia	85
Laurels, Tennessee	85
Columbus (Frebis), Ohio	85
Parrott, Virginia	85
Greensboro, North Carolina	85
West Hollywood, Florida	85
Chattaroy, West Virginia	84
Lawrenceville, Georgia	84
Mountain City, Georgia	84
Lenoir City, Tennessee	84
McFarland, California	84
Cleveland (North), Tennessee	83
Nashville (Meridian St.), Tennessee	83
Clarksburg, Maryland	83
North Birmingham, Alabama	83
Alva, Florida	83
Lake Worth, Florida	83
Orange Cove, California	82
Clearwater, Florida	82
Eloy, Arizona	82
Harlan, Kentucky	82
Dulac, Louisiana	82
Gastonia (Ranlo), North Carolina	82
Williamsburg, Pennsylvania	81
Poplar, California	81
Hagerstown, Maryland	80
Lake City, Florida	80
Chattanooga (Missionary Ridge), Tennessee	79
Somerset, Kentucky	79
Pontiac, Michigan	79
Grand Ridge, Florida	79
Calhoun, Georgia	78
West Indianapolis, Indiana	78
Mitchell, Indiana	78
Tyler, Texas	78
Patetown, North Carolina	78
Ft. Worth (Riverside), Texas	78
Charleston (King St.), South Carolina	78
Bainbridge, Georgia	77
Knoxville (8th Ave.), Tennessee	77
Oak Grove, Tennessee	77
East Belmont, North Carolina	77
Whitwell, Tennessee	76
Dallas (Elam Rd.), Texas	76
Logan, West Virginia	75
West Monroe, Louisiana	75
East Polk, Arizona	75
Blacksburg, South Carolina	75
Van Dyke, Michigan	75
St. Louis (Gravois Ave.), Missouri	75

Spiritual Results Among Our Youth

September 30, 1959

Saved	2,735
Sanctified	1,099
Holy Ghost	786
Added to Church	743

Since June 30, 1959

Saved	8,812
Sanctified	3,961
Holy Ghost	2,991
Added to Church	2,592

Report of New Y.P.E.'s

New Y.P.E.'s organized since June 30, 1959	25
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Cecil B. Knight was born into a Church of God home in Thomasville, Alabama, and was reared in Hattiesburg, Mississippi. He was converted and joined the Church of God at an early age. Cecil received his early education at the Hattiesburg Public Schools. He was groomed for the ministry at Lee College and received his B.S. degree from Mississippi Southern College. He has served the Church of God with distinction both as an evangelist for three years and as pastor for nine years at Laurel, Mississippi; Birmingham, Alabama; and Tampa, Florida. Cecil has served on the Youth Boards in Mississippi, Alabama, and Florida. He is actively engaged in general Sunday School conventions and congresses and is rapidly gaining prominence and recognition as a youth and Sunday School leader in Pentecostal circles. He is presently entering his fourth year as Assistant National Sunday School and Youth Director of the Church of God.



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